

The Bookman

EDITED BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

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Notes at Random

"This Age"—The Literary Racket—Broadcasting and the Press—Victorians—Frederick the Great

"We are children of our age, but children who can never know their mother." This aphorism is a warning. Nevertheless in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* several writers have disregarded it in an attempt to define the essential marks of "this" age—that is the post-War years. They have come to various conclusions, as might have been expected, for they owe allegiance to no particular school. They have no clique in common, but all have been in close touch with the branch of art of which they write. Their assessments will probably be questioned by other contemporaries; certainly if one were permitted to survive into the next century, their judgments might seem a little odd, for posterity has a way of upsetting all pontifications. Nevertheless we believe that the effort was worth making, and is valuable if only that it may help to narrow the wide boundaries which are usually ascribed incorrectly to "this age." With many of our older critics the term is taken to mean anything after Queen Victoria's first Jubilee.

The War admittedly is an arbitrary dividing line, whose importance grows less every year as it recedes from us in time. It is neither the War (which was after all merely an episode in late nineteenth and early twentieth century politics) nor its immediate and more spectacular effects which make it useful as a landmark. It is rather that the easily remembered date happens to coincide with two things of enormous importance in moulding and changing the life of the nation—the rapid expansion of the popular Press and the introduction of Broadcasting.

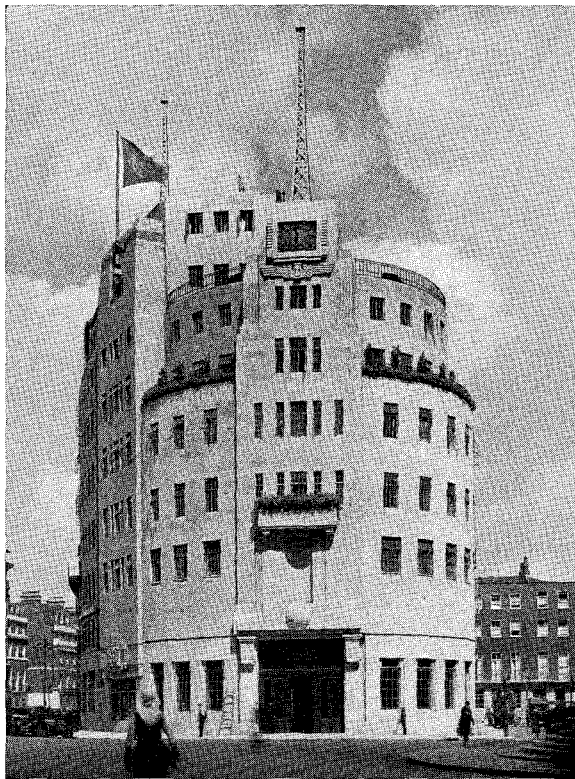
The implications of these new weapons (for they are weapons far more deadly than any used in warfare) have been widely and persistently discussed. It is a

well-worn truism that a popular Press, existing on advertisement revenue, which in its turn is dependent on a wide circulation, has debased the general level of thought and culture in every department of life. Its effects on literature in particular has been disastrous,

since it is in the main responsible for the growth of those "middlebrow" pedlars of literature, who manufacture inflated reputations for writers of their own kind. It would be wearisome to reiterate this argument, which has been given so often already. The situation is known to those who genuinely care for literature. It may be epitomised by saying that the term "highbrow" is a symptom of it, for those who in pre-War and Victorian days were respected as men of culture are now derided as highbrows. Owing primarily to the rapid expansion of the popular Press, vulgar mediocrity is, for the first time in history, stridently vocal.

Broadcasting, on the other hand, is a force on the whole on the side of the angels. It has been used in

the past, and may be used far more in the future, to combat the pernicious influence of the cheap Press. There is the danger of course of "Broadcast-mindedness," as Father Ronald Knox calls it in his latest attack on the popular scientists ("Broadcast Minds"; 7s. 6d.; Sheed & Ward)—that is, the danger that listeners may take their opinions and doctrines ready-made, and place too much trust in the fallible men and women who stand behind the august impersonality of the microphone; but even that danger, it seems to me, is not greater than the equivalent belief in the "Infallibility of Print." And on the whole the speakers chosen by the British Broadcasting Corporation—that is, selected by an autocratic regime because of their

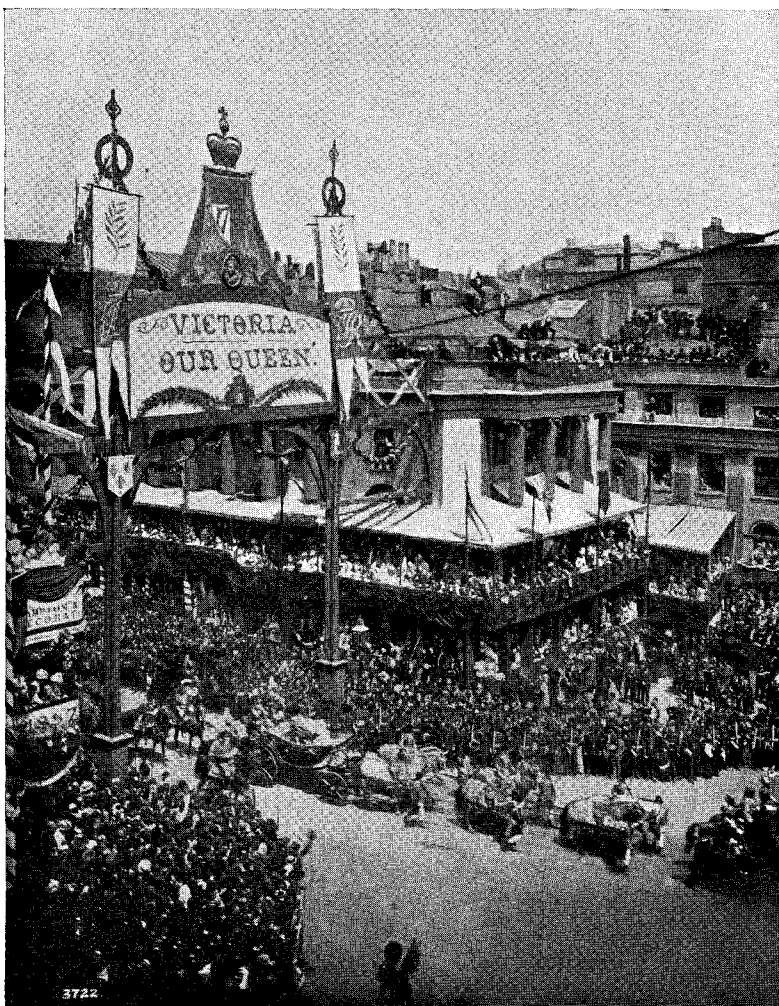


Broadcasting House, Langham Place.

capacity—are likely to be superior to the choice of writers in the Daily Press, who are selected because of their “publicity” appeal to an uneducated democracy. It is not on the wireless that one is regaled on Beauty Hints by Tennis Stars or Views on the Drama by Boxers.

Thus the two new inventions stand over against one another, in one sense complementary but in another potentially antagonistic, and both, whether they like it or not, whether they intend it or not, further that regimentation which is undoubtedly a symptom of this age.

At the same time it must be said that Father Knox in his book probably under-estimates the intelligence of the average listener. I doubt whether any man or woman takes the information given them by Messrs. Julian Huxley or Gerald Heard with the implicit faith which Father Knox seems to imagine. Nor for that matter are the mass of readers probably quite so obtuse as various articles in the new quarterly, *Scrutiny*, would suggest. Mr. F. R. Leavis’s brilliant analysis of the state of modern criticism, showing how the same group of pseudo-artists are represented in apparently different societies, and Mrs. Leavis’s scathing attack on the Book Society, challenge abuses which cannot be exposed too often. The real problem is extremely difficult. It is not so much that the average reader prefers guides that are thrust upon him to those which are both more suitable, more enlightened and more honest. It is merely that he has not the opportunity of valuing them at their true worth.



Queen Victoria's Jubilee Procession.

Critical Racketeering

“The Literary Racket,” as *Scrutiny* calls the present exasperating state of affairs in daily and Sunday literary journalism, is well enough known to everybody in the literary world, but by the very nature of things (“things” being chiefly the law of libel), it cannot be known to the vast majority of readers, who have no reason to question the critic’s honesty. The friendships, the coteries, the antagonisms, the financial interests (many well-known critics are publishers’ readers, to mention only one form of influence), which are common gossip to every literary party, cannot reach a wider circle, though in several quarters—*Scrutiny* is only one example—a certain resentment is apparent, which may well culminate in some long-overdue revelations.

Scrutiny says: “Even observing the discretion necessary to escape legal revenge, we might yet surprise the reader with histories and other data illustrating the value of advertising, the reach and thoroughness of the ‘literary racket,’ the power and vindictiveness of the gangs. But it would still be felt that while all this was no doubt representative of the classy Sunday papers, the dailies and the more hearty weeklies, yet it had little bearing on—well, on the only weekly (whichever it is one may have chosen) that an intelligent person can read. And to bring the bearing home would require a particularity that is obviously precluded.”

What might be possible however is, by a collection of examples of the more obvious by-ways of the ramp, to bring home to the ordinary reader something at least of the prevalent dishonesty in reviews. For instance Blank’s fulsome praise of Blob’s new book will be followed by Blob’s extravagant recommendation of Blank’s latest poems, and so forth. Possibly those readers who are interested in remedying as far as possible the present unsavoury state of affairs, will submit for publication some of the more glaring examples of this type of back-scratching which they have encountered in their reading.

Great Victorians

The impossibility of assessing another age is brought home to one by Messrs. Ivor Nicholson & Watson’s magnificent publishing venture, “The Great Victorians,” edited by H. J. and Hugh Massingham (8s. 6d.), wherein forty great figures of Victorian times are appraised by forty more or less eminent writers of the present. No attempt has been made, as the editors admit, to secure a uniformity of outlook. Still less is there uniformity of treatment. The result is a book which instructs and amuses and bewilders and infuriates, as few omnibus volumes have the power to do. The reader may take his choice. If he dislikes the Victorians, he will be reconciled to Mr. W. J. Turner’s supremely silly remark that “Victorian poetry is to the present generation more contemptible than any other literary product in the history of England,” in his essay (or rather attack) on Swinburne, Mr. Turner of course means

the last generation but one when he speaks of the present generation. Or if the reader wants something pleasant and reassuring there is the essay on Charles Dickens which begins: "In considering Dickens as a Victorian, perhaps the first step is considering him as a pre-Victorian," and whose authorship will be apparent without the mention of Chesterton. Then, if journalism is desired, there is Alfred A. Baumann's consideration of Disraeli, linking that great Tory with the recent flight to Protection; if riding the hobby horse, Mr. Middleton Murry's discovery of the similarities between Morris and Marx. As a piece of biography undoubtedly the best essay is that by Mr. St. John Ervine on General Booth (best, I suspect, because Mr. Ervine really knows his subject from long study, and has neither "mugged it up" for the occasion nor written out of a vague feeling of interested sympathy); and the best critical essay, as might have been expected, is from the pen of Herbert Read on Coventry Patmore—an article which even if one disagrees with some of his positions, has critical capability written all over it. Nor must one omit to mention the pretty wit of Mr. Edmund Blunden's discovery about Matthew Arnold that he "succeeded, in spite of himself, in becoming the only enduring poet in England's lengthy list with the Christian name 'Matthew,' one who is almost more likely to be understood lately as intended by the use of that name alone than the formerly popular author of a Gospel"! (The exclamation mark is mine.)

The Queen Herself

It would be idle to carp at the omissions from the volume, since the editors themselves have supplied such a list of them in their introduction that they disarm criticism by making it too easy. But there is one they do not mention and who might have been included—the great Queen herself. It might perhaps have been entrusted to Mr. Laurence Housman who, as it is, writes of Florence Nightingale. Mr. Housman has however published nine more plays on the subject of the Queen, entitled "The Queen's Progress" (5s.; Jonathan Cape), which deals with incidents in the life of Victoria from her accession to her Jubilee. Mr. Housman, who used to be known as the author of "The Little Plays of St. Francis," is, by the second series of "palace plays," in danger of exchanging that title for that of the author of "The Little Plays of Queen Victoria." This would be a pity, for Mr. Housman's gift is at its best in either admiration and sympathy for outstanding sanctity, or in mordant wit at the expense of stupidity. Queen Victoria obviously fits neither of these categories. And the only play of real merit is that in which the author is allowed to wax ironical at the spectacle of the Queen and the Prince Consort preparing to honour literature in the person of Mr. Martin Tupper.

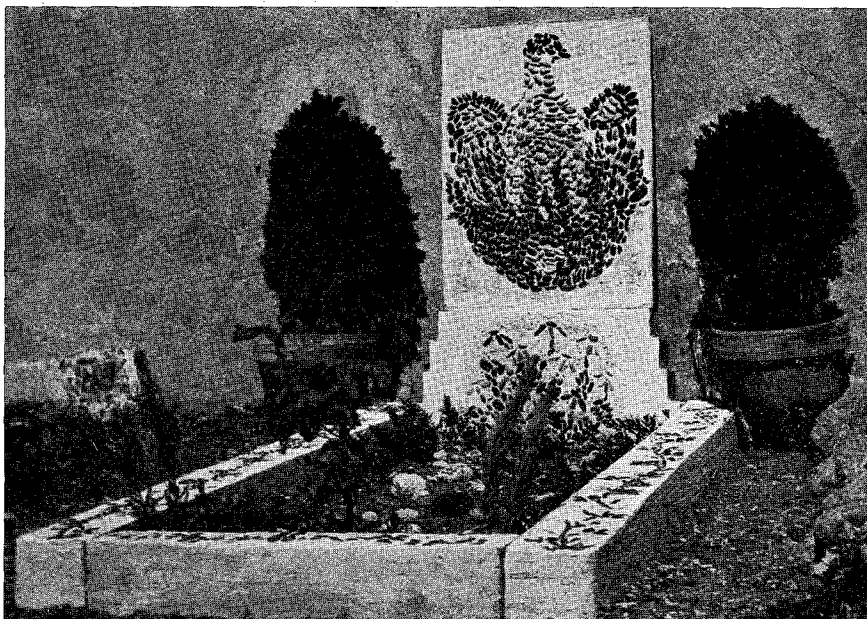
The Queen has found it difficult to encourage literature as it ought to be encouraged, because "it is quite impossible to have at my Court, in the ordinary way, those with whom I cannot take the lead . . . intellectually, I mean, in conversation." Certain exceptions of course there were. Mr. Tennyson, for example, who always read his own poems, thus making conversation unnecessary. The advantages of receiving the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" thus become apparent,

and Mr. Housman has pointed the occasion by introducing, as witnesses of the reception, Dean Stanley, with his courtier's tact, and the Prince of Wales, with his hearty and healthy dislike of humbug.

But the Queen's progress offers few such opportunities; she calls forth reverence and admiration of a kind which Mr. Housman can understand but cannot quite convey. It appears in the last play, where the Queen speaks to her son after the Jubilee. "As we were coming back—and you were in front, Bertie, so perhaps you did not see—it was just by Hyde Park Corner, there was a great crowd there; and a lot of rough men—of course it ought not to have happened, but it did not matter—broke right through the lines of police and troops guarding the route; and they ran alongside the carriage, shouting and cheering me, and I heard them say: 'Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well! You've done it well!' Of course very unsuitable—the words—but so gratifying! And oh, I hope it's true, I hope it's true!" It is because it was so true that Queen Victoria holds a place in the hearts of my generation which is quite incomprehensible to those of, for instance, Mr. Turner's generation, which cannot understand why we of the post-War years look back to the Victorian age, as in the past men looked back to the Elizabethan. Nor can we possibly endorse the view of the editors of "The Great Victorians" that the Queen was "so essentially unimportant a personality." One wonders if they know what personality means.

Propaganda in excelsis

Recent events in Germany have inevitably taken one's mind back to the beginning of the War, and have to some extent unfortunately aroused the echoes of old fears and passions. It was with the more interest therefore that I read the reprinted essay on Frederick the Great which Herr Thomas Mann wrote in 1914 presumably as national propaganda. The article occurs in "Three Essays" by Thomas Mann (7s. 6d.; Secker). I believe I am right in saying that at no time—not even in the darkest days of the War—did German propaganda against this country reach the depths of vilification which characterised the English moral offensive against Prussia, and in this essay at least is propaganda superbly done—model propaganda miles removed from what an impartial American observer described as "the astounding bawling of Kipling and the no less astounding bombast of G. K. Chesterton," which were our national counterpart of it. Herr Mann has long been known of course as the champion of the theory of Frederick the Great as "political martyr," the great man sacrificed by destiny to its own inscrutable purpose. He appears in Werner Hegemann's "Frederick the Great" (which was published in English translation three years ago) as a defender of this viewpoint in the discussions, and certain passages which appear in this essay appeared practically verbatim in the earlier book. He draws a parallel between Frederick's Prussia and the Germany of 1914, Frederick's unprovoked attack on Saxony and Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, and by suggesting that a knowledge of the political moves and countermoves which preceded the Saxon event (and were completely unknown to the general public) entirely altered the



Lawrence's Grave at Vence.

From "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited by Aldous Huxley (Heinemann).

"No headstone is over his grave, save a phoenix (which was his own design) done in local stones by a peasant who loved him."

question of Frederick's "guilt," he tacitly implies that the same was true of the act of 1914.

The finest passage however has nothing to do with propaganda, but is an estimate of Frederick which has about it an ultimate and unpalatable truth—unpalatable, that is, to an unsentimental age: "Every deed that deserves the name is in truth a trial of fate, an effort to create a right, to guide destiny and realise the course of development. And the hatred felt against the doer of the deed is, psychologically speaking, nothing else than an effort to influence the verdict of fate against him—a naïve and irrational effort because the verdict is settled beforehand, but still a spiritual weight and pressure which might well frighten the bravest. King Frederick is called the Great, not only because of the audacity with which he laid siege to destiny, but also and especially because he had the strength to bear up alone, with almost superhuman nervous strength, under so heavy a burden of hate." This is nearer the truth, it seems to me, than Wilde's famous *mot* on "that mean and despicable character, Frederick the Great, a man to whom Heaven had given the powers of supreme genius, and Hell the soul of a commercial traveller, with that unavailing itch for cultured gentility which Voltaire has exposed for us."

Nevertheless in spite of his achievement and the kindness which the lapse of years brings to the judgments of history, Frederick must remain (Carlyle and Herr Mann notwithstanding) one of the least attractive, as he was one of the most cruel of rulers. His was a greatness which our age will not allow. We have other standards, which are perhaps equally propagandist.

Another "great" monarch was Ivan the Terrible, of whom Mr. Stephen Graham has just written the first full life in English (18s.; Benn). After the same author's "Peter the Great," I found it somewhat disappointing. His recreation of atmosphere is still masterly; his psychological interpretation is still keen; there is research and scholarship. But I found it impossible, with the best will in the world, to understand the Russia of the Renaissance in general, or Ivan in particular,

sufficiently well to regard the king as anything but the uncivilised maniac which, special pleading apart, he must be considered. Possibly his type is indigenous to Russia?

Books to Buy

The best bargain for those interested in literature that the present publishing season has so far offered is a cheap edition of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" in fifteen volumes at 5s. each, or three guineas the set. The bibliographies are omitted, but these are being revised and modified, and will be published separately in due course as the "Cambridge Bibliographies of English Literature." Meanwhile to have these standard works available at so low a price as five shillings should make them available as textbooks

to the higher forms of schools as well as indispensable guides for the private reader. In particular the three volumes on the nineteenth century contain much of the sanest criticism that has been written on the period, with essays by George Saintsbury, H. J. C. Grierson, C. H. Herford among others, while in the Restoration period there are the superb contributions by Charles Whibley.

Another book belonging to a series hardly less honoured, which is essentially one to be bought and not borrowed, is "The Reader's Guide to the Everyman Library," by R. Farquharson Sharp (2s. 6d.; Dent), which contains a complete index to the first eight hundred and eighty-eight volumes in the famous Everyman Library, with short notes on many of the books and a long introduction by Ernest Rhys, which tells of the building up of the Library and gives an analysis of its various sections.

A new series which may be welcomed is the Olympus Library, which Gerald Howe is issuing at 4s. 6d., and which includes John Crowe Ransom's "God Without Thunder" and Lawrence Hyde's "Prospects of Humanism," as well as Mr. Geoffrey West's two biographical studies, the one of H. G. Wells and the other of Mrs. Besant.

Lawrence and Eliot

I suppose that the two most important books of the month are T. S. Eliot's "Selected Essays" (12s. 6d.; Faber & Faber) and "Letters of D. H. Lawrence," edited and with an introduction by Aldous Huxley (21s.; Heinemann), though I must admit I shrink from writing again on either Eliot or Lawrence for fear of wearying readers. Lawrence since his death has been a focal point of controversy chiefly among those people who knew him and those people who were jealous of him. Middleton Murry's "Son of Woman," followed by the publication and withdrawal of Catherine Carswell's "Savage Pilgrimage," has bewildered those of us who did not know Lawrence personally, and who would willingly have been spared these interminable

"LITERARY GENTS" By Thomas Derrick

10—RONALD KNOX



HARD KNOX

(In his latest book, Father Knox attacks, among others, Earl Russell, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Huxley, and Mr. Gerald Heard.)

recriminations. Inevitably one turns to the Letters to get more light on the subject, and the chief criticism I have to make of them is that they do not really illuminate anything. One feels indeed that almost every relevant clue is missing, either non-existent or tactfully suppressed. A friend who knew Lawrence well has told me that in Lawrence's earlier years were events which could never be made public, and yet without knowledge of them Lawrence could never be fully understood. The more one reads about him the more one is convinced that this is true of the whole life. We have been told too much and at the same time not enough. In the case of many a writer, autobiography is largely irrelevant, but in Lawrence's case everything he wrote—novels, poems, essays, plays—is merely a comment on the man himself. Meanwhile the just assessment of Lawrence is rendered more difficult by the fact that many who strive hard to gain the detachment in which alone critical judgment can be formed are driven into uncritical partisanship by the sneers and deliberate misrepresentations of certain of Lawrence's surviving contemporaries who are jealous of his genius. If I say that I consider Lawrence's influence extremely harmful, it must be qualified by the reminder that it is harmful only because he was a genius and a prophet; whereas the influence of his petty detractors is non-existent anyhow. The good things in Lawrence will survive even the whoopings of Laurentians. The clarity and acuteness

of his vision and his zest for life and his unfailing courage—these, and the literary expression of them, are the heritage of this and succeeding generations. Mr. Huxley has suggested the secret of Lawrence's real greatness when he reminds us in his preface that "he looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious."

Meanwhile is it too much to hope for a cessation of biographical "revelations," which are half-truths at best, so that people may read Lawrence instead of reading about him, and judge for themselves? Mrs. Carswell has told us that the letters not printed in this large book of nearly nine hundred large pages, "by all accounts will engage several more stout volumes." The appearance of these is "of necessity not for some years." Until then judgment of Lawrence, most autobiographical of writers, must be suspended.

Over against Lawrence it seems to me stands Eliot as an almost complete antithesis. Lawrence's wild and unbalanced individualism must lead finally to anarchy;

Eliot stands unmistakably for that liberty which can come only by submission to authority. In the volume of essays which Mr. Eliot himself has selected from his published work since 1917, this attitude is seen at its best. Primarily of course it is literary criticism, and some of the finest literary criticism of the century. But Eliot's main philosophical position is also unmistakably clear both incidentally in the essay on "The Function of Criticism" and explicitly in "Dante," "Thoughts after Lambeth" and the "Two Essays on Humanism." Lawrence and Murry's disciple plead the authority of the Inner Voice, and Eliot replies coldly: "The inner voice sounds remarkably like an old principle which has been formulated by an older critic in the now familiar phrase of 'doing as one likes.' The possessors of the Inner Voice ride ten in a compartment to a football match at Swansea, listening to the inner voice which breathes the eternal message of vanity, fear and lust." And awaits an answer. It is no answer to say, with Lawrence:

"You tell me I am wrong.
Who are you, who is anybody to tell me I am wrong?
I am not wrong."

When a colony of Lawrences start to construct instead of revolt, they will have to begin with Eliot.

An Anthology

Of the compilation of anthologies there seems to be no end. The latest is "The Bedside Book" (7s. 6d. Gollancz). The compiler, Mr. Arthur Stanley, admits in the preface that "the maker of a book of this kind is

lucky if he satisfies himself; he should not have the effrontery to expect the same satisfaction on the part of his readers." Emboldened by this admission, I confess that, in my personal opinion, it is almost the worst anthology I have ever seen. Which is to be taken as meaning no more than that tastes, mercifully for the gaiety of nations, differ. I dislike the fact that verses of "The Ancient Mariner" are taken from the whole; that one of Whitman's most famous passages is expurgated, quite needlessly, and dots inserted in the middle of it; that Donne is represented by one short passage, while William Barnes has four poems; and that two pages are devoted to "Chuckles." The first "chuckle" is: "Her fine figure captivated him. It was £20,000." These are sufficient clues to the personality (if one may use the word) of the anthology.

A Book Week

At the beginning of November there will be held a Boys' and Girls' Book Week, and during the latter part there will be an exhibition of children's books at the Victoria and Albert Museum. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS

CRITICISM

"Selected Essays." By T. S. Eliot. 12s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

The essays on the Elizabethans contain some of the finest literary criticism of our generation. The work of a sensitive scholar who is both honest and entertaining.

HISTORY

"Ivan the Terrible." By Stephen Graham. 18s. (Benn.)

The importance of this book, in spite of its faults, lies in the facts which are for the first time presented to an English public.

RELIGION

"The Golden Sequence." By Evelyn Underhill. 4s. 6d. (Methuen.)

A meditation on the "Veni Creator," written by one of our greatest mystics, and addressed to any reader.

AN OMNIBUS

"The Great Victorians." Edited by H. J. and Hugh Massingham. 8s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

(See review in these columns.)

THIS AGE IN FICTION

By Ralph Straus

THERE cannot, I suppose, be many men who have read more new fiction during the last ten years than I have, yet I find a difficulty in coming to any very definite conclusions about it, except in the matter of the *number* of novels that are published. In all probability no previous decade has seen the appearance of so many new works of fiction which deserve to be judged by high standards. Unfortunately no other decade can have groaned under the weight of so many thoroughly bad books which ought never to have been allowed to achieve the dignity of print. And I say this in spite of the fact that all types of readers must be catered for in this doubtlessly blessed age of "universal education." The output indeed has been, and continues to be monstrously large; and when I remember how small a percentage of manuscripts submitted to publishers manages to creep into print, I am honestly appalled. The market is flooded, and although one likes to think that sooner or later a really fine novel will get its deserts, I am afraid that the trumpets are not always blaring forth the right tune.

More people of course, and in particular more women, than ever before are trying their hands at fiction. Well, this is not a crime, and I dare say that many of our less worthy novelists genuinely feel some kind of a "call." To my way of thinking, however, the fact remains that in all this huge output there has been little enough that can truthfully be said to distinguish this age from its immediate predecessors. There are, I know the War-books, with their uncomfortable trimmings; there are the one or two great novels (each perhaps with its "new" point of view) which will go down to the ages, but except in the lesser matters I can find nothing in our post-War fiction that is startlingly new or likely to receive much attention from the literary historians of the future.

This may sound odd, coming as it does from a novelist-reviewer who is supposed to be rather kinder to his victims than he need be; but I am endeavouring to take a bird's-eye view of the subject, and that is my honest opinion. Nevertheless there are several small points of interest about this new fiction of ours to which the word "distinctive" may perhaps be legitimately applied, and the first of these is the understandable endeavour to find a new technique.

Since Joyce published his "Ulysses" ten years ago there has been no lack of such experiments. Some have been ingenious; others unbelievably mad. But will it be seriously argued that along this particular line there has been any appreciable advance? We have had our immensely long books and our little snippets of books; we have had our dreary and in general hideously ungrammatical attempts at getting down on to paper the exact workings of the human brain; we have had stories (or what their authors call stories) being told backwards and slantwise and crazily hidden from the light like a crossword puzzle; and we have even seen the printer called in to provide imbecile patterns with his type. But I cannot see the text-books of a hundred years hence paying much attention to these freakish innovations.

A more important affair is the intrusion of Professor Freud. Before the War he was unknown to the general public. The doctors discovered him when shell-shocked cases came their way, and the novelists, following suit in due course, found that his theories (or what passed for his theories) seemed likely to be useful in illustrating in an excitingly dramatic way the workings of the "sex instinct." Unfortunately they blundered too quickly into this new psychological field, with the result that a great deal of dangerous nonsense found its way into so-called "pioneer" novels. There came that outspokenness for which the younger generation of writers seems to have so keen a devotion. They are not I think to be blamed. Here undoubtedly was something which, if not quite so new as they believed, had hitherto been kept out of fiction, and so long as policemen (just then apparently being imbued with a new interest in literature), were not shocked into making an arrest, why not make use of it? It is one thing, however, to go boldly forward and call spades and even less usual implements by their right names, but it is another to imagine that half the world is suffering from some dreadful perversion. Which, I am bound to say, is more or less what a Martian might be expected to conclude after reading the novels of our clever young people. Too many of these novels are spoiled for me either because the author has so obviously had no first-hand knowledge of the "case" he is attempting to present, or because he seems to be suggesting all the while that here in his masterpiece is the first real picture of modern life.

This brings me to the "War-books"—the most distinctive feature, I suppose, of the time. Grim but vivid things, and some of them undoubtedly fine. But I cannot help thinking that they would never have had the success that was theirs, had not a number of sordid details, hitherto omitted altogether in works primarily written for entertainment, been printed at considerable length. So too it has been with stories of the public schools. You may argue that the veil cannot be lifted too high—we must have truth in our novel at all costs—but there are ways and means of effecting the desired disclosures, and not all our young chroniclers have been too careful how they have gone to work. I may be labouring the point, but it seems to me that, in the more ambitious novels of the new generation, it is this insistence on dragging in matters which, one would have thought, were more proper to the consulting-room, that is their most distinctive characteristic.

The War too in a measure must be held responsible for the astonishingly large percentage of novels which deal with mystery, violence and crime. Never before has the "detective-story" been so popular, and its manufacture has been reduced to something like a fine art. It is pleasant moreover to be able to say that a great number of such stories are very well written. And I notice without surprise that more and more of our "serious" novelists turn their attention to "thrillers." Why not? We are living in a curiously volcanic age, and our authors to-day cannot always afford to shut their eyes to the possible values of their

cinema-rights. The screen magnates seem to view life from a standpoint peculiarly their own. Luckily they are satisfied to "alter" such novels as they want for their theatres, and the novelist in theory remains free to write what he will. Yet the cinema has not been without its effect on our fiction, though I would hesitate to say precisely what that effect has been.

What else can I say? Apart from the detective-

puzzles, no one *kind* of story seems to be more popular than others, though the "love-interest" very naturally maintains its importance as a central theme. But ignore those *dates*—since the War so necessary a feature in the chronicles and the sagas—and ignore the occasional use of very curious words, and could you say that there is very much difference between the Edwardian novels and those of to-day?

THIS AGE IN LITERARY CRITICISM

By F. R. Leavis

THE period since the War will be remarkable in literary history for its critical activity. This assertion may at first surprise some who are aware of the present condition of critical journalism. No one interested in literature can make light of this condition, which in an account of the "Age in Criticism" demands—but, for lack of space, cannot have here—more notice. But nevertheless it is necessary to insist that the achievement of the age in literary criticism is a very remarkable one. Let no one go on to conclude that this critical achievement will be explained by, or coupled with, creative weakness. To suppose that criticism and creation are antipathetic, that either thrives at the expense of the other, is to betray very shallow notions of both. Criticism is the deliberate pursuit of the highest possible degree of awareness where creative work is concerned; awareness of the ways in which it affects us, of what has been attempted and what done, and of the conditions and possibilities of creation.

It is not for nothing that the periods of creative stir have also been notable for criticism. And especially should we expect to find creation accompanied by criticism at times of re-orientation, when the tradition is being revised; when, immediate tradition having failed the artist, having (as it recurrently does) become an obstacle between the ways of feeling, the kinds of consciousness, he has to express and the expressing of them, he must cast about to establish new bearings. Such a time was the end of the eighteenth century,

when criticism was associated with creation in the persons of the great creative chiefs, Coleridge and Wordsworth: we cannot imagine such an achievement as theirs, such a re-orientation of English poetry as they effected, apart from a high degree of critical awareness.

A valuable parallel might be drawn between the conditions then and the conditions in our own age. Coleridge and Wordsworth are represented by Mr. T. S. Eliot (or, shall we say, by Mr. Eliot and Mr. Ezra Pound?—for these two also appear to have worked at one time in close association). "The important critic," says Mr. Eliot, in "The Sacred Wood," "is the person who is absorbed in the present problems of art, and who wishes to bring the forces of the past to bear upon the solution of these problems." He explains here how it is that the essays printed in "The Sacred Wood," which came out in 1920, and in the later pamphlet, "Homage to John Dryden," have, though together they bulk so small and though they deal mainly with seventeenth century subjects, had so decisive an influence. For it is Mr. Eliot's distinction, both as critic and poet (one cannot imagine them apart—the creative achievement is essentially also a critical one), to have been the first to see what the present problems of poetry were. His poetry and his criticism together have provided the only kind of general "solution" possible: they have reconstituted the current idea of the English poetic tradition in such a way as to attract once more towards poetry the adult intelligence, which the tradition as transmitted from the Romantics by the nineteenth century had come to exclude. The seventeenth century (of Shakespeare, Donne and Marvell) now counts for incomparably more in the tradition as it affects practising poets than the nineteenth.

This, in one sense, is the great critical achievement of our time, and if it has not fructified in a poetic renaissance comparable to that initiated by Coleridge and Wordsworth (it is early yet to take stock), it is apparent in all serious contemporary criticism of poetry. But it is an achievement of criticism in alliance with creation. The more purely critical achievement of our time is an immense improvement in the methods and apparatus of criticism; improvement in the sense that, other things being equal—which they are not—it is easier to write good criticism now than it ever was before. The reader no doubt anticipates a tribute to psychology. And one must be paid; but not, probably, of a kind that is widely expected. To begin with, it is necessary to say bluntly that psychoanalysis has been, for those interested in literary criticism, merely a nuisance, fostering in the guise of criticism all kinds of



I. A. Richards.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

pretentious impertinences and irrelevances—"explanations" of art, artists and works of art. It is a weakness characteristic of our age to itch to tell the world, and to feel enlightened when told, that Hamlet illustrates the "Œdipus complex" and that Othello suffered from impotence. All this is nonsense, and commonly nasty. Nor has the respectable science of psychology, in so far as there is one, done as much for criticism as might have been expected. It has indeed done a great deal for incompetent critics, by providing them with assurance and a vocabulary—enabling them, that is, to say nothing to the point in new ways. The psychologists, on the other hand, who have invaded art and literature may be competent psychologists, but it is plain that, to put it politely, they are not as a rule anything remotely like competent critics. There are however exceptions.

The great exception, the one that makes it necessary to pay a tribute to psychology, is Dr. I. A. Richards. He does not make great play with technical psychology in his books—"The Principles of Literary Criticism," "Science and Poetry" and "Practical Criticism"—and psychologists have been known to deny that psychology counts for much in them. But without a psychological training, it is plain, his books would not have been written. Such a training gave him his approach and his awareness of problems. His unquestionable achievement, and it is a very great one, has been to provide the critic with an incomparably better apparatus of analysis than existed before. It is now possible, thanks to him, to talk about a "poem," "form," "content," "rhythm," "meaning," and so on, and know what we are talking about, and to discuss the function of art without tumbling into the "Pleasure or Instruction?" set of confusions and heresies. He has aimed at a good deal more than this—at formulating, in short, a complete and completely scientific theory of criticism; and any estimate of his achievement as measured by this ambition must involve qualifications.

If on one side he descends from Coleridge, on the other he descends from Bentham—an odd liaison. The Coleridgean heritage is unqualified strength, and to say that the strongest part of the Ricardian principles was largely a restatement of the best of Coleridge would not be to belittle the restater; for "Biographia Literaria," for all the effect it had during the century following publication, might as well not have been written. Bentham is seen in the "scientific," i.e. quantitative, theory of value—a restatement of the Utilitarian. It is one thing to be convinced that Dr. Richards has disposed finally of Mr. Clive Bell and all theories of "Pure Art Value." It is quite another to feel that much is gained for criticism by a theory of value that encourages (as Dr. Richards explicitly does) the hope of its being eventually possible to determine experimentally the relative worth of two experiences of different minds.

But Dr. Richards's contribution is greater than has been suggested. He collaborated with Mr. C. K. Ogden in "The Meaning of Meaning," an inquiry into the nature of linguistic symbolism—into the ways in which words "mean"—and the consequent improvements that he has been able to make in the instruments of critical analysis are more subtle and important than it is possible to indicate here.

It is indeed a notable period in the history of criticism that produced both Dr. Richards and Mr. Eliot. For Mr. Eliot's critical influence should be as decisive upon the practice of criticism as upon the practice of poetry: his essays are models of critical method and procedure. Indeed they seem to define for the first time the very conception of *literary* criticism; the reader feels that what he has read elsewhere is more or less impure, more or less irrelevant.

It is to the earlier essays that this account applies. In the later, those in "For Lancelot Andrewes," Mr. Eliot is concerned avowedly, not, as before, to insist that when we are judging poetry we must judge it as poetry and not as another thing, but with religious and moral questions, with the pre-conditions of art and literature. It seems that the very strictness of his devotion to the idea of literary criticism—to the principle that because poetry, morals and religion are intimately related, it is essential to distinguish clearly between them—was a response to the difficulty of maintaining the distinctions.

This difficulty is characteristic of our age. The dissolution of the traditions, social, religious, moral and intellectual, has left us without that basis of things taken for granted which is necessary to a healthy culture. A serious literary critic nowadays cannot confine himself to literature. He inevitably slips into discussing the conditions—of society and civilisation—that underlie literature; into questioning whether literature will long remain possible. One may lament that Mr. Eliot no longer devotes himself to literary criticism, but one sees that the development was necessary and waits intently for what he may write next.

But in the more notorious case of Mr. Middleton Murry it is difficult not to lament a disaster. He was once a very fine critic. "The Problem of Style" remains one of the few valuable handlings of critical principle in the language, and the essays in "Aspects of Literature," written as weekly journalism a dozen years ago, still constitute perhaps the best introduction to post-War literature. But his religious writings of the past eight or nine years are alas! characteristic of our age—the age described by Mr. Eliot in these sentences: "When there is so much to be known, when there are so many fields of knowledge in which the same words are used with different meanings, when everyone knows a little about a great many things, it becomes increasingly difficult for anyone to know whether he knows what he is talking about or not. And when we do not know, or when we do not know enough, we tend always to substitute emotions for thoughts."

On the other hand, the general disintegration and disorder have favoured radical inquiries of kinds unthought of before, such as those of Dr. Richards and Mr. Eliot into the nature of "belief." Moreover, Mr. Empson's extraordinary and important book, "Seven Types of Ambiguity," must also be recognised as, in a sense, characteristic of the age. And from the rare but not impossible combination of competence in both psychology and literature we may expect more criticism of the kind represented by Mr. D. W. Harding's essay on "Nostalgia" in the May number of *Scrutiny*—a kind that, again, would be to the age's credit.

THIS AGE IN POETRY

By Stephen Spender

PEOPLE to-day talk a language which is different from the language spoken a hundred or two hundred years ago; they are absorbed in different interests, and if fundamentally they feel the same passions, these passions are directed to different objects. As long as people exist there are new things to say. As long as there are new things to say, poetry exists and has new things to say. The mistake is to suppose that poetry is separated from life, when it is clear that language, from which poetry is dependent, is at the very centre of life. People who suppose poetry to be separated from life foresee poetry coming to an end in the same way as the building of a tram-line is completed, or as a mine becomes exhausted of minerals, or as a branch of scientific observation comes to an end.

The Elizabethans were the greatest English poets, and they were not born in golden climes, nor did they live in worlds apart, nor were they afraid of having their poetic minds vexed with shallow wit. In fact their works are full of very shallow wit, and they are the better for it, because shallow wit reflects some of the life of that age. The lives of the Elizabethan poets are only exceptional in being more vivid and intense than those of their contemporaries; when we read about Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, and about Shakespeare stealing a deer, these things become symbols to us of Elizabethan life.

In the same way we cannot read the work of the best of the War poets, Wilfrid Owen, without realising instantly the justice of his claim: "Above all, this book is not concerned with poetry. The subject of it is war and the pity of war."

Our poets should stop worrying about Poetry (Is it dying?), and about Science (Is it killing Poetry?), and about Books (There are so many of them; how can we keep pace?), and, above all, about themselves (Does Poetry really express my personality? Am not I overwriting myself?); perhaps then they would have time to reflect that we are living in one of the most remarkable ages it has ever been people's fortune or misfortune to live in. They might not like the age; the struggles of the men who represent a system which is now being overthrown might appear to them as sinister and unscrupulous as the actions of characters in "The White Devil." In my opinion the real contribution of "The Waste Land" to the problem of "Contemporaneity" is that Eliot's blank verse illustrates the parallel between our own world and the world of the late Elizabethans. On the other hand, they might be anxious to hail a new era; they might feel that scientific discovery was as exciting as the discovery of classical mythology, and that the construction of giant machinery was as exciting as the discovery of a new world; and that both these things were full of material for poetry. Think too of the lives of people to-day. Is not the life of the unemployed significant? The lives of workers, and the lives of rich people and even the lives of officials can all be seen now as being insecure, ready to fall into disaster or to form a new alignment.

Yet if one reads the works of most of our poets, one does not realise at all that we are living in an age in

which anything is happening. Our poets seem to live in a perpetual summer school, governed by a very free and easy blue-stockinged schoolmistress, who encourages them to write poetry about the school and its grounds. Some go into the garden and walk as far as the pond, where they write very short poems which show an immense knowledge of a very limited number of fish. Some go further afield and study the farmer at work with his plough. The more studious-minded sit indoors and read Greek. There are even a few who tinker about with the heating apparatus and the boiler in the kitchen; but without conviction. A few naughty ones play about all day in the dormitories. Mr. Roy Campbell is the naughtiest of them all; he screams and screams about "love's broncho-busting game," and the wickedness of the country that keeps "A million loafers on the dole," and he hates all the others.

If you doubt the truth of this, read Mr. Monro's anthology of twentieth century poetry. Half the poems in the book were clearly written in the summer school I have described.

Of course it is stupid to lay down rules about poetry of the sort that most of the younger writers who are trying to break away from the summer school (some of the best of them are represented in the anthology called "New Signatures," published by the Hogarth Press) seem anxious to lay down for themselves—such as that poetry must be about machinery, or the proletarian revolution, etc. But I think we may say that certain qualities which depend from contemporary life, and which could not possibly have been introduced into the work of writers in other centuries, characterise the best work that is being written to-day. For instance, Mr. W. H. Auden uses the imagery of psychoanalysis in his poetry where other writers have used pagan or Christian mythology. However there is nothing at all new in some other qualities which were lacking in the poetry of most of the Georgian anthologies, and which are never lacking in real poetry. The belief, for instance, that there is a purpose in life; and a sense of enjoyment.

The fault of those poets who first attempted to break away from the Georgian tradition was obscurity. The problem before poetry to-day is not to escape from life on to the snowy mountain peaks, nor to escape into itself, but to accept the life that is around us and, in the deepest sense, to enjoy it. T. S. Eliot's poetry, depressing as it may seem, is full of the enjoyment of experience; it never depresses one in the same way as does the cheerfulness of the nature poets who "try to see the best side of things." The fault is that it does not go far enough. More and more of the life around us has got to be enclosed in the area of enjoyment. Only when the poets have left their own cultured society, their starry nights, their mountain-tops and their shadowy caves will it be possible to create a new poetry that is popular, not in the sense that Miss Wilhelmina Stitch's poetry is popular, but in the sense that it is comprehensible to everyone in the whole of our society who has a true appreciation of poetry.



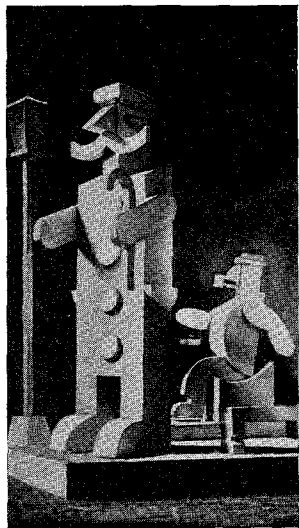
*Author of "ART," "SINCE CEZANNE," "LANDMARKS
IN NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING," "PROUST," etc.*

CLIVE BELL
(By Betsy Graves.)

THIS AGE IN THE THEATRE

By Terence Gray

IN using the War as a line of demarcation between one phase and another it is desirable to clear the mind of any unconsidered assumption that the line of demarcation in question had any causative bearing on the phase that followed it.



Design for Mechanical Actor by Depero.

From "The New Movement in the Theatre" (Batsford).

The post-War theatre is no result of the War. It was potentially in being before the War. Its seed was sown before the birth of Æschylus. A butterfly may leave its cocoon after a thunderstorm, but the cocoon was a chrysalis before the clouds rolled up, and the chrysalis a caterpillar, the caterpillar a grub, long æons of insect-time before.

The War and its repercussions may have seriously affected the entertainment-trade in its commercial

aspect. but I am concerned solely with the theatre as an art-form, and there seems to me no reason to suppose that the majestic development of an art-form is subject to deviation in its course due to any temporary upheaval of external affairs.

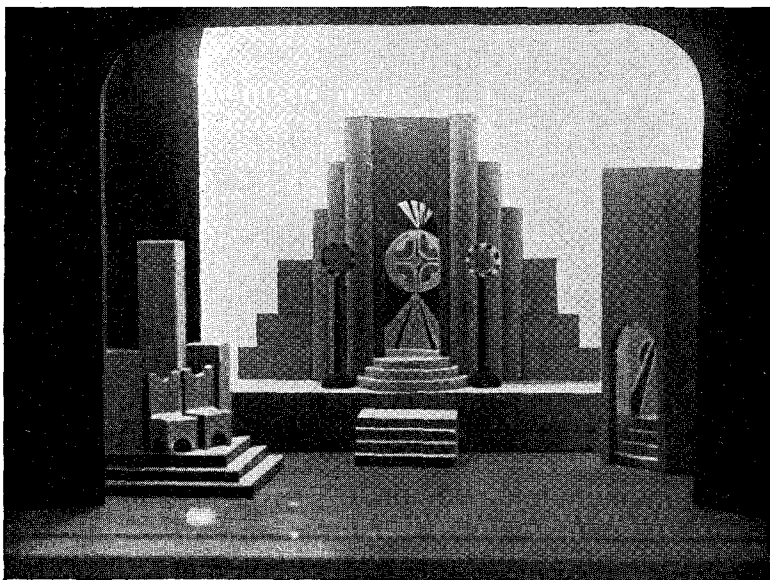
In speaking of the post-War theatre I am referring to something that is almost, if not entirely, unknown to nine-tenths of the population. The theatre that is known to everybody, the theatre of the hoardings, is the pre-War theatre in lamentable survival. Moreover only an incorrigible snobbery can claim for it ancestry in any art-form soever, a claim which in itself no college of heralds would be likely to support. The theatre of which I am writing exists nevertheless, but its manifestations are diffuse. In some countries it has almost attained the ascendant, but in England it has as yet few professional focal-points, its spirit is to be found most abundantly in the work of vast numbers of amateur societies who are busy practising it and developing it, for the most part without a notion that they are doing anything of the kind. Even so was born the caterpillar from the grub, the great drama of Æschylus from the caperings of the predecessors of Thespis.

The essential marks of this latest phase in the development of the theatre art-form are best seen in contrast to the well-known marks of the pre-War theatre, that dying form that has such inglorious ancestry in recent centuries and is about to leave the earth without posterity, like the mule it so closely resembles. Even so must the butterfly despise the effete-looking chrysalis whose shell it observes beside its path although the chrysalis has played its part in the creation of its successor.

To pre-War theatre-going eyes the most startling feature of the new being is that it appears to disregard actuality. That seems incomprehensible to eyes set in a focus for decades, and, being incomprehensible, it is inevitably to be condemned. Pre-War eyes automatically judge a theatrical performance by the accuracy of its imitation of life as they know it. Unconsciously they regard the reproduction of the external details of life as the primary aim of theatrical endeavour. The suggestion that this might be not only unnecessary, but actually a barrier which rendered all but impossible the practice of the theatre as an art-form gives them a headache. Yet so it would appear, as any pictorial artist could have told them any time since the birth of Cézanne. For basically all that the post-War theatre has done has been to put itself on the same plane as all the other arts, and in so doing to accept the principles on which contemporary art is founded. The pre-War theatre finds its counterpart in the Royal Academy of to-day, but the post-War theatre, as I am using the term, is the fellow of painting, architecture, sculpture, music, dancing in their practice by artists who are really of to-day.

All the arts have had to revalue their values, for they had followed down old tracks that finally led them all clean out of the country of art and into an arid desert in which they were perishing. The basic thing, therefore, which the post-War theatre has done has been the revaluation of its values; and in doing that desperately difficult purging thing all the disinterestedness, all the discipline, all the self-confidence and clearness of vision that could be summoned have been necessary. In sweeping away the cobwebs of external reality, which were choking the theatre, the theatre as an art-form reappeared and took its rightful place beside the other arts.

One startling result was that Shakespeare and the mighty Greek dramatists began to reappear out of the haze. The poor attenuated Shakespeare, his lordly verse spoken as prose with an Oxford accent, his regal



Festival Theatre Setting for "The Immortal Hour."

beings impersonated as convincing everyday Tom-Dick-and-Harrys, his spacious, three-dimensional stagecraft flattened out and pushed behind a window-frame, reassumed his original stature and proportions. The maimed masters of classical drama, their hearts torn out with the excision of their pulsing choruses, their majestic music beaten out into tinkling rhymes, their vast edifices of abstract thought and emotion rent to pieces in an endeavour to make drama out of a sordid and concrete tale of crime, once more stand revealed in something approaching their original splendour. To the practitioner of the post-War theatre it is just beyond the limit of comprehension how any race of men, however degraded their art had become, could deliberately take two such highly artificial and even abstract distillations from life as the works of Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists, both written down in purely formalised verse-speech, and seek to make them convincing representations of life as it may be supposed to have been lived by everyday actual human beings. That anyone should want to do such a thing is one miracle, that anyone should have done it and persuaded more than one generation of men that what they were doing was Shakespeare and Euripides (for Æschylus, and to some extent Sophocles, actually had them beat) is another and a still greater one.

Another startling thing the post-War theatre has done, in contrast with the pre-War theatre, is to put the author back into his place, a place which nevertheless retains its importance. But the post-War theatre is not an author's theatre. No longer is the performance of a play the speaking of an author's words, with actions and gestures to match. Perhaps that was the deepest degradation of all, and at its height the theatre became little more than a variant of the printing-press, a place where literary men's compositions, and even sociologist's hobbies, were given visual and aural rendering. The post-War theatre is back in the hands of artists, of its own particular brand of artists—artists-of-the-theatre. These men practise the theatre as their art, as painters, sculptors and musicians practise theirs, and they call upon authors, actors, designers, musicians, choreographers, to contribute the special material which it is the province of each to contribute. But the practice of the art of the theatre is once more the work of an independent artist who is a theatre-artist and nothing else.

Of all the obstacles the post-War theatre has had to contend with, the dead-weight of tradition, the indifference of a race almost entirely given over to buying and selling unnecessary articles one from another, the inapplicable rules and regulations devised to restrain popular entertainment, the vast inertia of vested interest, perhaps the most obstructive has been the theatre-building itself, that monstrous double-box, one filled with rows of seats set to focus vision on the middle of the other, that other a mechanical box of tricks designed to set up innumerable flimsy flapping imitations of everyday habitations, with a diminutive picture-frame between. This architectural contrivance, a more-than-life-size elaboration of what in a really cultured community could only be designed as a child's

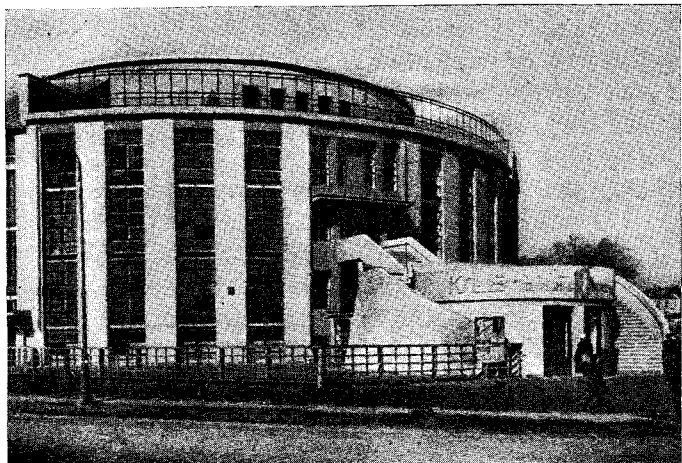
toy, in which, as a variant from playing at tin soldiers, infants might set out in cardboard, figures and scenes from their story-books, has been the only available architectural medium for the practice of theatre-art. Without any exaggeration whatever it can be stated that no commonly existing architectural structure is less suited to the practice of the theatre as an art than is a theatre building surviving from the pre-War era (or a post-War reproduction of one, of which about a dozen have recently been erected in London, and even in Stratford). A church, a barn, a cellar, a public square, the use of any one of these has been the dream, too seldom realised, of every post-War theatre artist seeking to practise his art. For such an artist has no use for any of these mechanical contrivances (which is not to say that modern mechanism cannot be utilised to ease the difficulties of a modern theatre-artist): he needs his audience in the same building as his actors, round about him, as Shakespeare and Æschylus had them, and he needs that his audience shall see his actors in the round, from many angles and not intrinsically from one point of the compass only.

Of the essential marks of the post-War theatre, the last which I shall deal with is the actor himself. The surviving pre-War theatre-goer sits down in his stall and expects to see an actor giving a completely convincing representation of some personage out of the life that he has been living all day. Actually he never got that because there had grown up an established convention in the portrayal of everyday people, a convention that passed for reality in spite of the fact that no theatre-goer ever encountered in life the quite unbelievable people he accepted as prime ministers, young ladies of society, etc., on the stage. But the post-War theatre seeks to give him something very different again, something that, viewed through the mirror of art, may ultimately be very much nearer the truth of the original human being than the reality-convention he expects. This representation, limned in the digested and abstract lines of art, a quintessence rather than a detailed portrait, restores the actor once more to acting as opposed to impersonation. He uses his body in carefully controlled, studiously elaborated movement, as a medium of expression, as a painter uses his paint or any artist his medium, and he uses his voice likewise, not to imitate the tones of the cabinet minister or the plumber he is representing, but as a medium of expression whereby he may convey most forcibly the idea he is on the stage to convey. Acting may be subtle or flamboyant, but never in the post-War theatre can it again be anything but representation through an art-form as opposed to direct imitation of the external appearance of things as they are seen in daily life, unless it be to burlesque them, which in itself is a form of art.

To achieve this new technique has not been easy. It has not yet been achieved in England at all to my knowledge, save in an elementary degree. It has been the result literally of years of special training, physical and vocal, as in the theatre of old. But the actor is an Actor once more. He is no longer merely an Impersonator.

THIS AGE IN ARCHITECTURE

By John Summerson



Workers' Club at Moscow. Class-conscious Architecture.
By courtesy of the Master Builder.

IT seems, at the present time, as if all the visual arts, and some of the others as well, are aspiring towards the condition of architecture. It sounds like a risky half-truth, but there must be something in it. Painters, sculptors and musicians borrow the architect's vocabulary and talk about structure and architectonic relationships, planes and masses, as if they would all rather have been architects. There is, too, a rigid economy and directness about much contemporary painting and sculpture which is a sort of functionalism; though as pictures and sculptures have, as a rule, no particular function, this asceticism is an invented virtue. Nor can music pretend to be a necessity of everyday life, yet Hindemith gives us what he calls *gebrauch-musik*, "functional" music.

To-day architecture is the normal art. It seems to be almost the only one of the major arts which, in our time, has really found itself. There is quite definitely a contemporary style of architecture and it is rapidly becoming as authentic and universal as Gothic in the Middle Ages. Like Gothic, it admits of all sorts of interpretations and is constantly changing, but fundamentally it has the character of a world-architecture.

Because of the intrinsic universality of the modern style it is not easy to define its nature, but let it be said at once that it cannot be gauged by its degree of adherence to functionalism nor recognised by any particular system of ornament; nor is the complete absence of ornament in itself a certificate of modernity. The formation of a style is always a delicate business. It consists of complicated interactions between material needs and psychological tendencies, first one and then the other giving a twist to the general direction. A process of this kind is what has been taking place in Europe during the past thirty years and the only way to understand the present state of affairs is to look back over that time.

In 1900 the position in European architecture was extremely interesting. Easily the most vigorous and progressive school was the English. The general standard was low (see Knightsbridge and Brompton Road), but a dozen or more architects were thinking

hard and producing remarkable results, mostly in the shape of country houses. Perhaps few people realise what lovely pieces of architecture are to be found among the country mansions of the period of Lethaby, early Lutyens, E. S. Prior, Newton and Voysey. It is rather sad that so much beauty should be buried in the obscurity of private parks.

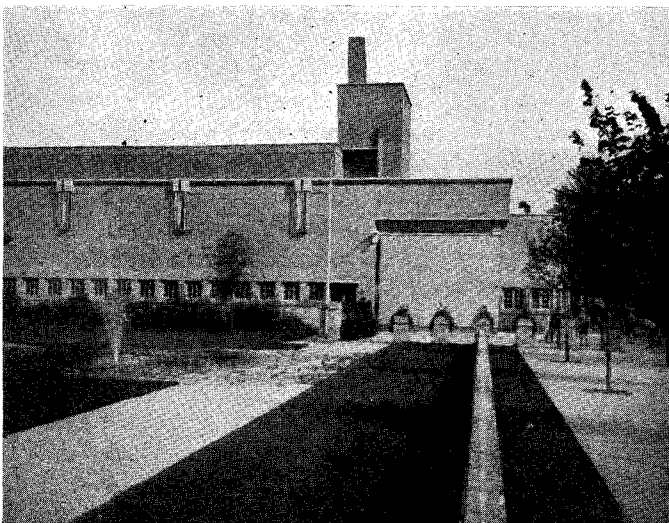
Norman Shaw was the spiritual father of all these men, and in his own work can be discovered the germ of every subsequent development. Voysey stressed one particular aspect of the Shaw school, and his simple, logical, thoughtful work led to that final and incomparable gesture of the period, the Glasgow Art School, by Charles Rennie Mackintosh, finished in 1909.

When Mackintosh's work was seen in London, people laughed. Glasgow blushed and tried hard to forget the charlatan who had shamed her. To-day they are setting up classical columns in Glasgow, things of great expense and doubtful scholarship; nothing to laugh at, there.

But The Hague did not laugh at Mackintosh and neither did Vienna, where Otto Wagner was working out his neo-classic modernism in banks, hospitals and churches. Wagner did not see as far as Mackintosh; he simply unpicked the classical rhythms and put them together again with a pretty decorative touch (*art-nouveau* they called it) and a very sensitive comprehension of planning and materials.

Then a curious thing happened. Steel and reinforced concrete arrived and found, on the Continent, a mentality ready for their reception. Then it was that the Germans took up the story.

Before the War every considerable European nation, except England and France, was well on the way to a lively modernism, more or less tinged by national-sentimental characteristics. England, after the Mackintosh episode, relapsed into a sleepy dilettantism, and from this she has never recovered. Since 1914, English architecture has stood still. We have indeed one architect of genius and several of great ability, but



A School at Hilversum,
By W. M. Dudok.

A subtle essay in spacing; flag-staff, lawns and paths are inherent parts of the design.

even such men as Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Giles Scott have taken us little farther than we were under Norman Shaw and have sedulously avoided the Mackintosh direction. Lutyens, the only architect since Wren who could beat the designer of St. Paul's on his own ground, is an Old Master who by sheer force of genius imposes himself on the twentieth century. Purely as an exponent of architectural form he has rarely been equalled. In the other arts there is no parallel to Lutyens. It is as though we had among our academic painters a Titian or a Rembrandt.

But to return to the Continent. In the last ten years Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries have all made important contributions to architectural thought. Perhaps the German contribution has been the biggest. It has certainly been the most ascetic, the most uncompromising and the most penetrating. Peter Behrens, whose embassy building at St. Petersburg, newly finished in 1914, was wrecked by a war-crazed mob, was perhaps the most powerful influence when peace was declared. His buildings were looked at by Englishmen with a sort of prurient curiosity, as the morbid symbols of a defeated and delirious Germany. But to anybody who had not lost the thread of architectural evolution, the German activities of the period were, and still are, of the greatest interest. In Hamburg Fritz Höger, a peasant from the land, with an irrepressible genius for building, was putting up vast office blocks faced with decorative brickwork, and from these sprang a whole school of decorative brick design which has flowered all over North Germany. In Berlin, Poelzig built his amazing and fascinating cinemas and Erich Mendelsohn evolved his conception of buildings as symbolic shapes, imagined in the mind as one imagines the related surfaces and volumes of a piece of sculpture. All these architects, men of late middle-age, are still practising, and it is curious to compare their outlook with that of men of the same age and position in this country.

While the Germans were thinking desperately hard and exploring the furthest reaches of architectural thought, the Austrians, the Dutch and the Scandinavians were amusing themselves within more modest bounds of freedom. The Austrians began their famous rebuilding schemes, which culminated in the comparatively recent Karl Marx Hof, three-quarters of a mile long. But the Viennese are not materialists at heart and the pursuit of the *neue sachlichkeit* does not hold them as it holds the Germans. Their modernism is a decoration, for they still know the sunshine of the eighteenth century. And their gardens are charming.

The Dutch, over the same period, have followed a course very much their own. A large amount of their modernism is ingeniously bad. They are still a little under the spell of the "quaint and curious," and they are also addicted to complicated essays in the manner of Frank Lloyd Wright, the American. But they have several fine architects: Wijdeveldt, for instance, and W. M. Dudok. Dudok is, to borrow a musical term, a great contrapuntist. He works the components of his buildings into subtle fugues which it is exquisite

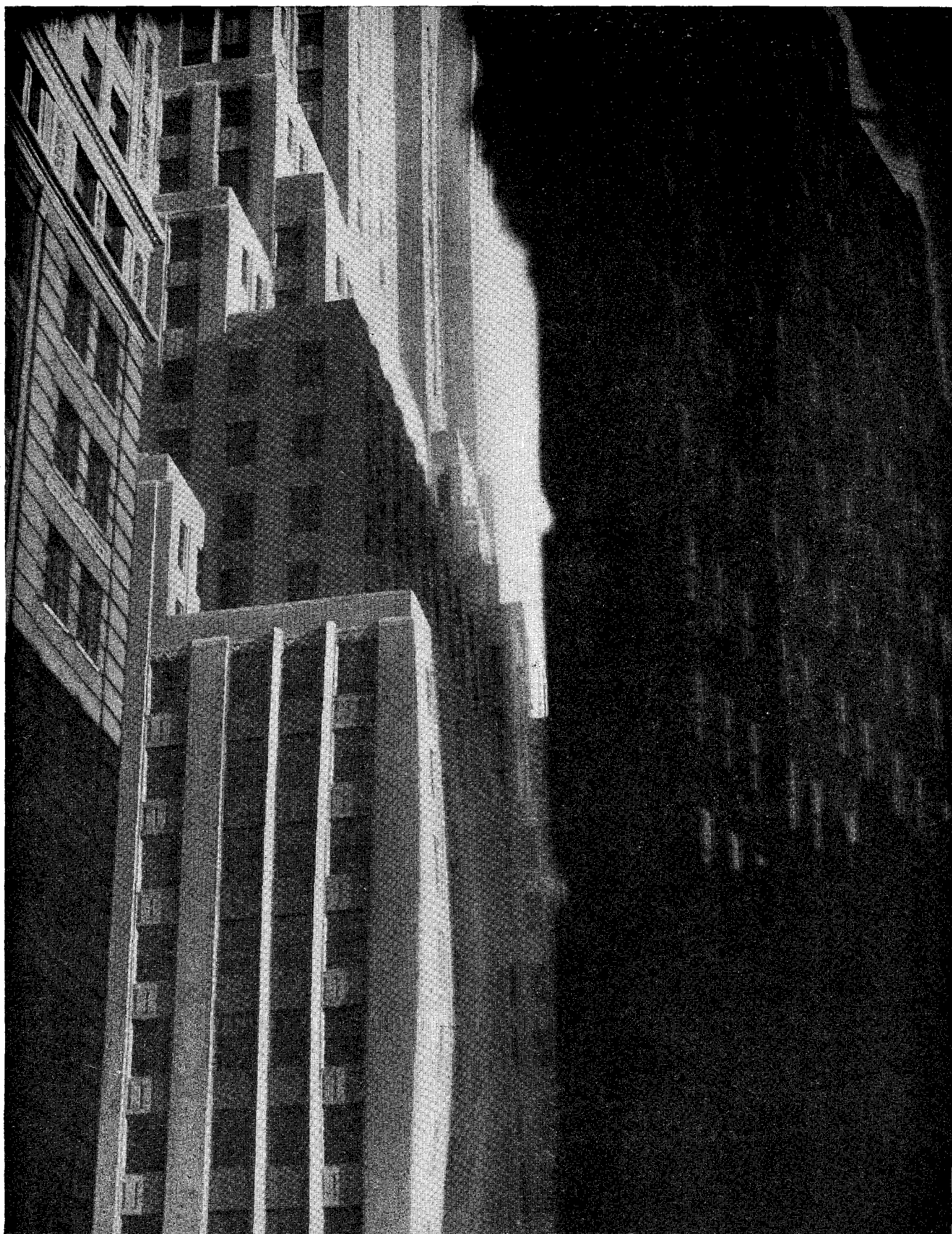
pleasure to contemplate and to analyse. Not long ago the writer of this article accompanied Dudok over his new Town Hall at Hilversum; an illuminating experience, rather like hearing a composer play from his own score. Every line of the plan, every feature in the elevations revealed itself as the outcome of imaginative preoccupation with the purpose and working of the building; and that, the living interplay of functionalism and pattern-making, reveals as clearly as any thing the whole nature of modernism in architecture.

The case of Sweden is very different. A real Swedish modernism is only just being born, although Swedish architecture has been showing off for a very long time. It was a curious and, in its way, a lovely romantic renaissance with which Sweden entertained the world for ten years after the War. It had been growing up comfortably ever since Nyrop built his Town Hall at Copenhagen in the nineties—and Nyrop's building, the acknowledged father of Ostberg's work at Stockholm, reminds one irresistibly of Norman Shaw.

There is one name which cannot be lightly omitted from any survey of modern architecture. Unlike painters and musicians, modern architects are not well known by name; Behrens, Poelzig, Höger and Dudok are not household words. But everybody has heard of le Corbusier. "*Vers une Architecture*" was a very witty book, which brilliantly overstated the case for functionalism. Its author, in a curiously perverse way, is an artist; his design for the League of Nations Assembly Hall left no doubt about that. But it is difficult to tell at present whether he succeeds in spite of or because of his infatuated devotion to machinery. In any case his influence has been very great, comparable, perhaps, to the influence of the analytical cubists in painting.

At the moment, architects are not attempting to penetrate further into the mysteries and possibilities of architectural form. But the ground already gained is being turned to good use. Excellent buildings in the accepted local idioms of modernism are springing up all over the world. One sees photographs of good work from such unlikely places as Yugoslavia, Greece and Cornwall. Czechoslovakia is extremely active on German lines. Russia is giving work to several able foreigners; her own architects may do well when they realise how difficult it is to make architecture do propaganda. Finland, extremely promising ten years ago, seems to be quietly making good. France and England are doing the worst and most boring architecture in Europe, but there is some hope even for them. France has, besides le Corbusier (a Swiss working in Paris), the brilliant Lurçat and the ingenious Perret brothers. For England, hovering between the Tudor and the Modernistic, there is a ray of hope in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and perhaps another in the *Daily Express* building.

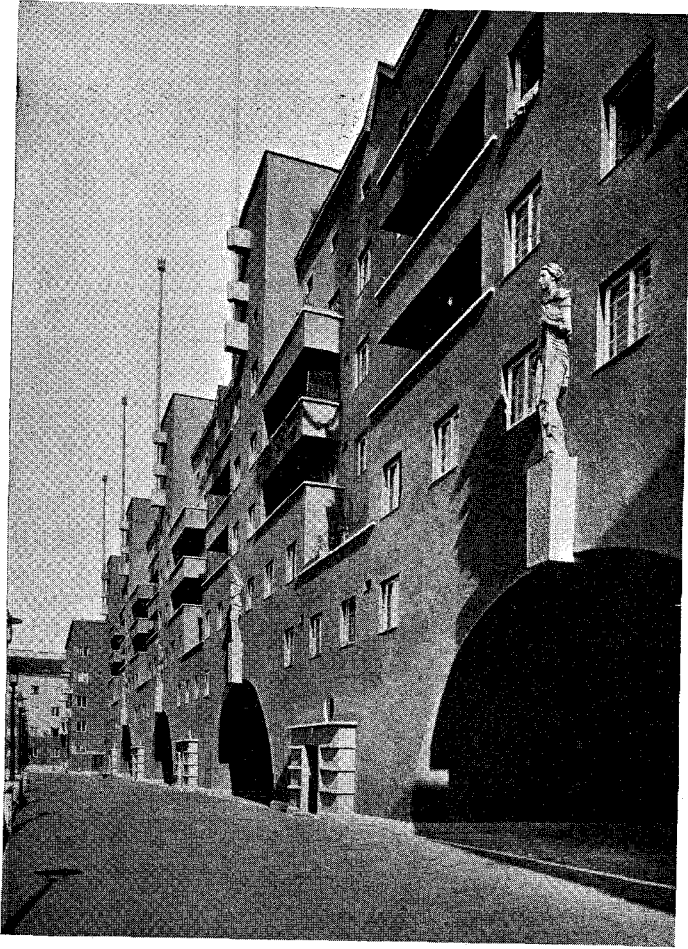
And what of America? American city buildings are very large, very high and very expensive; perhaps it is better not to say more than that without having seen them. But photographs of the latest skyscrapers, with incredible spires designed to outreach their nearest rivals in height, are not encouraging.



From "MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY"
(Studio).

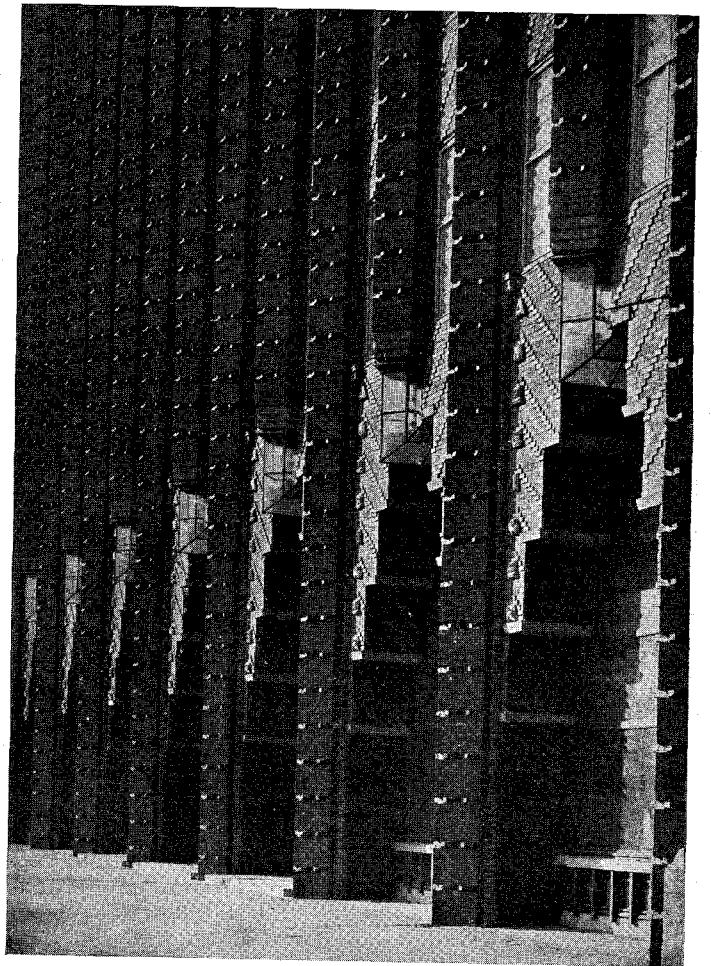
REFLECTION IN A NEW YORK OFFICE WINDOW-PANE.

The photograph was taken in February, between 11 and 12 a.m.
(Sherril Schele, New York.)



KARL MARX HOF, VIENNA.

A block of flats built by the municipality, and incorporating schools, wash-houses and shops.



DETAIL OF A NEWSPAPER BUILDING IN HANOVER BY FRITZ HÖGER.
Red brickwork enriched with occasional gold-glazed bricks.

THIS AGE IN ART

By Frank Rutter

IT was the peculiar privilege of the painter to anticipate that convulsion of unrest, violence and discord which politically culminated in the Great War. The changes which have taken place in the pictorial and plastic arts since 1918 have been relatively small and unimportant in comparison with the revolutionary new movements in art which were initiated between 1900 and 1914.

What has happened in art since the Armistice has been the spread, the intensifying and, above all, the hardening of tendencies which had made themselves manifest in painting and sculpture before a shot was fired, before any frontier had been crossed by a hostile army.

Towards and through the second decade of the twentieth century, coming events had cast their shadows before them on the field of art with a poignancy that is only now beginning to be appreciated. It is a fact of extraordinary significance that in the early spring of 1914, when Europe seemed to be at peace, painters of peculiar sensitiveness to world conditions were producing strangely new and original pictures which, on analysis, proved to be animated by warlike ideas. In London, for example, Mr. P. Wyndham Lewis, leader of a group of advanced artists who called themselves Vorticists, was painting queer geometrical designs derived from the diagrams of battle dispositions which may be found in history books. His "Plan of Campaign," which was a pictorial interpretation of an outflanking movement, was exhibited in the London Salon of July, 1914.

Still earlier that same year in Munich, Wassily Kandinsky, the leader of the Expressionist movement, was painting pictures which professed to be non-representative, but which on examination were found to contain elements suggesting artillery fire, cannon, puffs of smoke and falling houses.

These pictures are striking examples of the way in which certain artists almost unconsciously expressed their premonitions of war; but still more significant was the general and widespread tendency on the part of artists of very different schools and styles, to import

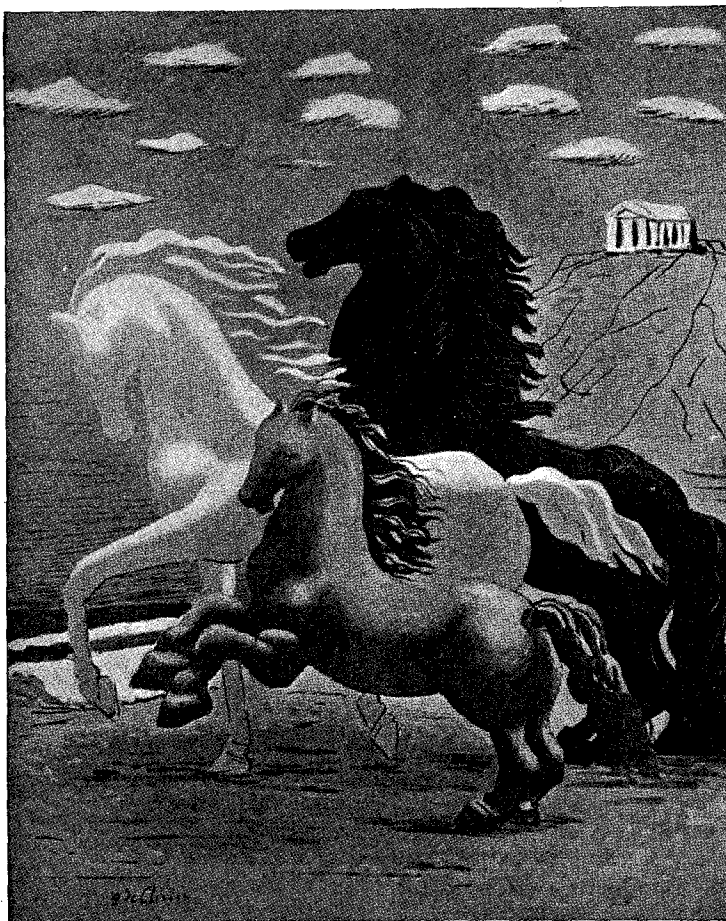
an element of violence in their manner of presenting their chosen themes. The decade before 1914 was the period during which "shock tactics" were introduced into painting, and whether the new artists were Fauves aiming at extreme simplification, like Matisse, or were Cubists aiming at third-dimensional substantiality, like

Braque and Picasso, or were Expressionists aiming at a non-representative art, like Kandinsky, the one quality all their works had in common was some kind of violent effect on the eye of the spectator. A philosophy was evolved to the effect that Strength is Beauty, and if this doctrine is not quite so paramount to-day as it was fifteen to twenty years ago, still in most quarters weakness is esteemed as a crime in art.

All kinds of pictures are being painted to-day, and most of them, of course, are only repetitions of something that has been painted before in a similar way, but artists of advanced and independent views usually have this much in common—a positive hatred of anything approaching sentimentality, and a deadly fear lest they should be found guilty of having painted something that could be described as "pretty."

If Romance is not altogether dead, the younger generation can tolerate romantic art only when it is practised by the middle-aged and elderly. The peasant paintings of J. F. Millet and Rodin's "Burghers of Calais" are in danger of being dismissed as "sob-stuff" by the Bright Young People who are practising the arts to-day; but they still have a kindly feeling and a certain respect for Sickert and Epstein, though they consider them to be rather old-fashioned romantic artists.

Atmosphere, which was a quality greatly admired in the days of Whistler, is absolutely taboo to-day, though Recession is a magic word among the latter-day Realists. But even realists of the new style, who are at much pains to express the "volumes" of solid bodies and to suggest the third-dimensional distance between foreground and background, aim at clarity and definition as major virtues.



"The Three Horses."

By Giorgio di Chirico.

From "Evolution in Modern Art," by Frank Rutter (Harrap).
(By permission of Monsieur Léonce Rosenberg, Paris.)

Perhaps the chief feature of post-War painting is a more general recognition that picture-making is a creative rather than a representative art. The desire to use pigments on canvas to give a more perfect representation of something seen in nature, was to a great extent exhausted by the masters of Impressionism. Their rendering of prismatic light, their exact notation of colour in sunlight and shadow, seems to have been the last advance and the final step in the long struggle of artists to record more perfectly the actual appearance of nature.

Those artists whose art is still anchored to nature now aim at simplifying rather than complicating their vision. Painters so different in style as Messrs. Duncan Grant, Matthew Smith, Paul Nash and Mrs. Dod Procter all have in common this feeling for simplicity. The same may be said of such foreign painters as Derain, Segonzac, Chirico, Raoul Dufy and Marie Laurencin. They may aim at strength or at delicacy, but all impose limitations on themselves, and seem to aim at expressing a few things simply, clearly and intensely rather than at being exhaustive. Indeed there is a group of young painters, among whom Mr. Ben Nicholson is a leader, who seem to take a pride in reducing the representative elements in their pictures to a minimum. The argument would appear to be that what is most interesting in a picture is the mind of the artist, not the things represented, and therefore almost anything will serve as material for his mental and manual exercises.

For this reason there are certain artists who find their greatest satisfaction in building up abstract paintings with geometrical forms, which they find sufficient both for the purpose of creative design and for the expression of plastic ideas. This tendency to free painting from

associated ideas, which began before the War with Cubism and Expressionism, has not greatly advanced in recent years so far as pictures are concerned, but the geometrical and cubist movement can at least be said to have had a very definite and vivifying effect both on modern poster-designing and on interior decoration.

Both painting and sculpture are much freer arts to-day than they have ever been before. Subject is regarded as being of very little importance in comparison with treatment, and an artist is free to treat—or maltreat—his material in any way he pleases. A sculptor like Maurice Lambert can use marble to suggest a yacht heeling over in the breeze, or bronze to convey a flight of sea-gulls; a painter like Edward Wadsworth can furnish a gunman's parlour with wall decorations based on revolvers. A picture can be made out of anything or nothing, and still give satisfaction to those who are



"The Model."

By Mrs. Dod Procter.

From "Evolution in Modern Art," by Frank Rutter (Harrap).

primarily interested only in its construction.

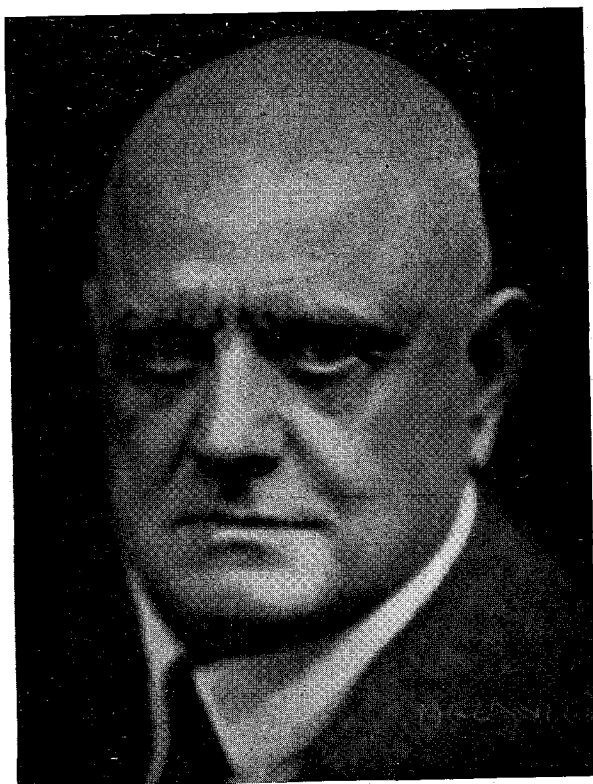
These however are the advance-guards of modern painting and sculpture, whose works appeal by reason of their technical qualities, their construction, their design, their colour or patina, rather than their human content. And since the public that is interested in painting as painting, and in sculpture as carving, must necessarily be severely limited, the gulf between the advanced artist and the general public is in danger of growing wider instead of narrower. Apart from the Modern Room, in which a few of these experiments can be found, the Academies of recent years suggest that the popular painters confine their attention to portraits and landscapes. Subject paintings become rarer and rarer, while the only "problem pictures" that seem to be painted to-day are concerned with problems of technique—not of morals.

THIS AGE IN MUSIC

By Edward Crankshaw

THE musical public is divided unequally into two parts—one which sees nothing but cacophony in the music of to-day, and one which swallows it whole on the principle that because it is frowned upon by the

majority it must be right. It is difficult to say which of these two groups is the most misguided, but the smaller one is certainly the noisiest. Those who make it up find perennial support in Schumann's assertion



Jean Sibelius.

that "If Mozart were alive to-day he would write piano concertos not in the style of Mozart but in the style of Chopin." Leaving aside the question of the validity of this observation, it is obvious that, even were it true, the relationship between Mozart and Chopin has little bearing upon the relationship between Chopin and Schönberg. At least it should be obvious; and the apparent fact that it is not, suggests it is high time that the essential difference between the revolutions of Chopin or Wagner and the revolutions of Schönberg or Bartók was firmly grasped once and for all.

The shouts of the contemporary composer's self-appointed apostles do not help him at all. They do nothing but reiterate the cliché that in their days Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner and the rest were all accounted revolutionaries, and that no great artist can hope to receive honour in his lifetime. This, as an apology for modernity and originality, seems lamentably unoriginal, quite apart from the fact that it is demonstrably untrue. Beethoven and Wagner indeed were both regarded as revolutionaries by many of their contemporaries; but that did not prevent Beethoven from becoming the idol of all Vienna, nor Wagner from being hailed as a demigod or from establishing his own memorial theatre at Bayreuth.

Wagner's earthly sufferings were not in any measure due to the public disapproval of his music as music, but to his revolutionary behaviour as a citizen of the nineteenth century; he would have been harried over half Europe whatever his profession. There is something very different about the present-day world's attitude towards Schönberg and Bartók and other lesser contemporaries from an earlier generation's treatment of Tannhäuser. Schönberg has been composing for half a lifetime, and still he has no place in the heart of the average concert-goer. If his worth is to be judged by reference to the careers of earlier great composers, it must be written down as *nil*. Happily,

in spite of the cries of his embarrassing admirers, it is not to be; it is to be judged on its own merits.

The great difference between the new music of preceding generations and the new music of to-day is that the one sprang from the heart, whilst the other is the product of the mind, the theorising mind. The one was the result of unconscious compulsion; the other is grimly, self-consciously evolved. Wagner, under the compulsion of his ideas, created a new form for their adequate expression; Schönberg is trying to evolve a new form without the stimulus of overflowing inspiration. When Chopin shocked the academicians he was not trying to do something original at all costs; he was merely carrying the romantic tendency to glory in tone-colour to unprecedented lengths; merely carrying on the work of dispersing the tonal units into vertical harmony. In Wagner Romanticism found its apotheosis; for all practical purposes the end of the road was reached. In the ordinary way Wagner's younger contemporaries and successors should have been able to push the road still further, earning for themselves in early life the title revolutionary, but being deified into Grand Old Men as old age advanced. But the ordinary way was out of the question. Wagner had managed to exhaust the potentialities of Romantic music. And what were his successors to do?

They were faced with a barren enough outlook. If we try to imagine the state of mind of Schönberg groping desperately for light at the beginning of the century in the shadow of the colossus Wagner, we should get some sympathetic insight into the troubles not only of Schönberg but of every sincere composer who had the misfortune to be born about the same time. For the sake of argument we can assume Schönberg to be not a great creative genius but a composer of fierce integrity, sincerity and rare gifts. He was heir to Wagner; the obvious thing for him to do was to take up the thread



Béla Bartók.

Press Portrait Bureau.

where Wagner had relinquished it; and this he attempted. All who are familiar with "Verklärte Nacht" will realise what a splendid Romantic was lost to the world in Schönberg for no other reason than that a greater one had just lived and died. The composer of "Verklärte Nacht" must have experienced bitter moments when he realised that it was not for him to continue on those lines; he probably did not squarely face up to the fact until "Gurrelieder" had been composed; and for that we may thank the gods; for "Gurrelieder," although in effect a grand tribute to Wagner, has a special greatness of its own which we would not willingly have foregone.

Nevertheless the bitter moment had to come; there was nothing more to be done on Wagner's lines. The peak had been scaled once and for all; there were still a few shoulders here and there to be explored, and these were feverishly staked out by smaller minds, but the peak had been scaled. There was nothing to be done but turn round, come down and start all over again. And this Schönberg did.

Anyone lacking a tremendous respect for his art, lacking unassailable personal integrity, would not have troubled. He would have gone on writing variations on "Verklärte Nacht" until he became a stalwart of the Proms. Schönberg was incapable of such a course. He set out to be original at all costs. And, as used here, nothing derogatory is implied in that phrase. Schönberg realised that the music of the twentieth century would have to be very different from the music of the second half of the nineteenth, and he set about thinking it out. He forgot entirely that the form is the product of the idea and cannot be born in any other way. He seemed to be feeling that if only he could invent the new form he could then breathe the life of his ideas into it—he had ideas, and he had great emotional potentialities—his early work testifies eloquently enough to that; but they were not of the requisite calibre, and by now they seem to have been twisted and warped by too much theorising. And to-day he is still theorising, seeking to prove his theories in short pieces; for years past he has produced no music on a big scale. But even if he is a composer *manqué*, posterity will owe him an enormous debt; for Schönberg, more than any other man, has kept the faces of his contemporaries turned in approximately the right direction, preparing the ground for men greater than he.

By dwelling on Schönberg at some length I have tried to indicate the nature of the problem which confronts all honest musicians of to-day. It is quite impossible in this space to go into the work of more than one or two men, and I am mentioning only those who, as I believe, are closely connected with the music of the immediate future. The Hungarian, Bela Bartók, is one of these, and of him all I shall say at the moment is that while Schönberg was busy theorising about music, Bartók was composing in deadly earnest and using the piano as a percussive instrument. Bartók's music can

take care of itself; there is no doubt whatever that much of it is important for itself; but his use of instruments, and especially of the piano, is more important even than his actual achievements. Another man is Paul Hindemith, negligible as a composer, but valuable to those inquiring into the future of music because he talks a great deal. He has talked a great deal of nonsense about music divorced from emotion; on the face of it an absurd proposition—I would mention here that there is emotion *and* emotion. For any serious musician to be driven to such blithering is a shocking confession of weakness; but, even so, an illuminating confession.

What he means, of course, is music divorced from sensuousness, which is quite another thing; and the fact that he can confuse emotion with sensuousness indicates more or less the measure of the capacity for emotion, not only in Hindemith but in a score of his contemporaries, who are all obsessed by that idea. Had he indeed spoken of unsensuous music we could have looked to him as a coming man; for, as I see it, the music of the imminent future will be music without sensuousness; music in which the actual notes may not be beautiful in themselves, but which act as symbols used for the expression of ideas and emotions which can only be called abstractions. Before this can be done the composer must experience those ideas; and to experience them he must be a very great man.

Only one other man in the history of music has tried to give symbolic expression to ideas which are virtually inexpressible in the raw: Beethoven. And it is to the Beethoven of the last quartets, of the Diabelli Variations that the new music must derive. It is over a hundred years since the Diabelli Variations were written, and nothing has been done about them since. We have had the complete Romantic Movement ending in Wagner and bewilderment. Nobody seems to have thought of looking to Beethoven. There are signs that certain composers are thinking along approximately the right lines. That is why I stressed the importance of a certain aspect of Bartók's style—it is a style devoid of sensuousness, capable only of expressing abstractions by means of symbols. And Schönberg too, in parts of "Gurrelieder," before he lost himself in sophisticated theorising, showed a glimmering of the same tendency. But before you can express the super-sensuous you must have experienced it, after transcending the sensuous. And people who confuse sensuousness with emotion very obviously have not reached that stage.

There seems to be only one man at present writing music with the capacity to produce something epoch-making, and that is Jean Sibelius. Sibelius for years was preoccupied with refinements of impressionism; but in his later music there are vital signs of the gradual evolution of a new form; a new form born not of theorising, but of overflowing ideas; a form moulded not from the outside but by unconscious compulsion from within.



*Author of "THE BLACK DOG," "SILVER CIRCUS,"
"COUNT STESAN," "PINK FURNITURE," etc.*

A. E. COPPARD.
(By Jacob Kramer.)

HANG THE AGE!

The Problem of Personality in Fiction

By O. Vlasto

I

IN the flood of contemporary fiction the personality of writers has inevitably become swamped. When nearly everyone reads novels and almost anyone with a streak of imitative facility and even less literary art can write one, standardisation is such that we should find difficulty in naming the author were all novels published anonymously; and might as well pick the winners of the selling-race with a pin as with any comparative faculty.

Ours is an age that bawled for the freedom of self-expression and was relentless in its hectic search for diversity. Yet everywhere there has emerged a depressing conformity to type, in life as well as in letters, a slavish adherence to pattern which leads to obliteration of personality.

Too sweeping a judgment? Kipling's publisher in "Dayspring Mishandled," who "... foresaw that the advance of education and the standard of living would submerge all mind-marks in one mud-rush of standardised reading-matter and so created the Fictional Supply Syndicate to meet the demand" is perilously nearer than a prophecy. Some rare few authors have kept afloat: but they are usually marooned on sparsely-inhabited islands. "Art and the artist are part and parcel of the community—or should be," cried a quite reputable critic in a recent broadcast; adding, uneasily, "Art implies a certain striving after perfection coupled with an activity of the human mind." Can the author reconcile these conceptions under modern conditions? And has personality any chance of survival in the struggle for their co-existence?

We have the universal appeal of the best-seller—the Mere best-seller or the Literary best-seller, the one death to personality, the other creating a vogue for false personality—dimming the universality of the best. We have schools: the school of pseudo-psychological fiction, of sex-fiction, the heart-to-heart school (ignoring head), tending either to freeze self-revelation of the rarer spirit or to encourage mere spluttering of self in the less rare. We have the idolaters of form, the quite-the-little-gentleman school, carefully effacing all outstanding features. Further we have the effects of unlimited magazine-reading, lavish film-gaping, gobbling of the cheaper (not in the monetary sense) Press, the soothing chirrup of the radio; minting a currency of easy jargon divorced from dignity of prose or person. And so the majority of modern readers prefer their meal pre-digested and reject any creation that involves the intellectual effort of contact with a personality different from their own. Reading is now largely a variation of the drug habit and we like our dope to be a recognisable brand, of standard quality.

Influencing the writer, there is a general insecurity which restricts that fullness of spiritual energy which personality implies. We have the schools of journalism, the textbooks on writing, exhorting the novice to produce to type, never to raise his brow a shade higher

than the general brow-line, to aim at hitting on popular formulæ—and personality dies as he makes his stock appeal to a stock response, simplifying down to the level of the groundlings with impersonal flatness. The dominant note of such advisers is that the writer should avoid disturbing repercussions; and the obtrusion of personality, if the personality is vividly aware, is inevitably repercussive.

Although personality is in a strangle-hold, impersonation never had a longer leash. Self-projection, self-dramatisation, "disappointment compensation"—all these are the very essence of the best-seller reaching out to the response of a public seeking to escape from life in a day-dream rather than to enrich it.

But all this sounds like words. What does personality mean? As with all non-academic definitions, it is easier to discover what it is not.

II

It is something more than the inexhaustible energy of the best-seller, than the radiating vitality of the hearties, the Whooper school shouting oh-how-good-to-be-alive, or the hollow despairs of the Mugient school lowing how-very-dreadful-it-all-is. It is not the substitution of emotion for vision, welling from overflow of ego. It is not suppressed individuality utilising art as a safety-valve, living at the expense of the reader, with sensibility out of hand. To repeat, it includes a certain fullness of spiritual energy which is greater than the nervous intensity, the undisciplined impulse of talent that is never to flower into genius; and which is more potent than mere enchantment ("Blow that word *charm*—there is something more in my acting than *charm*," said Ellen Terry). It is the expression of identity, of distinctive character, "a durable self traversed by dynamic currents passed on to us,"

"... from outward forms to win

The passion and the life, whose fountains are within,"

a flame, a sound of trumpets. Not necessarily a blare of discords. There is a false personality where the phrases are personal, but the thing that is made from them is not: expanding itself in eccentricity, archaisms, whimsicalities and other affectations, catching an ink-horn term by the tail to "blur the margent with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness." Personality is not manner degenerating into mannerism on the strength of a reputation. Narcissism, with its consciousness of personality, may be impelled to a purpose of obtrusion; and purpose is usually destructive to genius.

But apart from this, there are authors with a claim to greatness in whom real personality at times rises to a shriek or persists as a strident accompaniment. The question arises: Should personality obtrude into fiction at all?

III

Different forms of literature obviously require different degrees of personality (satire, for instance, requires an

indignation which should be personal, however impersonally it is directed on vices and follies). It may be argued that fiction is meant to entertain (even by falsifying life in the process) and that any contact with personality disturbs this entertainment. But we are faced with the grim truth that, for the bulk of the nation, fiction is the only familiar form of literature; and that, unless it is to remain mere dope, some therapeutic element must revive it. "Q" has told us that the cardinal virtue of prose is persuasion. At this stage of the public mind it is to be questioned if invasion is not its more urgent necessity. There are, on the other hand, those who claim for the novel a place among the highest forms of art, on a plane with poetry. And these may argue that the universal and eternal appeal of the best in these forms is something entirely outside and beyond the individual and therefore beyond the stamp of personality: that the highest art has no boundaries while personality has its natural limitations. Personality is accounted for as an inheritance of the universal mind: "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity. It should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts and appear almost a remembrance"—"Shakespeare—a volatile flame escaping from the limits of personality and transmuted into a thousand souls." Poetry is "the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own" (but does it not receive the personal imprint during the "through"?) and the writer is only the mouthpiece of inspiration that is exterior. And in fiction: "The writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master," as Charlotte observed, blinking in the blaze of Emily's genius.

And yet—we continue to speak of "the immortals" rather than "the immortal works" of those who "were long ago a small quantity of Christian dust." Is it that the perpetual youthfulness giving permanence to the highest art springs from the creator's freshness of mind and soul, *printemps éternel du cœur* in a no-man's land where personality merges into universality?

IV

As much that bears on the obtrusion-point of personality has been better said by others, honesty (or incompetence in paraphrase) compels a further string of quotations. Such as Henry James's truism that the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of mind of the producer.

Many critics have admitted a certain companionship between the author and the reader. "Minds would leave each other in contrary directions, traverse each other at numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end." But the degree in which a conception of the author's personality can be derived from his writings has been a matter of controversy ever since analysis started to vivisection the essential Shakespeare. (Was Dryden's admission, "I admire him—Ben Jonson—but I love Shakespeare," a triumph for personality?)

Perhaps the link with universality is that described by Whistler: "Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods and which they left him to carry out."

V

Should it obtrude? No, said the Victorians: who were, according to a contemporary, "... all intent to make our work 'objective,' to keep ourselves outside of it and the story, to be praised only as artificers of a good tale, the process of its psychology being hidden away in the author's preparation, the results to be exhibited in dialogue or stark narrative. . . . Another thing I shall yet maintain—that to strip the personal out of a poem or a story, to write it down economically and present it objectively so that it tells itself, is the real gymnastic of any writer's art" (an irresistible close-up of a conscientious hygienist at his morning jerks). A cheap retort might be that in those times of author-worship at a distance, homage came more easily when little remained of human character to detract from the deification. But we cannot dismiss the Victorians so lightly. When their narrative was as stark as a Goya portrait it might still retain as much *Myself*. For though their public was deteriorating, some alertness of mind yet remained to assimilate other minds, rejecting a purely tabloid diet.

Should it obtrude? Yes, thought the Elizabethans, firmly placing the pronoun in "A man should write for himself and the Muses." Anatole France held that we could never get outside ourselves, Flaubert that great art was scientific and impersonal. . . . And even if we could simplify the problem to formulæ, the answer would still depend on whether the personality justified obtrusion. It *might* give access to wider horizons, deeper soundings: *might* be a revelation of humanity, a key to the psychology of the age, an adventurous intimacy. But in order to come to terms with his own reality, enabling him to transmit it, the writer has to come to terms with external realities, including modern life and the present condition of literature. Mere withdrawal is not enough, although, in the suffocation of this age, observation is helped by comparative detachment. It may be questioned whether the divorce between a writer of intelligence and the general public is not now too complete for the possibility of a common medium. Liberty of opinion has never received so much lip-service as to-day, but liberty of thought, which is practically inseparable from it, is not encouraged in practice. We prefer our contacts cushioned, would rather passively hear than rouse ourselves to listen. The writer seeking a wide response may have to discard a personality that impedes it; to choose, in fact, between the best-seller and the best.

Must the writer who aims beyond limitless editions accept? Only if he respects—and keeps his self-respect. Someone must adventure. And genius cannot be valiant without personality. A first-class mind will out, must range beyond the restraints of caution—although personality has its limitations and cannot score by itself alone, in literature any more than in life.

VI

"Hang the age. I will write for Antiquity," said Charles Lamb. And passed to the dustiness of upper shelves.

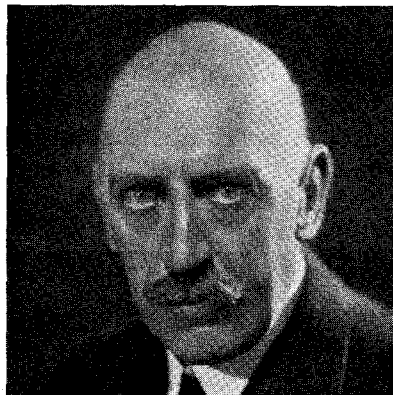
BOOKS I HAVE NEVER READ

Confessions of Certain Bookmen

Collected by Grant Uden

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

I have never read "Gulliver's Travels." I cannot account for this strange self-denial.



Hon. Maurice Baring.
Portrait by Claude Harris.

Though I am a voracious reader and pretty widely read, there are wide gaps in my reading. In English literature I have never been able to get near the end of Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; I have read comparatively little



John Buchan.
Portrait by Howard Coster.

of the lesser Elizabethan dramatists; very little of the Restoration dramatists; or of Addison and Steele. I have never been able to finish a novel of Richardson; I cannot read Blake, except for a few lyrics; and I have stuck in everything of Charlotte Brontë's except "Jane Eyre." In history I have never read Prescott. I have never finished Carlyle's "Frederick" and have only dipped into Ruskin. In my reading of contemporary literature the lacunæ are not gaps but chasms.



Thomas Burke.
Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

MAURICE BARING

My list of unread books would be too long to give. Among them are "The Arabian Nights" (not one) and "Tristram Shandy."

JOHN BUCHAN

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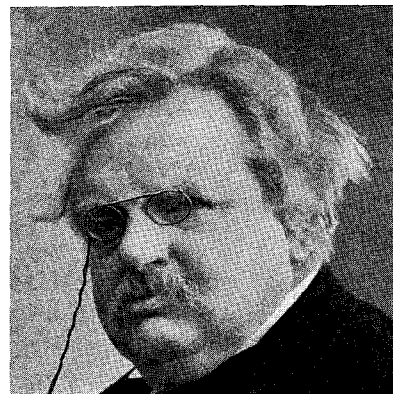
THOMAS BURKE

I can say that I have never been able to read even half-way through anything of Scott, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot or Thomas Hardy. I have

made frequent attempts and always have had to retire.

G. K. CHESTERTON

In common with many English people, I feel that I have not read nearly enough of the great French literature of the seventeenth century. For instance, many of the works of Racine and Corneille are still unread by me.



G. K. Chesterton.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

LORD DUNSANY

My most glaring lacuna is, I am afraid, the whole of the novelists of the eighteenth century.

HAMILTON FYFE

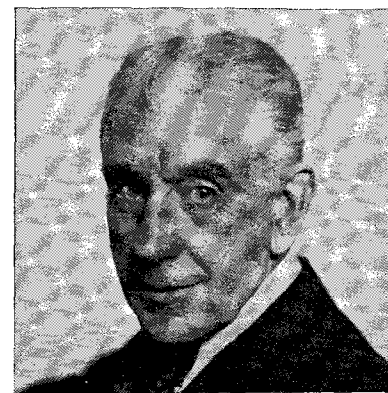
There was a craze once for making lists of the Hundred Best Books—books that everybody should read. I used to look through them and, seeing how few of them I had read, used to rate myself a terribly ignorant fellow.

Since then I have learned that those lists contained, not the books which the compilers had read and delighted to read, but the books they thought they ought to have read. They were chiefly of the sort that Charles Lamb called "books which no gentleman's library should be without." I am thankful to say that I have avoided most of them and shall continue to avoid them.

Of course there are "gaps" in the reading of all who have tastes of their own—preferences, prejudices, hatreds.



Lord Dunsany.
Art Photo Service.



Hamilton Fyfe.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

I simply hate the "Faerie Queene," though I have never read it. The attempt to read everything should be left to the Casaubons and Dryasdusts. Let us be



John Galsworthy.
Photo by Henry B. Goodwin.

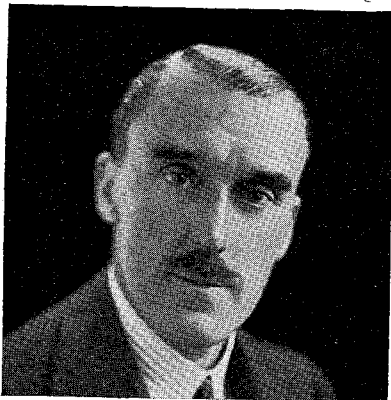
thankful there are lots of books we haven't read. If they are any good, we have a pleasure before us; if not, we have escaped a pain.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

So sorry. The lacunæ are too many, and it's too hot to remember them—luckily.

IAN HAY

I am so busy that I very seldom get a chance to read as I should like to do. It is only when I go on a holiday, a sea voyage, or something of that kind, that I really get down to it. Then I take with me an accumulation of books which I have been longing to read for

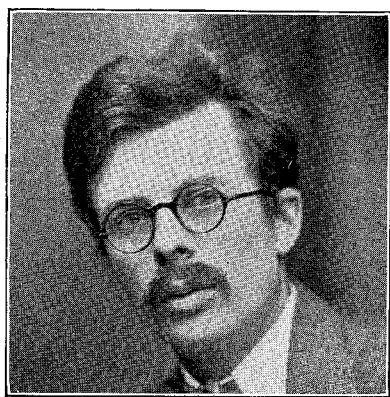


Ian Hay.
Photo by Vaughan & Freeman.

months, chiefly biography, reminiscences and history—particularly military history. That means I read very little fiction, except one or two old friends whose books I snap up as soon as they appear—Kipling, Mason, Sabatini, Jacobs and P. G. Wodehouse. Edgar Wallace, alas, is no

longer with us, but there must be a score of his books that I have not read yet or even heard of.

Of contemporary fiction, the work of our brilliant sophisticated younger school, I am afraid I know nothing. I simply cannot read it, partly for want of time and partly because I do not enjoy it. I know it is my loss, but there it is. You can't teach an old dog new tricks.



Aldous Huxley
Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

The most celebrated of the classics which I have never read is probably "The Vicar of Wakefield." After that "Les Misérables." There is also a good deal of Meredith I have never read—not because I have not

tried, but because I find it psychologically impossible to get beyond p. 100 of almost any of his novels.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Books which on the spur of the moment I can think of as having failed to read are "Lorna Doone," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Dickens's "Mutual Friend," Tolstoy's "War and Peace," quite a number of the Waverley Novels, and all the works of Henry James.

ROBERT LYNND

Like Silas Wegg, I haven't been right slap through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" very lately—or ever. I do not think, indeed, I have ever read a single great historical work right through in my life. It is not that I do not enjoy reading history, but that long before I reach the end of any of these great works I want to read something else.

S. P. B. MAIS

The following are several books that I have not read: Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister,"

Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" and the works of Baudelaire.



S. P. B. Mais.
Portrait by Vaughan & Freeman.

R. L. MÉGROZ

The thought of all the famous books I had not read used to be a bugbear, and even when I had reached years of discretion after the War I held among my grievances against the world not the least the waste of reading time occasioned by five years spent in the army.

Your disturbing question, which I assume refers to English literature, has reminded me of terrible gaps still unfulfilled. A list of titles would be too long, but in fiction alone it would include at least half the works of Scott, the Brontës, Thackeray, Dickens and Eliot, and all of Trollope. In drama, many plays by lesser Elizabethans, and all the Reformation playwrights except Congreve.

In the essay, most of Addison and Steele, Borrow and several others who have always been generously treated in the textbooks.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

The lacunæ in my reading are too numerous to be specified. Why, it



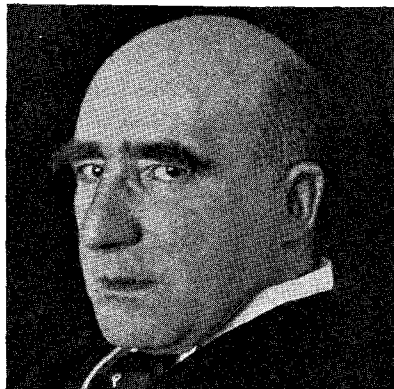
Middleton Murry
Portrait by Kay Vaughan

is only in the last year or so that I have read Marx's "Capital." But one of the gaps that I most regret is Fenimore Cooper. I have never read a word of him.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

With the exception of "Woodstock" I have never read a single book of Walter Scott's. I read "Woodstock" at school and hated it, and I have read the first fifty pages of several of Scott's other novels, but even with the assistance of strong drink I could not get any further. They bored me to distraction.

I know that all the literary critics are manufacturing new haloes for Scott, and that this confession will therefore stamp me as more of a lowbrow than ever, but I cannot help that because it is true.



Sir Arthur Pinero.
Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO

There are so many books which I ought to have read, and still ought to read, and which I fear I shall never read, that it would take up too much space to give a list of them. One of these books is "Don Quixote."

J. C. SQUIRE

"Books which everyone must read and which nevertheless have not been read." It is a vague sentence and must mean so many things to so many men.

"Must" is a strong, even an imperative word. I don't like it. For one thing it connotes an obligation to read, making a duty of what should be a pleasure. For another it overlooks the fact that there are now



J. C. Squire.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

far more interesting and "surviving" books in the world than any one person can get through, even with determined knitted brows, in three score years and ten.

Nobody, whatever his passion for art or human record, can possibly read in a lifetime everything

that would repay reading. Consequently it is quite absurd for anybody to go about pretending to have a close familiarity with every work of any importance in any language, living or dead.

I search my memory consequently, not for "minor" works unread or for books which somebody thinks good but which I might think bad, but for works which I am quite convinced I should enjoy and admire, but

which I have either never read at all or never read through.

Here again I come to another reservation. Dante, "Faust," Homer, Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (for ever to me associated with a certain field of yellow charlock on certain summer afternoons in my last school term), most of Bacon and countless other masterpieces I have never more than glanced at since I left school, where I read them through, but probably, through inexperience of life, got less out of ten pages than I could now get out of one. But reading is reading, provided it be not skimming. And I must frankly admit that the best list I can produce of acknowledged "classics" which I have not read is (for the epics and sagas of Finns, Hindus, Icelanders, etc. I have long ago devoured) as follows:

Parts of Thackeray's "The Newcomes."
Parts of "Piers Plowman."
Half of Balzac's novels.
Most of the plays of Corneille.
Most of the plays of Racine.
The "Works and Days" of Hesiod.
Lingard's History of England.
Most of Raleigh's "History of the World" and
Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion."

This last, in three noble folios, the first Oxford edition, I have owned for twenty-five years. I am at this moment (lying on a sick, but not very sick bed) beginning it. If I am ill for a few more weeks I shall probably investigate all the others.

And then?

And then there will be the obscurer works of Trollope, and of the Trollopes of all nations. There is no end to it. Better I think to drift on as one will towards those special things that give one most delight, or most inspiration, or most light on the permanent condition of mankind.

If our ideals are realised, and the ethnic frontiers fixed, and co-operation established, we shall have abolished war, whether military or fiscal, and we may even have reached agreement about the separate development of races. But there will still be writers, Tutankhamen, Homer and many others, who will still be recognised as having faced all the facts of man versus man and man versus the Universe. These are the true immortals, these and the men who, from Catullus to Tennyson, from Omar to Housman, have made music out of the certainty of death and the beauty of the rose.

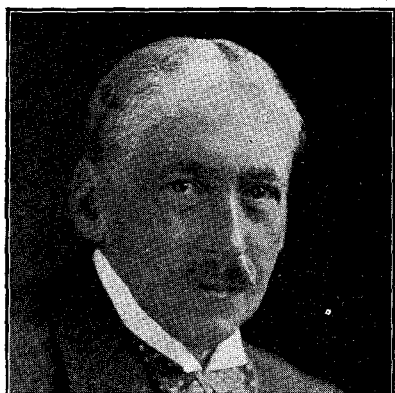
Ten thousand years hence, if any kind of organised civilisation endures, those men will still be read and will still awake an echo in every sensitive breast.

And what will it matter then whether anybody has read the Prose Works of Milton, "The Adventures of a Guinea," "Caleb Williams" or the Forsyte Saga?

H. de VERE STACPOOLE

I have never read "Aurora Leigh" and I'm not going to. Nor "Shirley."

I take it that by the query you mean what books I have missed reading by design, not accident—taken



H. de Vere Stacpoole.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

HUGH WALPOLE

Here are half a dozen things I ought to have read but haven't:

(1) Mommsen's "Rome." I've just bought it in "Everyman," and on my journey next year to Mars with Professor Piccard intend to read every word of it.

(2) Beaumont and Fletcher. I'll catch these plays before I die!

(3) "Zadig" and "Candide." I *can't* read Voltaire. Shameful confession!

(4) The novels of George Meredith. I have read some but cannot reread them. Their posturings choke me.

up, sampled and turned against. I have never read "The Pilgrim's Progress." It was read to me on wet Sunday afternoons when I was a child; at least, looking back, they seem to have been wet. Or was it that "The Pilgrim's Progress" was dry?

(5) Dante. Simple, because as yet I haven't learnt Italian and I will not read him in translation.

(6) Anything, prose or verse, by Victor Hugo — a screaming, pretentious old bore.

PROFESSOR DOVER WILSON

I should need time, much time. For whereas your other correspondents would no doubt answer the question in a line or two, my confession would run to columns and sheets of titles!

HUMBERT WOLFE

If I tried to give a list of all the important books which I have not read I should occupy most of your issue. It will, however, have to be sufficient to say that I have never read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" or Carlyle's "French Revolution."



Humbert Wolfe.
Portrait by Yevonde.

THE REAL EAST END

The Real East End.

By Thomas Burke. Lithographs by Pearl Binder. (Constable.)

Mr. Burke sets out, as before, to enjoy himself upon his native heath, and also to correct popular impressions of its character. (For which, as he admits, he is largely responsible.) It is true that some people still think of the East End as *all* London that lies east of the City, and every street in it as a haunt of infamous poverty and hideous crime. We are a story-loving people, and the legend of the Wicked Poor, living about the old Ratcliff Highway, the spinal cord of the real East End, dies hard.

Enjoyment is always attractive. Mr. Burke with his eloquent violence deals with the legend, inherited from the Whitechapel of the sixties, of its poverty, misery and evil. He has another story to tell—of the mixing of all nations along the shores of a great tidal river; of a vast folk-wandering, predominantly Jewish, come to rest there; of pockets of ancient life and work and habit found up back streets or in courts with beautiful names. A story of prosperity, colour, high vitality and fun.

The names are exciting, though their originals do not all live up to them—Amoy Place, Frying-Pan Alley, Folly Wall, Ocean Street and Flower and Dean Street. These he writes about, sometimes with moving rhetoric:

"Still there remains enough of the orthodox [Jews] to lend to the streets of Whitechapel . . . the dark colour of Mosaic legend and the mournful echo of the Wall of Lamentation. . . . The older people are living under a weight of unprofitable memories and abiding by traditions which, though they know them to be empty of all spirit, they will not discard. As a race there is no future for them, and their footsteps are a misere. But they are not, on the surface, aware of this; the burden of pain is emitted by the sleeping blood."

He has kept his old eye for the passionate story, as in the tale of Ali and the beautiful child; and in spite of all his protestations he would not be Mr. Burke if more than once he did not give us a whiff of horror.

It is a book made up out of keen enjoyment, appetite and love. All these are good things. Unfortunately Mr. Burke is one of those people who cannot praise one thing

without abusing another; which, presumably, they know less about; and which has really nothing to do with the subject in hand. Has no one ever reminded Mr. Burke of the song:

"Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowlier air
Of Seven Dials"?

He cannot praise the undoubtedly admirable art of the East End music-hall without adding:

"I have no interest in the theatre, with its dull plays about that small dull section of people which has butlers and drawing-rooms and French maids. . . . The music-hall performer, too, needs so much more skill, so much more personality than the theatre performer. . . . If you want to see good and effective acting, it is to the music-hall, not the theatre, that you must go."

Surely Whitechapel boys can be called virile without implying that Winchester boys are cads? And does he really believe that: "If you exchange her [the East End girl's] cheap frocks for the real thing, and put her in the hands of a Bond Street hairdresser, and then set her among a number of the Bright Young Things of Mayfair the only notable difference would be that the Bright Young Things would have uglier and noisier manners." This is simply silly; but it calls for notice because the kind of inverted snobbery implied is still to be found, as it was in Gilbert's day. Only in his time it *was* a joke, but now it is doing incalculable harm; and Mr. Burke, who can appreciate what a great river can do for the people who live along its arms, and how its embrace can ennoble them and give them mystery, has no business to talk like that.

The illustrations by Pearl Binder are far more than adequate. They are admirable, and there are enough of them. She has escaped the dangerous facility of the lithographer and used it to bring out the full character of her district. The one of Aldgate, especially, is a most solid and convincing expression of movement and the particular character of the type of crowd.

What Have They Done Since Proust?

THE FRENCH NOVEL TO-DAY

By

Charlotte Haldane

I—The Genius of Jules Romain

TRADITION in art is the business of critics rather than of artists. For whereas the critic is primarily concerned with the historical survey which earns him his living, the artist lives (more precariously) by a series of æsthetic shocks, which it is his business



Charlotte Haldane.
Portrait by Kay Vaughan.

to convey in terms of paint, music or words to those few people who, though not themselves artists, are capable of sitting up and taking notice, of saying without having to be told by anyone or anything but the work in question: "This is the stuff to give us."

The artist is influenced by

tradition, as Cézanne was influenced by Poussin. Now he is not concerned with the shock of direct inspiration, but with the impact of another's genius on his own. Occasionally it is a disastrous influence, from which he may take years to recover. He may find himself anticipated, or he may fall so completely under the spell of those predecessors he most admires that his own powers become throttled by his admiration for them.

Certainly, reading one's Proust is a terrible experience. This ordeal has nothing whatever to do with the pathetic struggles of those who, believing it to be "the right thing," grapple with and are defeated by that master's dazzling grammatical conjuring tricks. It is the ordeal of finding the last word piled up several million times, so that by the end of "Le Temps Retrouvé" there seems to remain not one word more to be said.

But although Marcel Proust did put a glorious end to a great tradition, the tradition of Stendhal, Hugo, Balzac and the rest, he did not kill the French novel as Tolstoy, for example, may have killed the Russian novel. The vitality of France has always been the marvel and the envy of Europe. In this most precarious of all art-forms she is still triumphing, as in painting and the cinema.

In 1929 Jean Cocteau produced "Les Enfants Terribles."

Good enough.

It is something of a mystery to me that many of those English and American people who still care for the novel as an art-form seem not to know about the work of a man like Pierre MacOrlan, who, even were he not a genius, would still remain the typical novelist of all modern Europe. It is strange that those who admire Gide have barely heard of Jean Giraudoux,

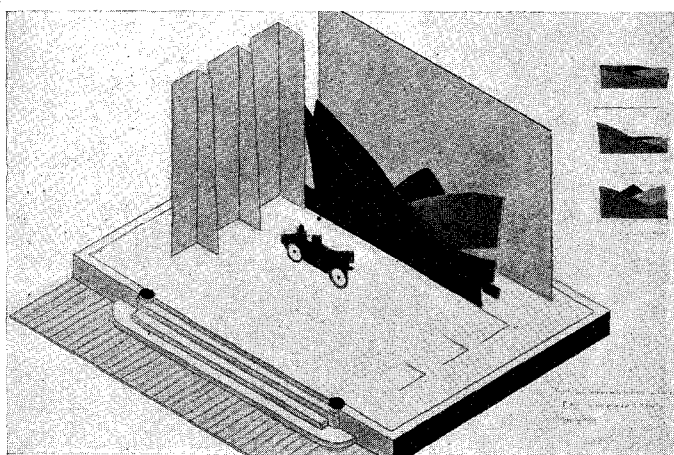
who knocks every would-be intellectual novelist into a cocked hat. Francis Carco is more difficult to read in the original than Proust, for nine out of every ten of his delightful words are from the vocabulary of the streets. Nevertheless it would be worth the trouble.

I cannot offer you Maurois, because I do not regard him as a typically French writer, nor as one of the first rank. But there is no need to quarrel about him if my view differs from yours, for he translates well, and England and America have always supplied him with a large and enthusiastic public.

None of the other three would translate well. Even the key-word, which in spite of their differences sums them all up, is untranslatable, unfortunately. I will try to define it somehow later on. A note or two about their work may therefore interest a few people.

First, however, Jules Romain must be cleared out of the way. He is extraordinarily difficult to place. He might be compared, though only superficially, with our own Mr. Wells. He is a scientist by temperament, and the novelist of scientists. He has the flat, unimpressive style of a medical journalist, shot through, however, by flashes of poetry. The splendour of one or two of his ideas is equalled by an occasional gust of humour which, although good-tempered, can make one wince or wriggle uncomfortably. Finally, he suffers from a form of mysticism akin to Mr. Wells's—he sees Purpose in the oddest places—"a power outside ourselves making for righteousness"—the response to which he feels in his own heart and with which he claims it is his and our duty to co-operate.

He is at present asking the co-operation of his public in the preface to his latest work, aptly named "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté," of which the first two volumes have recently appeared. He seems to be a little afraid that their courage will fail them, for he has not stated boldly how long this work is to be—only that it will be very long, bigger and better than Zola's. He has however threateningly appended to it a list of characters and short summaries of the first two volumes, which the reader is implored not to read, would have



"Dr. Knock."

Setting by Louis Jouvet.

been forbidden to read, I feel, had that been practicable, until he has read the volumes proper.

Before "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté" there was the trilogy consisting of "Lucienne," "Le Dieu des Corps" and "Quand le Navire." The second volume deals with the physiology and psychology of married love in a painstaking manner. Although "Lucienne" is a lovely story, the proposition seemed to me an impossible one. Only a Frenchman could self-consciously set out to write about "pure" love in a "pure" manner. I found the result pure boredom. "Le Dieu des Corps" would be an excellent textbook for adolescents, very romantic and uplifting. Some adults, nevertheless, liked it.

One must go back a little farther for the Jules Romains who now enjoys solid fame in his own country. Let us start therefore with an early work, "Les Copains" (The Pals), which is a fantasia on the theme of the pranks of a group of young men. High-spirited, gay, witty, poetry alternating with the pranks, it is like no other modern work, and the forerunner of the books in which his mysticism emerges more steadily. This takes the form of a theory, the theory of *unanimité*: as it were, unanimity.

We get it more clearly in a book of a very different kind at first sight: "Mort de Quelqu'un," translated into English as "Death of a Nobody." Anybody, a nobody, dies. At any given time and place everywhere on earth someone is always being born, someone is



Jules Romains.

always dying. It is a flawless book which goes on steadily like rain, the detail even has the monotony of a rainy landscape, the whole the inevitability of a rainy day. It is an experiment in one mood, the mood perfectly sustained throughout, the events under the mood's thrall universal: eating, sleeping, living, dying. A study, in short, of being. The man who produced that story set for himself a standard he could not possibly live up to, or be expected to live up to, for the rest of his life.

This intellectual monotony, which is part of the charm but also a flaw of Jules Romains's mind, makes a surprising appearance in the theatre, where it suddenly becomes exciting because on the stage it seems exotic. As a dramatist he has had many successes and some failures. On the stage is he often very good entertainment but does not succeed in being much more. His conventions are as unconventional as one would expect of him. In "Dr. Knock" clinical, in "Donogoo" cinematic, in "Musse" there is throughout the background of the board-room. His theatre has not produced great or grand works like "Les Copains" and "Mort de Quelqu'un." But one of these days it may. It will be difficult to sum up this surprisingly original and sympathetic artist when he is dead. In the meantime it is impossible.

Principal works of Jules Romains: "Mort de Quelqu'un," "Les Copains," "Lucienne," "Le Dieu des Corps," "Quand le Navire . . .," "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté" (Novels); "Le Vin Blanc de la Villette," "Donogoo Tonka" (Stories and Essays). Poems and Plays.

Contemporary Foreign Writers

BENGALI FICTION TO-DAY

By Bhabani Bhattacharya

The intellectual energy of the people of Bengal has flown far more readily into the stream of literature than in any other. The art of handling words has developed at the expense of the practical crafts. Poetry has drawn away the sap which might have fed Science. Grim economic facts have been ignored, that fiction may thrive. As a result, within a short space of time Bengali has rapidly grown from a poor dialect into a rich language, full-blooded, and capable of expressing the finest shades of thought and emotion.

Poetry flourished in Bengal even three hundred years ago, but there was no good prose writing before the middle of the last century. When English education was first brought over into the country, the youths began to revolt against every national tradition and custom, and refused to speak or write in the vernacular tongue. Soon, however, some men of talent started experimenting with the Bengali language to find out whether use could be made of what was in the state of neglected ore. They succeeded. Dead

words were burnt off. The syntax was improved and grammar simplified. Strong, steady, well-packed sentences began to appear in place of long, stumbling ones. Then Bengali journalism began to rise.

Journalism made the language an instrument of utility, and the birth of the novel, not much later, brought in the element of beauty. Words began to be employed not merely in the scientist's manner to convey meaning, but also in the artist's manner to impart delight. The first modern novelist of Bengal is still one of its greatest. His work shows the influence of English authors, though he appropriated rather than imitated their methods. Bankim Chatterji had creative genius. Some of his novels have been translated, but unfortunately they have been ruined in the English rendering. One of these, "The Abbey of Bliss," became later a source of inspiration to the Terrorist Party which has been the militant advocate of revolutionary nationalism. It was Bankim who composed the national song of India, "Bande Mataram" (meaning "Hail,

Mother !"), but foreigners who had a surface acquaintance of the language are said to have distorted the phrase into "Banduk Maram" (meaning "Open Fire")!

The prose had taken shape, and new writers came flocking to wield it. Three decades of development passed after Bankim's death. Rabindranath Tagore wrote two novels of inimitable beauty. Then Sarat Chatterji came to the field, and as the author of "The Burning of the House," "The Man Who Had No Morals," "The Ultimate Question" and "The Right of Way" (suppressed by the Government on political grounds), he has easily made himself not only the greatest novelist in India, but one of the greatest in the world. None of those books has been translated into any European language.

Modern Bengali fiction attracts interest, however, not mainly because it has its Tagore and Sarat Chatterji. It attracts by means of its vitality, its immense dynamic energy. In twenty years it has had the growth of a century. This is unique in a country where the writing of a novel is beset with difficulties rarely to be found elsewhere. Not the least of these is the curious structure of society with the sexes held apart by a taboo wall; only a few novelists, men or women (there are five or six well-known women novelists in Bengal), have had the opportunity of acquiring wide and intimate knowledge of both the sexes; moreover, sex segregation severely limits the plot-material available for use in fiction. A movement is afoot among Indian women to cast aside the veil. The revolt against tyrannical social customs has been immensely strengthened by the present political struggle.

The supply of good fiction in Bengal is partly the result of a steady demand for it. The reading public has acquired an excellent taste and judgment. It cares little for thrillers, and a novel of crime and detection, even when well written, has no chance of becoming a best-seller. The writing of thrillers is in fact regarded by the average reader as extremely "lowbrow."

Many novelists of the younger generation dip their pens in the ink supplied by Sigmund Freud and other psychoanalysts. The result has not always been satisfactory; life has been viewed in distorted reflection; characters have been drawn lop-sided; but on the whole psychoanalysis, which is studied by every Bengali claiming

to be "up to date," has given a strong analytic tone to the novel. The creative artist, unless lacking in the sense of proportion, is likely to gain rather than lose from a scientific outlook on life.

In England political and social ideas have slowly evolved one after another, so that it is easy to look back and discern the process of gradual growth. In Bengal, Western ideas, of which one might be older than another by a century, have come marching together as in a caravan. Hardly has the idea of sex communion taken root when the idea of companionate marriage begins to gain ground. Lindsay

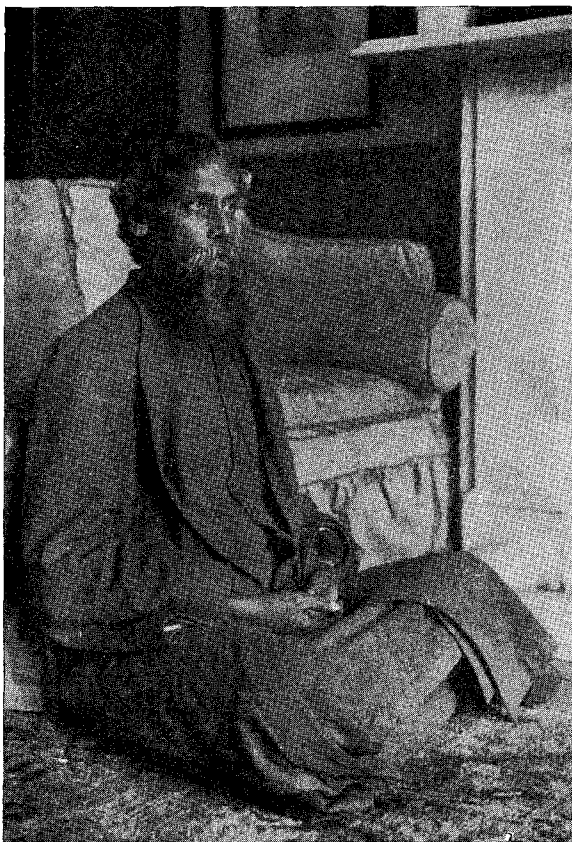
and Bertrand Russell are probably as well known to-day in Bengal as in England. This sudden invasion of numerous foreign ideas has deeply reacted on Bengali fiction, so that nearly every young Bengali novelist has to-day a sociological axe to grind. A battle of words rages, now and then, between writers who still believe in art for its own sake, and those who do not.

Half a century ago, characters were drawn mostly from the leisured classes. To-day they are drawn from the petty bourgeoisie and the proletariat. A huge mass of stories have been written to depict the economic struggle of Bengali clerks and schoolmasters whose foothold is rapidly giving way, so that the moment threatens to come when hunger will lay them low. The stories of this suffering class come from the pens of those who themselves have suffered. This stark realism, cold and oppressive, mingled now and then with an undertone of cynical laughter, is the most notable feature of Bengali fiction to-day.

An attempt also goes on to create a proletariat art in

the manner of the Russians. In this direction however no success has yet been reached. The educated youth does not understand the mind of the peasant or of the worker, for want of direct contact. He writes of them not from actual experience, but from sympathetic imagination.

Bengali poetry owes much to the illiterate *baul* singers who have developed a philosophy of life of their own, a philosophy which has profoundly influenced the work of Rabindranath Tagore. Their songs live not on paper but in memory, and spread by word of mouth. A great literary development will take place when the working masses of Bengal learn to write and express themselves through the medium of fiction.



Rabindranath Tagore.

Photo by John Trevor, Hampstead.

EVOLUTION IN MODERN ART.

By Frank Rutter. 7s. 6d.

(Harrap.)

This is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Rutter's excellent introduction to the "moderns" which first appeared in 1926. In the new chapter entitled "Postscript," he calls attention to the rise of Rouault, the most ferocious as well as the most powerful of the *Fauves*, and to the work of Chirico (whose "The Three Horses" is reproduced from the book on page 15 of this issue).

MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by C. G. Holme. 7s. 6d.

(Studio.)

Last year's "Modern Photography" was so fine a work that one hoped that the publication of such volumes would be an annual event. This book, in no way inferior to its predecessor, seems to promise fulfilment. "It remains for the new technique," says the editor, "to be applied to buildings, faces, sports, ceremonies and occupations of the age, so that, ideally speaking, a book of current photographs should be a sort of contemporary history." This book is not only that, but also a treasury of the newest art.

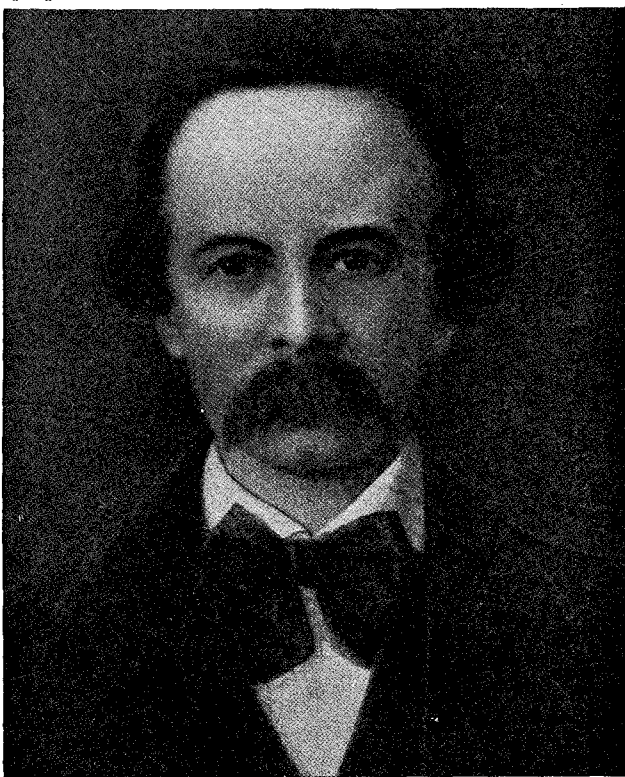
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, "THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS"

By S. M. Ellis

A hundred years ago, on October 12th, 1832, was born Walter Theodore Watts-Dunton, "the friend of friends," or as D. G. Rossetti expressed it in some of his last words as he lay dying, "Watts is a hero of friendship." For the author of "Aylwin" will probably be assigned his final adjustment in the Temple of Fame as the influence-wielding friend of certain of his great contemporaries rather than for his own literary achievement, remarkable as it was in its limited sphere, limited in the sense of publication, for Watts had it in him to write extensively had he not, throughout his life, been "held up" or restrained by a fastidious procrastination.

"Watts the Worldling," as Whistler termed him, was in origin a provincial, born at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, the eldest son of John King Watts, who combined with the calling of a solicitor considerable scientific knowledge which he transmitted to his son Theodore, who completed his education at a private school in Cambridge. It was not until 1896 that Theodore Watts hyphenated his surname with the addition of that of his mother, Susannah Dunton, who was entirely of East Anglian stock and learned in its folk-lore. At an early period of his life he was susceptible to the influences of art and music in addition to those of literature, and when pursuing studies in natural history he became intensely acquainted with the gipsies of East Anglia, for, he has said, from "childhood he had taken the deepest interest in proscribed races such as the Cagots, but especially in the persecuted Children of Roma." Consequently George Borrow was his hero, and as a boy he first came across The Romany Rye bathing, like himself, in the sea near Yarmouth on a bitter day in March:

"Soon we perceived, ducking in an immense billow that came curving and curling towards the shore, such a pair of shoulders as I had not seen for a long time, crowned by a head white and glistening as burnished silver. When the wave had broken upon the sand, there was the bather wallowing on the top of the water like a Polar bear disporting in an Arctic sun. In swimming, Borrow clawed the water like a dog. I had plunged into the surf and got very close to the swimmer, whom I perceived to be a man of almost gigantic proportions."



Theodore Watts-Dunton.

Photo by Poole, Putney.

From a painting by Miss Norris.

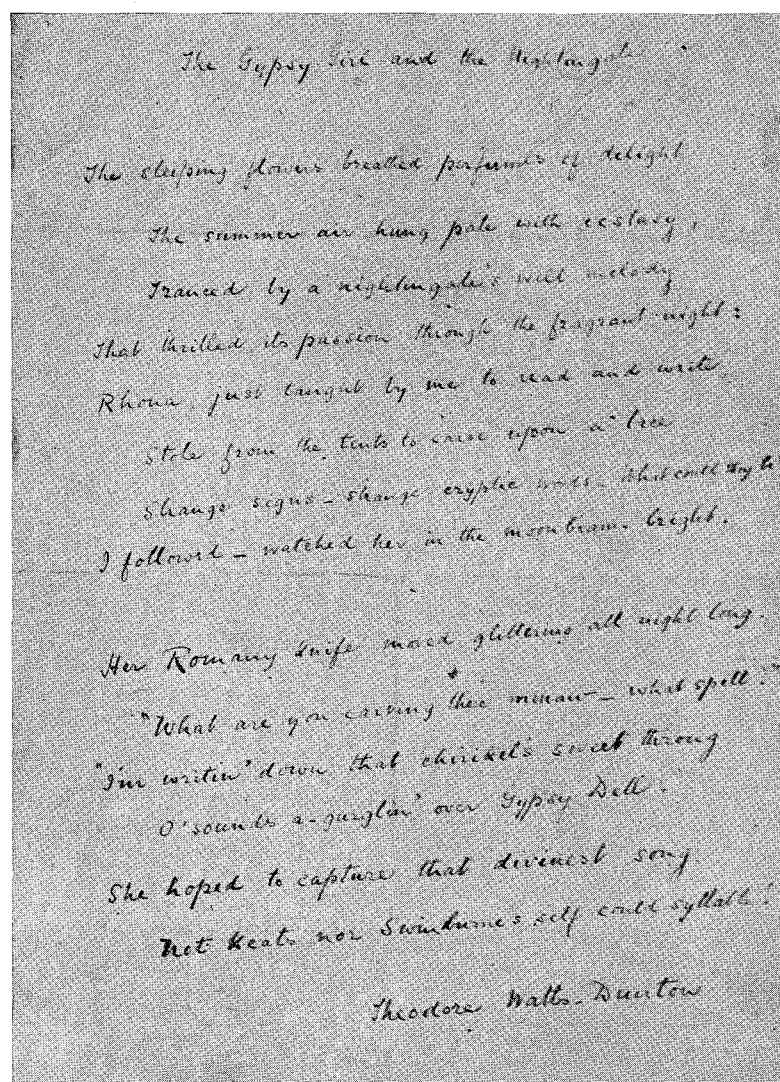
Nearly thirty years were to elapse before Watts met Borrow again, this time on terms leading to friendship, on the introduction of Dr. Gordon Hake, when he won the heart of the rude recluse by his knowledge of a rare pamphlet of the eighteenth century relating to Ambrose Gwinnett. "Hake!" Borrow cried, "your friend knows everything. Wonderful man! Knows Ambrose Gwinnett!" There was indeed always something of omniscience about Watts-Dunton, his knowledge on all subjects was profound, yet was he the most modest of men in estimating his own powers. As Rossetti said: "He sought obscurity as other men sought fame"; and when at the age of eighty-one a journalist sought him out and requested that he should be "interviewed," Watts-Dunton ejaculated in his deep voice: "What about? I have always systematically avoided interviews all my life, and shall I begin now?" But his characteristic courtesy and good nature, and love of talking, at once precipitated the Sage into the net spread for him, with the result that a very interesting report of his views, with touches of autobiography, appeared in *The Morning Post*.

As a young man, Watts practised as a solicitor in London, and he also commenced early his critical work, for *The Examiner* in 1874, and for *The Athenæum* in 1876, work which continued for many years. About 1872 he began the writing of a romantic tale of a gnostic tendency which he intended to call "The Renaissance of Wonder," yet he withheld it from publication by reason of "diffidence," and it was not until twenty-six years later that in a recast form the story appeared as "Aylwin." He had held up the proofs for fourteen years despite entreaties from publisher and printers. "The renaissance of wonder" was the term he now adopted for the expression of his creed of life and the interpretation of Beauty in his poetical philosophy, and he enlarged upon the theme in his fine article on "Poetry" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1885) and in his introductory essay to the third volume of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, entitled "The Renaissance of Wonder in Poetry," described by a discerning critic as "the literary crown of that vast work." Before the publication of "Aylwin" in 1898 there was issued in the previous year a series of poems under the title of "The Coming of Love: Rhona Boswell's Story," which introduced some of the characters of the novel and the same doctrine. "Aylwin" was a tremendous success. Watts-Dunton told me: "The sales became like wildfire after the first fortnight," and there were over twenty-four impressions, the author receiving £70 for each new "edition." He also told me that the "Raxton" of the book was to a great extent drawn from Ranton on the coast of Norfolk; "Dullingham" was Sheringham; and the ruined church depicted in the romance was that of Sidestrand—"The Garden of Sleep" sung by Clement Scott. For these first scenes of "Aylwin" were written in 1884, when Watts and Swinburne were staying at the Mill House, Sidestrand, with Miller Jermy and his daughter Louie ("of the black-berry puddings," as G. R. Sims described her), which was a year after the place had been discovered and made famous by Clement Scott in his "Poppyland" articles in *The Daily Telegraph*. In later years the Norfolk scenes of "Aylwin" were indissolubly associated in Watts-Dunton's mind with Miss Clara Reich, the young girl who became his wife in 1905, for she had visited these scenes with him and the illustrated edition of 1906 (the author's favourite) was dedicated to her: "In remembrance of sunny days and starlit nights when we rambled together on crumbling cliffs that are now at the bottom of the sea, this edition of a story which has been a link between us is inscribed." In her he had found the realisation of his girl heroine in "Aylwin"—the "beloved woman here called Winifred (no phantom of an idle imagination, but more real to me and dear to me than this soul and body I call my own)."

The descriptive scenes of the Snowdon district in this book are very fine, and in the character of the gipsy girl, Sinfi Lovell, he achieved a real creation drawn from an actual Romany, a well-known member of the gipsies who frequented East Anglia in the time of Borrow and Watts-Dunton. She is as real as Kiomi in "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," and it was George Meredith who wrote to the author of "Aylwin": "I am in love with Sinfi. No-where can fiction give us one to match her . . . all my heart has gone to Sinfi . . . I could talk of her for hours. The book has this one defect—on the mind, it leaves a cry for a successor." Several people in the story were taken from living originals—"Wilderspin" was G. F. Watts, "De Castro" a pungent study of Charles Augustus Howell, and "D'Arcy" a lively portrait of D. G. Rossetti.

It was Gordon Hake again who, in 1872, introduced Watts-Dunton to Rossetti, whose curiosity had been aroused by constant references to the opinions and judgments of this encyclopædic friend. He soon fell under the same spell, and quoting from "Aylwin" styled its author "The Oraculum of the hayfield." The two men became the most intimate of friends, and from 1874 Watts-Dunton was with Rossetti almost every day, his legal adviser and confidant, and when the end came he was one of those who supported the poet-painter at the moment of death. It was naturally decided that Watts-Dunton should write the biography of Rossetti, but when the time came he found: "I could not bring myself to the task. If I had done so, I should have produced the longest biography in the world, so burdened was I with reminiscences of him." Watts-Dunton's poem, "The Spirit of the Rainbow," inspired Rossetti's picture of that name (the only full-length nude he painted), and this, with many other fine examples of the great painter's art, found a fitting home at "The Pines," Putney, where they still remain, in the possession of Mrs. Watts-Dunton.

As is well known, Watts-Dunton and Swinburne lived together in this house from the autumn of 1879 until the poet's death nearly thirty years later. They had first met in 1872 at the dinner-table of Ford Madox Brown in Fitzroy Square. Watts-Dunton saved Swinburne from bodily and mental ruin, and probably an early death, when he arranged this mode of living as joint house-mates at the poet's wish and with the full approval of his near relatives. He was never the jailer of Swinburne, as humorous memoirists have suggested, but as the stronger nature of the two he was the leader and made decisions and conducted all the household business. He did not welcome to the house certain earlier friends of Swinburne, and this was the cause of much of the impertinent criticism that has been directed against the *ménage* of "The Pines" and given birth in turn to the ill-bred humour which made play with such trivialities as the small amount of liquid refreshment the poet was "permitted" to drink. Sir Edmund Gosse pronounced that Watts-Dunton's "hold" over Swinburne was "a sort of rattlesnake fascination, which left the victim as helpless as a rabbit"; but it is more cogent to recall what Swinburne wrote to Watts-Dunton: "How long since—how many years ago—I should have died as my poor brother has just died, if



Facsimile of a Sonnet by T. Watts-Dunton.

Photo by Townley Searle.

instead of the worst of wives I had not found the best of friends."

Watts-Dunton survived Swinburne for five years, and he intended to write his friend's biography, but of course he did not; neither did he accomplish the work on "Aylwinian" lines he told me he had in mind with George Borrow as hero and the scene mainly laid at Dunwich on the coast of Suffolk. All the facilities were at hand, leisure and knowledge, and a secretary in attendance, but a comfortable procrastination and the pleasures of a quiet life intervened. There were daily letters to dictate, and all the newspapers and all the new books to read, and many old favourites to reread. He liked to encourage young authors, and these, with many old friends, were invited to lunch or dinner. After the meal, the Sage, much resembling a German professor, seated on his little lounge sofa (on which he was destined to die), would talk and talk. Those conversations in "The Pines" were of great interest and information. Watts-Dunton was always ready to be reminiscent of his famous friends, and only a slight query would evoke the response in his emphatic, rather guttural voice: "Ah! Swinburne, the dear fellow!" or "Meredith, dear fellow!" followed by a monologue of anecdote and appraisal.

Death came with merciful swiftness to Watts-Dunton on June 6th, 1914, a few weeks before the commencement of the war which swept away the old order of life and manners, and with him passed one of the last of the great Victorians.

GÉRARD DE NERVAL

By de V. Payen-Payne

It had snowed hard in Paris during the day of January 25th, 1855, and as night fell the frost was severe. Towards eight o'clock a man might have been seen at the stage door of the Théâtre Français asking for Arsène Houssaye, the assistant director. Houssaye was not in the house, and the man went off without leaving a message. He made his way to a low eating-house near les Halles, where he supped for a few *sous*. When the place closed he halted at one or two viler wine-shops in the dubious quarter between les Halles and the river, a quarter now cleared away to make a larger Place du Châtelet. But even the vilest cabaret closes at some time, and the poor outcast turned into the worst slum's worst street, the rue de la Vieille Lanterne. There he knocked at the door of a hovel but, as the place was full up, no one opened to him. This street ran east and west on the site where now stands the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; it ended in a flight of steps on one side of which ran an open sewer, on the other an old house with its ground-floor window barred with iron.

On this grating at seven the next morning Gérard de Nerval was found hanging, with his feet only two inches from the ground, his hat on his head and the manuscript of "Aurélia" in his pocket. The whole of literary and artistic Paris was shocked at this sad end to a brilliant career. A whirl of discussion arose as to whether he had been murdered or had committed suicide. An artist, Charles Ransonette, made a sketch of the spot on the same day, and Gustave Doré's more imaginative picture is well known. His end reminds us of that of two English poets of the nineties, Ernest Dowson and Lionel Johnson. They were all gentle souls, unable to wrestle with the rough actualities of life.

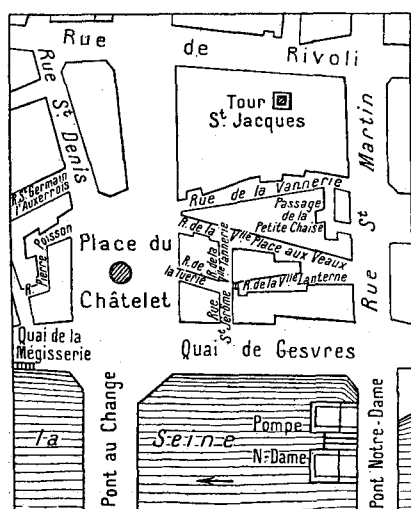
Gérard Labrunie who, after the fashion of many of the young Romantics, adopted a pseudonym, Gérard de Nerval, was born on May 22nd, 1808, six years after Victor Hugo, at 168, rue St. Martin, in Paris, and baptized at the neighbouring church of St. Merry, well known to thoughtful visitors. Edmund Gosse thought incorrectly that Nerval was dérivé from Norval, but it came from a meadow near Mortefontaine—le clos de Nerval. His father was an army surgeon, a native of Agen and, like General Hugo, was always on the move all over Europe in the wake of Napoleon. His mother, Marguerite Laurent, came from near Senlis; she died two years after his birth at Gross Glogau, in Silesia, worn out by her travels with her husband. Gérard tells us of the mother he had never known in his "Promenades et Souvenirs."

Consequently Gérard was brought up by his maternal uncle at Ermenonville, in the Valois country, close to Chaâlès and Mortefontaine. Rousseau had spent there

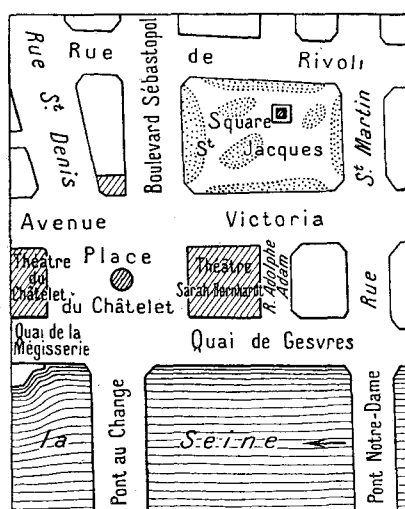
the last part of his life, and there he was buried. Educated at the Lycée Charlemagne, in the rue St. Antoine, where Gautier was a fellow pupil, *le jeune Gérard*, as he was called, wrote while still at school his "Elégies nationales"—patriotic poetry of no great merit, which however brought him early fame. In 1827 he collected them and others in "La France guerrière," his first book, a work reminiscent of Casimir Delavigne and Béranger. At this time the Romantic period was about to burgeon forth, and Gérard flung himself with enthusiasm into the new movement and led Gautier, his junior by three years, with him. As a proof of his enthusiasm, he translated the first part of Goethe's "Faust," of which the German poet thought much and prophesied he would become one of the glories of France. Encouraged by this, Gérard started writing for the theatre, and Berlioz used some of his verses for his "Damnation de Faust." His only play of any value was "Tartufe chez Molière," a comedy in three acts which was accepted by the Odéon but never produced. Like so many literary lions, he was careless of money; his patrimony quickly disappeared and the rest of his life was spent in poverty. He bought old furniture instead of sound securities. The tale of his grand Gothic bed is well known; he could never afford to cover it with mattresses and sheets, so he slept by the side of it on the floor.

In his childhood he had known Jenny Colon, and when she became an actress at the Opéra Comique he met her again. For a time their romance flowered but, wiser than he, she saw no possible future with him, and betook herself to more wealthy admirers. Whether this was the cause of his future madness, or whether it was caused by remembrances of the illuminism of his uncle, it is certain that he was broken-hearted, fled from Paris to Italy, Germany, Holland and the East, and wrote accounts of his travels like Gautier. On his return to Paris his reason began to give way. He was seen in the Palais Royal leading a lobster along by a silken string. In 1840 he was shut up in a clinic in the rue Picpus, and in the next year he spent a period in that of his friend, Dr. Blanche, at Passy. He had to give up his daily article for *La Presse*, and the remainder of his life was haunted by the dread of a return of his malady. He lived on the charity of his friends; his plans for a collected edition of his works did not materialise; he tried to tire out his body by long walks in order to quiet his mind. In 1853 he had a relapse, and others followed, until on October 19th, 1854, he came out for the last time.

He has not left a large amount of work; M. Aristide Marie, who has written so complete a work on Gérard as any further addition can hardly be imagined, has given a complete bibliography. His travels are not important, "Les Illuminés" is more or less a compilation, but his fame will rest on a book of short stories, "Les Filles du Feu," of which the best, interspersed with Valois folk-songs, is "Sylvie" (1854). "La Bohème galante" and "Le Rêve et la vie" ("Aurélia") were both published in 1855. The latter is one of the few studies of his own disease by a madman. But his finest work is undoubtedly the six sonnets contained in "Les Chimères." "El Desdichado" (so well translated by Andrew Lang) and "Artemis" are almost incomprehensible unless one is given a key such as is to be found in Mr. Richard Aldington's recent translations of selections from de Nerval's work (7s. 6d. net. 1932. Chatto & Windus). In it he gives "Aurélia," "Sylvie" and portions of "Les Illuminés," "Promenades et Souvenirs" and "Voyage en Orient."



Place du Châtelet in 1855.



Place du Châtelet to-day.



*Author of "AN ATTEMPT AT LIFE," "ASPECTS
OF SCIENCE," "BEETHOVEN: HIS SPIRITUAL
DEVELOPMENT," "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD."*

J. W. N. SULLIVAN.
(By Archibald Ziegler.)

Mon cher Luthien,
Je comptais encore aujourd'hui pouvoir vous aller trouver
à 5 heures, mais voir que mon père vient de
me dire qu'il faut que je sois à une consultation vers
six ou sept heures. Je n'ai pas ma lettre vous
parviendra assez tôt pour que vous ne m'attendiez pas,
mais j'espère que vous ne vous gênez pas sur ce point,
sachant combien je suis peu libre en général. Je vous
rendre exactement aux invitations qui me sont faites.
Je n'ai pas parti demain, j'espère pouvoir vous
rencontrer en étant chez vous vers dix heures, mais
il ne faut m'attendre en aucun cas, car
c'est encore fort éventuel.
Votres dévoué
G. Luthien
A Paris, à midi et demi.

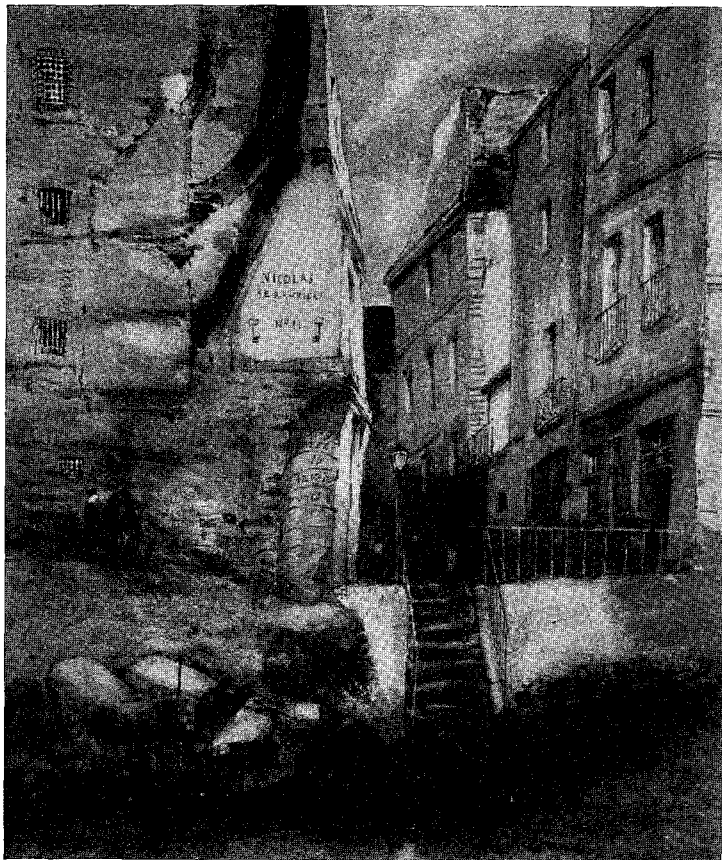
Although Mr. Aldington's translations have not the inevitableness of those of Scott Moncrieff, they are very good, and this book will introduce a new public to a forgotten but exquisite writer who ranks with Poe. The illustrations are a blot on what is otherwise a well produced book; the illustrator apparently thinks that because Gérard died in the rue de la Vieille Lanterne, he therefore hanged himself on a gas-lamp.

It must not be thought, however, that Gérard is a precursor of Verlaine and the Symbolists; although he knew, as Professor Eccles says, the incantatory virtue which is the sovereignty of words. He was a happy, harmless soul, and his madness may have been due to his having been born during the violences of the Napoleonic campaigns. But there is no madness in his style, in which he resembles Blake. He was modest and kindly; he had none of the conceit usual among writers and artists. He was a Platonic, rather than an active lover; and he may be compared to a butterfly fluttering through the world.

Two books by BOOKMAN reviewers which appeared last month and will be noticed in the next issue, are Francis Watson's first novel, "Trinc" (7s. 6d.; Lovat Dickson), and Gilbert Armitage's pamphlet, "Banned in England" (1s.; Wishart), which contains an examination of the laws relating to so-called "obscene" publications, written from a lawyer's point of view.

Next month a new novel by Mary Butts is due from Wishart, entitled "Death of Felicity Taverner."

Another of next month's books of great interest is "Giles Earle: His Booke," edited by Peter Warlock and published by the Houghton Publishing Company at 10s. 6d. It is a transcription from a MS. in the British Museum, written between 1615 and 1626, and is primarily a song-book.



Rue De La Vieille Lanterne, where Gérard De Nerval hanged himself.

From the water-colour by Jules de Goncourt.

From "Days With the French Romantics," by Philip Carr (Melhuem).

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-PARISIAN BIBLIOPHILE

III—THE GREAT SHELLEY FORGERY

By George Frederic Lees

Another of the red-letter days in the life of the bibliophile is when for a couple of shillings (an actual experience of the writer) he acquires a "mint" copy of that very rare book "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," which was published by Moxon in 1852, with an introductory essay by Robert Browning. This book is known among collectors as "the great Shelley forgery." But on examining the contents of the volume I came to the conclusion that *all* the letters were certainly not forged by the hand of Icodad George Gordon Byron, who claimed that he was a natural son of Lord Byron by a Spanish lady. And this opened up a most interesting correspondence between myself and Herbert Warren of Magdalen (a memoir of whom, by the by, has just been published), Sir Sidney Colvin, and Mr. T. J. Wise.

The point of departure was this: one of the letters (XXIII, addressed to John Keats from Pisa, July 27th, 1820) struck me as very familiar, and on referring to Colvin's "Life of Keats" (Macmillan, 1917), sure enough I found an extract from the letter. Further inquiry showed that the "forgery" was included in Colvin's "Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends," in Mr. Roger Ingpen's "Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," and in other sources.

Here was a literary problem which warranted investigation. But on setting to work to try to solve it I found that there was little disposition on the part of those who had made use of the Letter XXIII to admit that it was

open to suspicion. Indeed, the very existence of the collection of letters which deceived Moxon and Browning (much to the poet's annoyance) was unknown to Sidney Colvin.

"Your supposition is quite groundless," he wrote. "I never saw the volume of discredited letters to which you refer. My allusion is to the very well known letter of Shelley dated July 27th, 1820, with Keats's answer. . . . My own statement . . . that Keats says nothing of S's invitation to Pisa is really in need of correction. He does mention it distinctly at the beginning of his letter."

However, when I had pointed out to my correspondent certain facts about the spurious Shelley letters which inspired Browning's remarkable essay on the poet (the only lengthy piece of prose criticism he ever wrote), Sir Sidney began to feel doubtful and was ready to say: "The fact of its (the alleged genuine letter above referred to) occurrence in the discredited George-Gordon-Byron series of letters to my mind suggests a reopening of the question whether *all or what proportion of the letters of that series were truly forgeries*." This interesting admission added fire to my enthusiasm to make further investigations.

A still greater incentive was a letter which, a little later, I received from the President of Magdalen. Herbert Warren—ever ready to encourage those who were engaged in the bypaths of criticism and literary history—expressed himself as "much interested" in my remarks anent the "great Shelley forgery." He went on to say "there

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is a very interesting letter *supposed* to be by Keats given in Lord Houghton's Life and Letters of Keats which Sir Sidney Colvin and the late Mr. Buxton Forman pronounce to be a *forgery*. If it is, it is an extraordinarily clever one. I should like to see the George-Gordon-Byron letters gone over again."

Manifestly the search for the truth was becoming increasingly interesting—and this unexpected excursion into literature was all due to a chance discovery on the Paris quays of a rare book!

In my letter to Colvin I urged him to read again the letter said to have been sent by Shelley to Keats, to note its levity, etc. And believing—as I still believe—that it is a forgery (despite the fact that it was first published in 1841 in the *Westminster Review* by G. H. Lewes, who said that he possessed the original), I advanced my arguments against its genuineness.

"I hear with great pain the dangerous accident that you have undergone," Shelley is said to have written; "and Mr. Gisborne, who gives me the account of it, adds that you continue to wear a consumptive appearance. This consumption is a disease particularly fond of people who write such good verses as you have done; and, with the assistance of an English winter, it can often indulge its selection; I do not think that young and amiable poets are at all bound to gratify its taste; they have entered into no bond with the Muses to that effect. But seriously (for I am joking on what I am very anxious about,) I think you would do well to pass the winter abroad. . . ."

This "playfulness of tone" on the part of the elder poet does not appear to me at all in keeping with the well known tenderness of his nature, the delicacy of his mind. Shelley, in my opinion, was not the man to joke on such a serious subject as phthisis. Surely he would have framed his thoughts differently when holding out encouragement to the younger poet in his unhappy plight? However, let

us read on and note some discrepancies which have a certain bearing on this problem.

"If you think it as necessary as I do (that is to pass the winter abroad), and so long as you can find Pisa or its neighbourhood agreeable, Mrs. Shelley unites with myself in urging the request that you would take up your residence with us. You might come by sea to Leghorn, (France is not worth seeing, and the sea is particularly good for weak lungs,) which is within a few miles of us. You ought, at all events, to see Italy, and your health, which I suggest as a motive, might be an excuse to you. I spare declamation about the statues, and the paintings, and the ruins; and what is a greater piece of forbearance, about the mountains, the streams, and the fields, the colours of the sky, and the sky itself. I have lately read your 'Endymion' again, and ever with a new sense of the treasures of poetry it contains—though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion. This people in general will not endure, and that is the cause of the comparatively few copies which have sold. I feel persuaded that you are capable of the greatest things, so you but will."

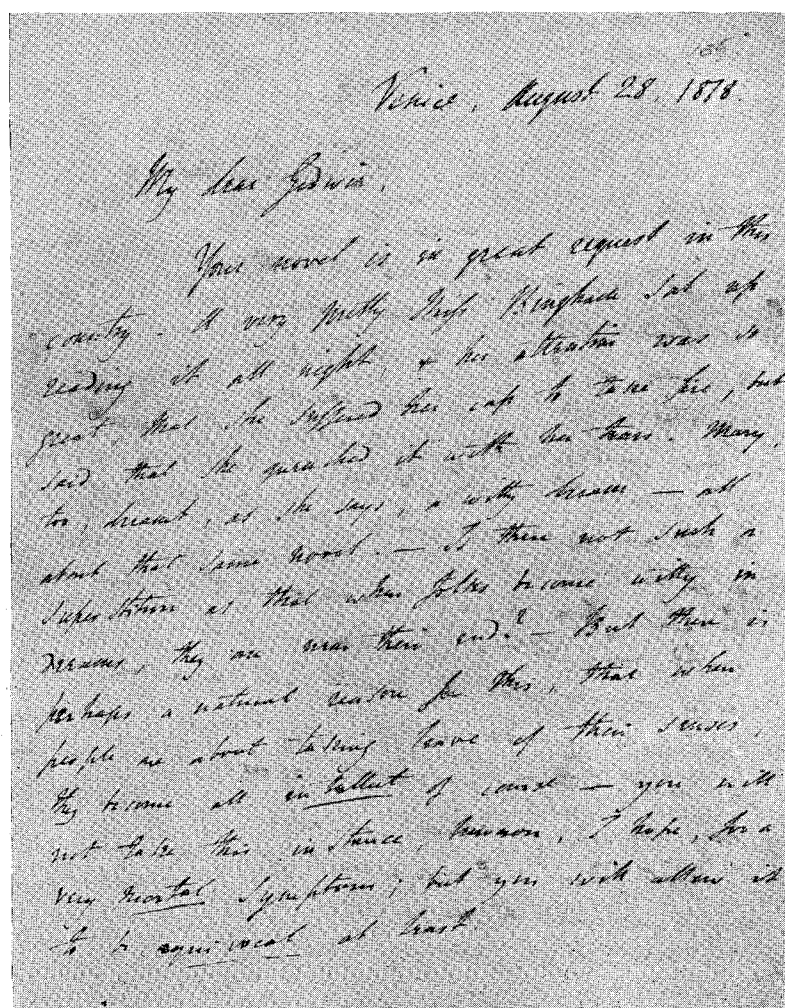
Now let us come to facts. It is stated that Mrs. Shelley united with the poet in inviting Keats to take up his residence with them. But on February 18th, 1821, we find Shelley writing to Clara Mary Jane Clairmont to the effect that he had written to Keats to ask him to come to Pisa "without however inviting him into my own house. . . . We are not rich enough for that sort of thing." How can we explain this contradiction?

Furthermore, are we quite sure that on July 27th, 1820, when Shelley is said to have written the letter under examination, he was living in Pisa? For we find that on the 23rd of the month he was at the Bagni de San Giuliano, four miles away. Shelley was looking for a house and, indeed, informed Mrs. Shelley that he had taken one for three months. He promised to see her again on the Tuesday, which was the 25th July, 1820. Are we safe in presuming that by the 27th he had got himself installed in his villa at the Bagni?

These Shelley and a whole series of Byron letters were forged with great skill. As was said at the time of their publication, "they are executed with a skill to which the forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland can lay no claim. There has been of recent years a most systematic and wholesale forgery of letters purporting to be written by Byron, Shelley and Keats. These forgeries carry upon them such marks of genuineness as have deceived the whole body of London collectors."

Verily the Icodad George Gordon Byron (whose real name, according to Mr. T. J. Wise—see "A Browning Library," page 19—was De Gibling) who succeeded in selling these Shelley letters to a London bookseller, named White, and from whom Moxon acquired them, was one of the cleverest of forgers. The originals of the letters, with the exception of the one to Keats, are all in the British Museum, and we have only to compare the handwriting with that of undoubtedly genuine letters in the same treasure-house of literary documents to understand how easy it is for the most astute of publishers or experts to be deceived. In the days of Moxon such scientific methods of analysing handwriting as Edouard Locard's Graphometry were unknown; so-called experts then relied on their general knowledge bearing on the characteristics of various scripts, and in forming their opinion for or against genuineness they also trusted to "internal evidence" as shown by style or the reflection of a writer's opinions.

Now, as regards the skilful reflection of Shelley's manner and opinions, these forged letters are masterpieces in the art of deception.



Beginning of one of the forged letters of Shelley. It is addressed to William Godwin.

From the original MS. in the British Museum.

Robert Browning was deceived, not on account of the fairly close resemblance between the forger's handwriting and that of Shelley, but because of the spirit of truth which runs through all these amazing documents. In the opening of his masterly essay—a curious example of how good may spring from evil—he declares that the collection of new letters from the poet "will prove an acceptable addition to a body of correspondence, the value of which towards a right understanding of its author's purpose

and work may be said to exceed that of any similar contribution exhibiting the worldly relations of a poet whose genius has operated by a different law." And again, a little later, when stressing the need for an authoritative biography of the poet, he writes: "I have only to make it a little easier by arranging these few supplementary letters, with a recognition of the value of the whole collection. This value I take to consist in a most truthful conformity of the Correspondence, in its limited degree, with the moral and intellectual character of the writer as displayed in the highest manifestation of his genius. . . . These new letters are not offered as presenting any new feature of the poet's character. Regarded in themselves, and as the substantial productions of a man, their importance would be slight. But they possess interest beyond their limits, in confirming the evidence just dwelt on, of the poetical mood of Shelley being only the intensification of his habitual mood; the same tongue only speaking, for want of the special excitement to sing. The very first letter, as one instance for all, strikes the key-note of the predominating sentiment of Shelley throughout his whole life—his sympathy with the oppressed."

But are *all* these letters which Moxon published in 1852, and immediately withdrew from circulation when Palgrave discovered that his father's prose had been skilfully used in one of the forgeries, worthless imitations? In all probability not so. Mr. T. J. Wise has been kind enough to inform me that "upon two separate occasions he has made a careful study of the holographs of the Letters at the Museum, and is satisfied that all *save one* are forgeries." So, presuming that the letter to Keats, which is not in the British Museum, is a genuine one, we can conclude that two at least of the De Gibler alias George Gordon Byron documents are worthy of being regarded as from the pen

I have called on Lord Byron who was so
 bright & so true. We went on his grounds & saw
 the house to the West. A long sandy
 road, a lot of water, which I think Venice
 would be proud of. The weather is so beautiful
 we found his house waiting. During our visit along
 the bank of the sea he took up a long conversation
 concerning the history of his government. His pro-
 posals, early Byron his daughter his sister, his pro-
 posals, intention. He seemed to take great interest
 in my own affairs, & showed me, that if he had been
 in England at the time of the Chancery business, —
 he would have saved his own & earth & some pro-
 posals Lord Byron's reason. — Byron's way
 me to answer as he made it impossible to
 resist his proposals — in wonder of woman —
 the dear fatherless — could approach them without
 one shame — Venice, at present is in a state
 of absolute terror, the discomforts of his present great
 were permeated at present with profound indifference.
 surrounded with the monuments of their nation, then
 innumerable were no part of them in his time.
 The explanation of their singular character may be
 found in the spirit of the time, in the temple
 of the gods that had been there, & the power of dangerous
 & of the people, also in the character where Shelley
 without work was to examine a picture, & in the
 wisdom or even grace, through which the dead bodies of
 the victims of tyranny were forced to fight into
 the world. My last language, indeed, public opinion
 & public spirit, which are the soul of nations, were
 extinguished. The tyrants have partly fallen in this
 way of education for such enormous triumphs; a
 warning may it prove to all that look to imitate
 the wisdom & highly educated of the Senate of Venice.
 I have been well received by the happiness — the more
 smooth people I have known — many of them are
 happy — there in my next letter.
 yours most affectionately
 J. H. Shelley

Conclusion of the letter from Shelley to Godwin—a forgery.

From the original in the British Museum.

of the poet. Herbert Warren's opinion that the matter should be gone into again, in the light of modern graphometric methods, appears to me to be eminently sound.

But I must draw these recollections of a bibliophile to a close. The examples I have given of how book collecting may be combined with the study of literature (not always the case by any means), and of how a pastime may be carried along the paths of serious literary criticism must suffice. . . . Long may those boxes where I have unearthed treasures continue to line the Parisian quays! For they serve other ends besides supplying the needs of the scholar or bibliophile. They add an old-world flavour to a city which the modern Parisian is too apt to make vulgar, garish, and up-to-date; they bring to mind the smell of the long-unopened drawer, amidst the odours of patchouli and musk. And when the last old dealer has made safe his wares, by the primitive but effective means of a long iron bar padlocked to two staples, and the boxes lie shimmering in the moonlight, they afford food for thought to the philosopher as he leans on one of the boxes and gazes at the river. Here, under his hand, lie twenty-five centuries of human thought. Every kind of literary ware is clamped down under those iron bars—from the verses of Homer to the drivel of the youngest devotee of the latest school of poetry and prose. How many, many years of patient toil! What a vast amount of cudgelling of dull brains are entombed in those boxes! And down below, the silent river winds slowly to the sea. It was flowing there before Cadmus cut his first reed, and no doubt it will be still wending its way to the sea "when the last reader reads no more." What a host of morals could be drawn from those two incongruous objects—the dark river and the black boxes!

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GARDENING BOOKS

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

Many of the most important eighteenth century gardening books are still standard works, notably Philip Miller's authoritative works. But I think the most interesting are the unpretentious little manuals (now regarded as treasures by collectors), for they gave us an insight into the small, homely gardens of the period.

One of the earliest of these was Charles Evelyn's "Lady's Recreation" (1707), the only book written during the eighteenth century for women gardeners. From Tudor to Victorian times only three books were written for women gardeners—William Lawson's "Countrie Housewife's Garden" (1618), Charles Evelyn's "Lady's Recreation" (1707) and in the early nineteenth century Mrs. Loudon's volumes were the first of the spate of modern books written for women flower-lovers. This paucity is all the more remarkable because at least since mediæval days the garden has been regarded as the special province of the housewife.

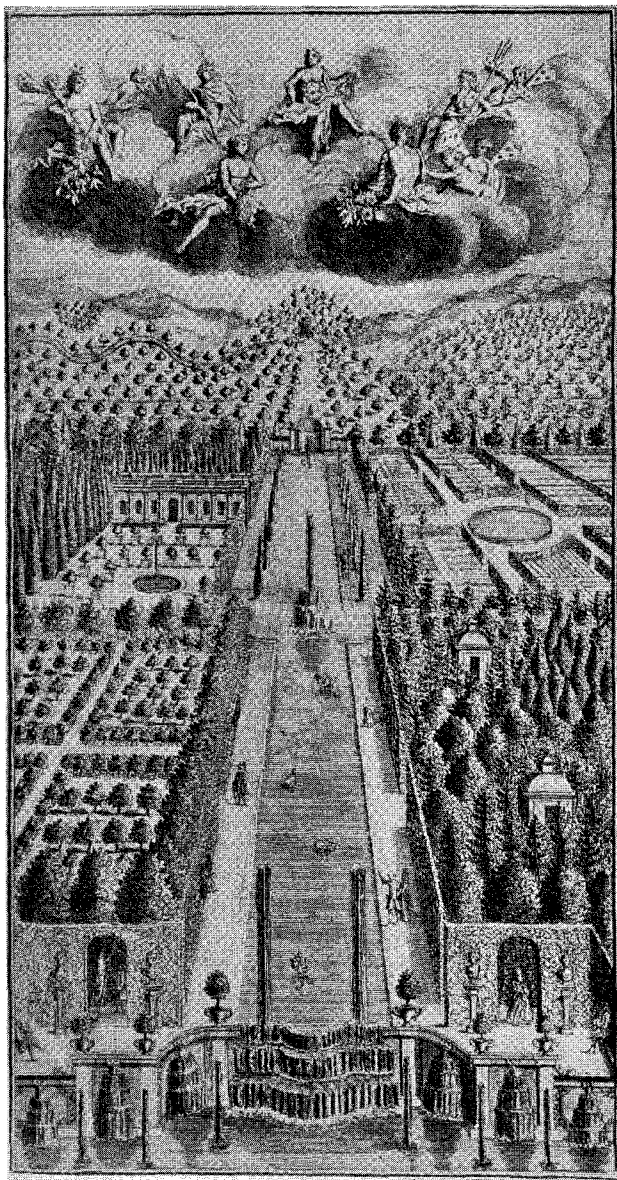
Charles Evelyn, in his "Lady's Recreation," gives us a very charming glimpse into a "lady's garden" of the period. A walk of orange trees "whose fragrant Smell, especially in the Blooming Season, excels that of all other Plants and Flowers," leads to grass plots and square beds "filled with the most beauteous Green and Borders set off with the most delightful Flowers." A fountain "of

the best architecture" and "an excellent contriv'd Statue" adorn this enclosure, and beyond a wilderness, "and being no longer pleas'd with a solitary Amusement you come out into a large Road, where you have the Diversion of seeing Travellers pass by, to compleat your Variety." He writes simply and attractively of the flowers grown in every garden—carnations, "the pride of the Summer as Tulips are the glory of the Spring," gilliflowers, anemones, hyacinths, irises, peonies, lilies of the valley, "a flower of the greatest fragrance," wallflowers "in scent excelled by none," prince's feather, columbines, hollyhocks, snapdragons, crown imperials and cranes-bill, "a beautiful Flower in the Day and very sweet and odorous in the Night." He gives no directions for growing the commonest flowers—foxgloves, garden mallows, scabious, fennel, double lady's smock and champions; for these "every Country Dame has in her garden and knows how to sow, plant and propagate them." Then "for your sweet Herbs," he adds, "there's Marjoram, Basil, Mastick, Lavender, Thyme, Sage and double-flowered Rosemary which every Kitchen Maid is so well acquainted with that I need make no further mention of them."

A renowned lady gardener of the day was the Duchess of Beaufort. She figures conspicuously both in Charles Evelyn and Switzer's books. Evelyn, who describes her as having "a Soul above her Title, Sense beyond what is common in her Sex, and Greatness and good Nature so agreeably mixed as to leave few Equals behind her," says her gardens contained so many treasures that she "could challenge any foreign Gardens to produce greater Curiosities than her own." Switzer, in his "Nobleman, Gentleman and Gardener's Recreation" (1715), also praises her highly, commenting specially on her exotics and "the Thousands of those foreign Plants regimented together." He observes that when men divert themselves with gardening it is "no more than what is from them expected," but that when "the fair and Delicate Sex" garden "it has something in it that looks supernatural, something so much above the trifling Amusements of Ladies that it is apt to fill the Minds of the Virtuous with Admiration." John Lawrence gives his views on the subject of women gardeners in his "New System . . . a complete Body of Husbandry and Gardening" (1726). He observes rather severely:

"I flatter myself the Ladies would soon think that their vacant Hours in the Culture of the *Flower-Garden* would be more innocently spent and with greater Satisfaction than the common Talk over a Tea-Table where Envy and Detraction so commonly preside. Whereas when Opportunity and Weather invite them amongst their Flowers, there they may dress, and admire and cultivate Beauties like themselves without *envying* or *being envied*."

In many ways the most attractive of the small manuals is John Lawrence's first book, "The Clergyman's Recreation" (1714). Lawrence was at Clare College, Cambridge, and it was there he met his lifelong friend, Whiston, an eccentric genius of whom Macaulay said: "Poor Whiston believes in everything but the Trinity." Lawrence was rector first of Yelvertoft, in Northamptonshire, and later of Bishop Wearmouth. Lawrence held views which were not wholly orthodox, and there is a tradition at Bishop Wearmouth that when he conducted his first service there, three leading landowners rose and left the church together to show their disapproval. In spite of this, Lawrence's eldest daughter married one of the three squires, and his younger daughters the sons and heirs of the other two. It is not surprising that his "Clergyman's Recreation" went through six editions in twelve years for, unlike more ambitious works, the author does not lay down rules, but speaks delightfully of the joys and troubles he experienced in making his own garden. When he came to his new living, he tells us he found the place in a dilapidated condition, and "what they used to call a garden" a wilderness smothered with couch grass, nettles and gooseberry bushes.



An Eighteenth Century Garden.
From "The Gardener's Dictionary," by Philip Miller.

The soil was heavy white clay within six inches of the surface, and he surveyed this prospect "with Grief." To add to his troubles, he was assured it was hopeless to attempt to make a garden on such a soil. Nevertheless he turned to and, with "the kind help of my Neighbours," he built a brick wall and planted apricots, pears, vines, figs, plums, cherries, a peach and a nectarine. Within three years he was amply rewarded for his trouble. It is interesting to learn that even in the eighteenth century, mud walls (made of earth and straw worked together) and coped with straw, were common in Northamptonshire and Leicestershire. Lawrence states that these old-fashioned walls, which must have been very picturesque, were best for ripening fruit, and that the coping of straw sheltered the fruit from rain.

Apparently some of his parishioners objected to their rector spending so much time in his garden. To these he replies: "I answer that it easily appears a great deal of time has not been spent in composing it. Indeed only a few leisure Hours in the Winter for Want of Company by way of diversion." "For indeed," he says elsewhere,

"A Clergyman whose chief and most constant Business is sitting at his Study, most wants Relaxation, and some modest Exercise, to preserve Health. For my own part I must own, that it is the best and almost only Physick I take; and if through rigour or wetness of the Season I am denied the benefit of my Garden for some Days, and labour under Indisposition, God's blessing with a warm and Sun-shiny Day that invites me out soon sets me to rights again.

"For I thank God this sort of Diversion has tended very much to the ease and quiet of my own Mind; and the Retirement I find therein by Walking and Meditation, has helped to set forward many useful thoughts upon more divine subjects. . . . In the mean time I cannot but encourage and invite my reverend Brethren to the love of a Garden; having myself all along reap'd so much Fruit from it, both in a figurative and literal sense."

From the early eighteenth century dates also the first book on town gardening—"The City Gardener" (1722).

The first to comment on the ill-effects of the contaminated, smoke-laden atmosphere of a city was Parkinson. The author of "The City Gardener" was Thomas Fairchild, a noted nurseryman, and he states in his book that he had had thirty years' experience of London gardens. His memory is perpetuated in the Fairchild sermon (he left a bequest for the purpose), preached annually at St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on Whit-Tuesday afternoon. Fairchild's book is chiefly interesting as a record of what could be grown in the city itself even in the eighteenth century. In spite of increasing difficulties, Londoners, as ever, were flower-lovers. "I find," says Fairchild, "that almost every Body will have something of a Garden at any rate." His book was avowedly written to enable those who lived in the city "to delight themselves in Gardening," and to prepare them to enjoy the country when they could retire from business. From this book we learn that though apple trees blossomed freely within the confines of the city, they did not bear fruit unless grafted on Paradise stock; that pear trees not only blossomed but gave good fruit even in such confined places as the alleys about the Barbican. Cherries did well and "brought Fruit to perfection in most airy parts of the City." Mulberries and figs both did well, and he mentions specially the figs in the Rolls garden in Chancery Lane and Dr. Bennet's garden in Cripplegate. It was impossible to grow roses with the exception of the Provence rose; honeysuckle had ceased to flourish, but the lily of the valley could still be grown, "there is an Instance of it now in a close Place at the Back of the Guildhall." A most interesting chapter is that entitled "Of Court yards and close Places in the City." It is pleasant to think of those eighteenth century London courtyards, brightened with lilacs, jasmine, lilies, pinks, daisies, French marigolds, angelica (angelica grew wild on a waste piece of ground near the Tower of London this century), scarlet lichenis

and wallflowers. Flowering currants, he says, grew not only in tavern-yards, but even "on the tops of the houses amidst the Chimneys." Balconies were adorned with apple trees grown in large pots, and he mentions specially those grown at the Record Office in the Tower of London.

The list of flowers he particularly recommends for London gardens includes madonna and martagon lilies,

sweet-williams, evening primroses, perennial sunflowers, Canterbury bells, candytufts, lupins, nigella, sweet-peas, French and African marigolds and sweet sultans, pinks and carnations. Wallflowers would succeed only for a season. Fairchild's plan for a city garden is very attractive—a circular avenue of horse-chestnuts and in the centre of the space a mound covered with trees. Beyond the avenue flower beds and large quarters filled with evergreens, white-thorn, flowering currants, almonds, dwarf pears, apples and flowering shrubs.

Fairchild's name stands at the head of the list of contributors to "Catalogus Plantarum" (1730), published by the Society of Gardeners. This noted Society was formed by twenty practical gardeners, most of them well-known nurserymen. They met every month at Newhall's coffee-house in Chelsea, and discussed the plants brought by the various members who had grown them. After five or six years of these monthly meetings, it was decided to publish a catalogue and to have all the plants "drawn and painted by an able hand." They engaged for the purpose Jacob van Huysum (brother of the great Dutch flower painter). Only one volume of the projected series was published, and it is now one of the treasures of garden literature. The section on the honeysuckle (with a beautiful illustration) is particularly interesting.

The most distinguished member of the society was Philip Miller, Curator of the Chelsea Physic Garden. Miller was a Scotsman. Born in 1694, he was trained by his father, whom he succeeded as Curator in 1722. He held the appointment for nearly sixty years, and died the year he retired (1771). He made the Chelsea Physic Garden the finest of its kind. Peter Collinson, who visited the place on July 19th, 1764, wrote of it that it "excels all the gardens in Europe." Miller's industry must have been colossal, for his monumental work, "The Gardener's Dictionary," published in 1731, dwarfs in importance every other gardening book of the eighteenth century, not only in the English language but any language. It was translated into Dutch, French and German, and is the only book of which it can be said that it was the standard authority for quite a century, not only in Europe, but also in America. In the seventh edition (1750) Miller adopted the Linnean system of classification. He had first followed Tournefort's system and then Ray's.



Gardener presenting a bouquet to a lady.

From "The Complete Florist: or The Lady and Gentleman's Recreation in the Flower Garden."

The Bookman Gallery

JOHN COWPER POWYS

By J. R. Theobald

When, in the spring of the year, Simon & Schuster published "A Glastonbury Romance," by John Cowper Powys, there were a few leaders of thought in America who were not slow to recognise their good luck, and to make up for the voluntary exile of so many of their own best writers in the past by snatching at such an impressive by-product of our neglect. They had earned the right to do so by the long residence of Mr. Powys in the States, and by the very genuine *succès d'estime* which had always attended "Wolf Solent" there. Theodore Dreiser had hailed this novel as an "enduring treasure"; Will Durant hinted that he preferred it to the work of Thomas Hardy and (droll arrangement!) of Anatole France; while "The New York Times Book Review" was not content with these meaner glories of the night, but must "turn back to Shakespeare." There was a good deal more in the same vein, and then "A Glastonbury Romance" was launched with an enthusiasm which threatened to relegate "Wolf Solent" to the status of a mere "first novel," though that was "Ducdame" in 1925.

A good deal of this was what is known on the other side as "cover blurb," and the fact is that the real greatness of the eldest Powys, and more especially of his latest work, still waits to be estimated, and can be far better estimated in England than in America, because John Powys is in many ways so English. One can search his novels in vain for the slightest indication that he has ever set foot outside the counties of Dorset and Somerset. Meanwhile, for quite unaccountable reasons, "A Glastonbury Romance" has not yet been published in England, and the present review is written, perforce, in defiance of a smiling ignorance as to what it is all about, and, apart from "In Defence of Sensuality" (a very serious book, but a mere sort of prolegomena to ethics, and of quite inferior importance to the fiction), ignorance of the author even.

Now, to the few Englishmen who *have* read "Wolf Solent," it would never occur to call it "a modern prose-Hamlet" (I quote "The New York Times Book Review"), though this is not to say that they were blind to its beauty and power. The character of Wolf himself is profoundly introspective, but when he hesitates, it is for motives and for ends that have nothing to do with Hamlet's, than whom he is a far less enigmatic figure. Indeed, he could only have stirred in us the recollection of Hamlet by his mordant awareness of his dead father, and only then because something in the poetry of the conception of Wolf touched what we may call "the Hamlet nerve," that is so sensitive in us. It is likewise doubtful if it would occur to a really discerning critic to compare "Wolf Solent" with "A Glastonbury Romance," for the latter is not even a novel in the sense that "Jude" is one. It is not merely that it is so much larger in bulk. It is not worth while to verify whether or not it is the longest book of fiction in the English language. But although it only took a year to write it the scope and complexity of this book require that it should be considered alongside works like "A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu" and "Ulysses," and even these comparisons are only provisionally useful. Then, just as, viewed under one aspect, "Ulysses" is seen to have recaptured the vast simultaneous rhythm of a Dublin day, so Mr. Powys is able to communicate a constant sense of the whole life of Glastonbury in progress, as distinct from an arbitrarily imagined plot of which the scene happens to be Glastonbury. But in attaining this end, he has made use of a more tremendous design than Joyce, given it more organic unity, and obtained for it not only a higher degree of external verisimilitude, but a more profound and searching symbolism.

To examine just how he has done this, and to illustrate properly the different levels of his style, from the exalted

manner of a passage like Mary Crow's colloquy with the moon (which recalls the chant-like prose of "Urn Burial") to the Rabelaisian clamour of the tavern scenes, for instance, in both "Wolf Solent" and the "Romance" would be the work of a book, and all we can do is to suggest one or two clues to the real significance of his achievement.

The first thing, then, to be remembered about this book is that it is a romance, even if it is an unusual one. Nobody has succeeded in adequately defining this word and, on the whole, there have been fewer good romances in the world than good dramas. Whether we think of romance satirically as "the literature of escape," or sentimentally as "the distant," or psychologically as "the literature of dream," in whatever way we may express to ourselves the effect upon us of writers like Malory and Cervantes, we recognise that effect in a flash. We may challenge the reality of what it is that affects us, and substitute a more sophisticated literary ideal; but we should find it hard to deny the mood in which we prefer it to what ordinarily passes as real.

Now the airy web that holds together all the realism and philosophy and psychological subtlety of this book is the romance, but a romance of so fine a texture that it was by a flash of critical genius that it was recognised in the title and mysterious motto from the Black Book of Carmarthen. The unguarded reader might, in fact, be excused at first for mistaking the opening chapters for another example of that admirable sort of fiction which reaches perfection in Arnold Bennett's novels of the Five Towns.

The detail, that is, has the cumulative effect of a description of some locality, made on the spot by an old native. It was doubtless as a safeguard against this mistake that the author inserted the more than usually emphatic disclaimer of the slightest reference to scenes of "real life." For aside from the main characters, there is a great number of minor ones who appear and reappear and disappear with that utterly natural sequence which we can credit to an acute observer of the behaviour of his neighbours or, otherwise, to the boundlessly fluent imagination of the author of "Henry IV," Part I, but very reluctantly to anything between.

The same applies in an even greater measure to the three-dimensional solidity of the hills, houses and rooms; the sculptural clarity of every scene; the astonishing *presence* of colour and scent, down to the most "imponderable fragrance" and subtlest fall of light that alters with the time of day and change of season; and none of these merely as they are objects in themselves, but as they move across the consciousness of the characters, either singly or in groups, like momentous inscriptions on the course of their lives. All this has been done with the assistance only of a large-scale map, at a distance from Glastonbury of three thousand miles of space and twenty years of time.

But the independent reality of the characters and of the scene never distracts the idealising tendency of the book, which is perhaps the most English thing about it. For it is significant that the protagonist of this book is not Sam Weller or John Crow, but John Geard ("Bloody Johnny," an indescribable blend of prophet, statesman and vulgarian), whose mighty plans for the foundation of the Glastonbury Commune form the orbit within which all the other characters move. Viewed as drama, the action is a conflict between the influence of Geard's great spirit and the busy contrivings of Philip Crow, the industrialist: a conflict which culminates in the stupendous death of Geard, whose seeming discomfiture barely conceals his real triumph.

But supervening over all human influences is that of the primordial powers that haunt the immemorial terrain

of Glastonbury. If only for this reason, the book is more romantic and religious than dramatic. Like all the great romances of the past, this one is pervaded by unfathomable mysteries and is, in consequence, an exceedingly awe-inspiring book. From the moment when John Crow drinks the water from the Slaughtering Stone at Stonehenge until the closing invocation to the towers of Cybele, we are never allowed to forget that we are "moving about in worlds half-realised." Hence when the child is raised from the dead, or when John Crow sees King Arthur's sword falling into the river mud, or, again, when Sam sees the Holy Grail, and proceeds with steadfast rapture to inform everyone separately of the good luck that has befallen the ancient town, we are in no frame of mind to regard these episodes as fantastic. To the cautious and shifty John Crow, his vision came as "a sudden rending and blinding shock," but to the reader, whose mind has been slowly accustomed to supernatural agencies by *their constant presence*, it is no shock at all, but a sublime realisation of what has been well prepared for.

It may be said that this peculiar seduction of the imagination is the inmost secret of romance. The best romances have been the most religious, and the best religions the most romantic. They have stood or fallen by their ability to create faith in miracles, and to transfigure ordinary existence by the light of that faith. Certainly a good religion must continue to possess quite concrete mysteries which defy a purely scientific approach, and are "consistent" only with a universe which remains fundamentally inexplicable. Partly for this reason, the ascription to Geard of semi-divine powers, his solitary wrestle with the ghost of Merlin, his grave (though not at all sedate!) injunctions to his disciples just before his death and, finally, his voluntary death itself, all deriving from the New Testament as they do, are extremely well-suited to a romance. By force of contrast with the opposing gospels of capitalism (Philip Crow) and communism (David Spear and Paul Trent) they enforce the beauty and increasing rarity of great religion and true romance in the modern world.

Marcel Proust was unable to give any such ideal justification for his great work as we find in the closing episodes of Powys's book; with the result that all that marvellously intricate revelation of the Frenchman cannot deliver his work from a taint of fussy self-absorption, more proper to a post-Freudian Pepys than to a lasting work of art. But although it is as a romancer that Powys is unique among the moderns of comparable stature, it is in his characterisation that he comes closer to Marcel Proust, whose influence was faintly discernible in the more analytical pages of "Wolf Solent."

There are certain wells of happiness in the midst of these forty-seven characters that never really run dry. When Wolf goes home to find his wife whistling to the earl, he does not "look low and faltering." He is consoled in something more than the authentic Wordsworthian manner by a field of wild flowers. And when, in this romance, the love-lost Crummie receives an unexpected visit from Sam, whom she loves, she finds a curiously penetrating pleasure in pleading for her successful rival. She puts on his coat, and this trifling act sustains her in ecstasy. "The smile which wavered up . . . made her face, under the up-mourning flames of all her candles, more beautiful than any face that Holy Sam had ever seen." To all appearance, she could not have had a much worse time. Yet "this was the great hour of Crummie's life."

In the end we are compelled to honour the writers who reflect in their work a mastery of life. John Cowper Powys has not been honoured in England—yet. But perhaps he can remember the time when Henry James and R. L. Stevenson would refer in terms of grotesque patronage to "poor little Hardy." Have we a certain congenitally slow-but-sure discernment that makes England a country for exciting young men and great old men? Mr. Powys is middle-aged. His appearance is somewhat that of a beardless Merlin. His personal magnetism and his conversation, like his books, bear unmistakable traces of genius.



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SIR GILBERT PARKER

By Almey St. John Adcock

**Sir Gilbert Parker.***Portrait by Elliott & Fry.*

Novelists who combine public services with literature are usually writers of the more robust sort of fiction; their stories are stories of action and adventure, often based on history and introducing real characters. They admire men who dare and who achieve, who fight

battles and outwit foes, and their own natural energy makes them impatient at last with writing instead of doing, and drives them out into the field of political warfare. Such an author was the late Sir Gilbert Parker, whose death on September 6th further depletes the sadly thinning ranks of writers whose fame began in another century.

Born in Canada nearly seventy years ago, the son of Captain J. Parker, Sir Gilbert was an example of the man in whom the dreamer and the man of action continually mingle and conflict. In his early days he decided to take Holy orders and even received the diaconate, but changed his mind and accepted a lectureship in English Literature at Trinity University, Toronto. Later he went to Australia, where he took to journalism, which may be termed the practical or active side of the writing life, and was made associate editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. At the beginning of the nineties he was in London and, in common with Kipling and many another young man of his day, is said to have been profoundly influenced by that great journalist and editor, W. E. Henley. He loved travelling, and had already gathered much knowledge of countries as well as of people for the many novels he was to produce in the next thirty or forty years. He had tried his hand at play-writing and brought out a fascinating travel book, "Round the Compass in Australia." His only volume of poems, "A Lover's Diary," appeared in 1894. But it was in fiction that he found his true vocation, and 1892 saw the publication of "Pierre and His People," a collection of short stories depicting French-Canadian life and the half-breeds and Indians among whom his boyhood had been spent. For this and his later stories dealing with the part of Canada belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, he drew freely on the experiences and impressions of his youth, and some of his finest work was produced before the end of the century, including, among ten or eleven books, his first great success, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," a tale of a French valet who thrilled a village in French Canada by impersonating Bonaparte; and "The Seats of the Mighty," still probably his most popular novel. With "The Battle of the Strong" in 1898 he abandoned Canada as a background, and his more recent stories have been set in various parts of the world.

But already the man of action, stirred by the South African War, was contesting with the dreamer, and in 1900 he entered the English Parliament as representative for Gravesend, a position he held for eighteen years. It is the usual thing to say that a man cannot serve two masters, and when a writer goes into public life his literary work is sure to suffer. This may indeed have been the case with Sir Gilbert Parker though, despite his parliamentary activity, his nine years' chairmanship of the Imperial South African Association, his initiation and organisation of the first Imperial Universities Conference in London, his inauguration of the Small Ownership Committee, his work as a privy councillor and other political achievements, he continued to write novels and short stories on a wide variety of themes; his "Judgment House" being an idealistic tale concerning the relationship between England and South Africa; "The Ladder of Swords," a light, dreamlike romance of a Huguenot maiden and her lover exiled in Jersey for the sake of religion; "The Promised Land," an ambitious retelling of the Biblical story of Joseph; "The Weavers," a dramatic account of a young Quaker's rise to authority in Egypt—a plot which gave full scope to his imperialistic sentiments. There was a suggestion at the time that the hero of "The Weavers" was intended to be Gordon, but the dates did not tally, and the author himself denied that any of the characters in the book were historical, though he admitted that every book he wrote was founded on the real life of someone he knew. Charley Steele, in "The Right of Way," he declared was real, and lived and died as described in the early part of that story. Pierre in "Pierre and His People" was drawn from life, as were many principal characters in all his books, even the historical ones.

But though his literary output did not diminish, it is significant that in his later years he wrote nothing to surpass the work he had done when he was giving himself entirely to literature; which is not so surprising as the fact that he could still devote so much of his mind to fiction when his energies were being spent elsewhere. For the first two and a half years of the War he was in charge of American publicity, yet a work on the fallacies of German ideals in statecraft and three novels came from his pen between 1914 and 1918, and "Wild Youth," one of his best stories, in the following year.

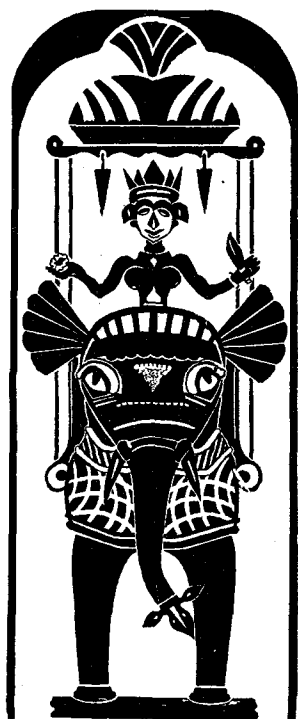
In 1902 he was knighted, and in 1915 made a baronet. But it will not be for these honours, nor for his public services in the cause of Imperialism that he will be chiefly remembered. It will be for those human, sympathetic, vivid pictures he has left us of the Canada he knew so well when he was a boy; for his exquisite descriptive passages and dramatic narratives; for such pathetic, humorous characters as the Frenchman, Valmond; for Pierre, the half-breed, for the Curé, the Avocat; for gallant Robert Moray in "The Seats of the Mighty," his jailer, Gabond, and those many other delightful people who will live on, though political movements become obsolete and political parties change or sink into oblivion with the passing of the years.



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The Bookshelf

A NEW LIFE OF THACKERAY

By T. Earle Welby

Thackeray : A Personality.

By Malcolm Elwin. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Elwin's new biography of Thackeray has merits to ensure respect if not to excite enthusiasm. It is the work of a writer well informed as regards not only Thackeray himself but the period; it is in general judicious; it shows a sense of proportion in the prominence given or denied to various figures among Thackeray's associates. To note an instance of Mr. Elwin's quiet independence, he has altogether declined to follow those who reduce William Maginn to a merely amusing scallywag in the disorderly literary world of Thackeray's first period. It is not only that Mr. Elwin sets greater store by the best of Maginn's copious and careless work, though here I venture to think, as one of the not numerous people who really have examined Maginn's writings, that he is perfectly justified. He goes on to insist that the early work of Thackeray is in some respects strongly influenced by Maginn. But when we turn from such incidental successes of Mr. Elwin's to consider his book as a whole, we may be somewhat chilled by the reflection that it tells us most of the Thackeray who matters least to us.

The man rather than the artist is Mr. Elwin's concern. Now the man is an easy affair up to a point. There is no difficulty in seeing the decisive events of his earlier life. It was plainly the loss of his private income which sent him to literature by way of journalism; and it was plainly his wife's loss of reason that made him dependent on club life, and very conscious of having a more tragic reason for such dependence than other men. If we want to be told, accurately and without excess of detail, how Thackeray came to lose the money, and how his wife's madness affected his subsequent life in its social aspects, we can hardly do better than turn to Mr. Elwin. But suppose our need to be a revelation of the way in which the artist in Thackeray interfered with or governed the man, we shall not be so well situated; and then, though Mr. Elwin sets Thackeray neatly in the circle of his friends, there is hardly an attempt to sketch out the intellectual position of Thackeray in relation to his age, and it happens that just there is one of the tasks waiting for Thackerayan criticism. We are accustomed to find realism among those who have theories of it and a conviction that they are producing the literature of to-morrow, but Thackeray has no theory of realism, and as for being of the future, he is plainly reversionary. Moreover the most of his realism is reluctant. As Mr. Bernard Shaw once said in a very fine and very grudging tribute to Thackeray, the man does not want to tell us these things, explains them away in the telling, apologises, almost snivels, but he does tell us the bitter truth all the same. The position of a reluctant and reversionary realist, one whose speaking out, as far as it goes, is no concession to progressive thought but a return to the eighteenth century, is worthy of more investigation than Mr. Elwin has bestowed on it. But how well Mr. Elwin can do in describing Thackeray's emotional situations may be seen in this excerpt from his account of his relations with Mrs. Brookfield:

"Thackeray surrendered to her charm like a sufferer from insomnia succumbing to an opiate. He was pitifully lonely and alone. He had married for love and enjoyed domestic happiness long enough to learn its irreplaceable value. His young wife's devotion and interest in his work only emphasised the magnitude of his loss. From childhood his mother had encouraged in him a reliance upon feminine

counsel, consolation and confidence; he still loved and confided in her, but he no longer felt complete accord of sympathy with her, for she was growing old, full of fads, and obsessed with devotional doctrines. He craved communion with a woman of his own generation, of his own habit of life, who could appreciate his problems and realise his point of view. He wanted that which a wife only can give with complete satisfaction, for he represented the intrinsically masculine type of man to whom a woman is the natural complement."

He is quick too in noting the little matters in which Thackeray emotionally gives himself away, as when he records Thackeray's numbering of the hours by what Mrs. Brookfield would be doing at that time.

Mr. Elwin is good again in pointing out how a certain Bohemian attitude towards work persisted with Thackeray. It would be exaggeration to say that but for luck Thackeray might in a literary sense have gone the way of Maginn, but it is true enough that to the end he regarded being in advance of the printer's immediate requirements as a triumph entitling him to some sort of celebration and to being late next time. He notes too the effect on Thackeray's work of writing in all sorts of places and with the spurtiness of the journalist. Criticism is hardly his business, but he might perhaps have observed how salutary were the effects on Thackeray of adopting a convention, the convention of "Barry Lyndon" or the convention of "Esmond."

The few but highly notorious literary squabbles of Thackeray are handled with care by Mr. Elwin, though he does become very odd in phraseology when he tells us that "the insect" Yates was "the scapegoat" not of a quarrel between the two novelists, but of Dickens's struggle to sustain his self-respect. The charge of snobbery is duly noted and answered. The facts are indeed simple: when Thackeray took to frequenting what is called good society he was merely resuming a place that belonged to him by birth, by education and by right of early experience. Mr. Elwin might have added that it was impossible for the novelist of society to ignore all opportunities of studying his subject in order to continue superfluous further study of the Cyder Cellars and the Evanses, in which a monotonous if genial masculine society circulated. Note is also taken usefully, for this point is sometimes missed by biographers of Thackeray, that his attitude to money, and consequently to the work whereby he made it, was deeply affected by the ever-present memory of his early losses. Mr. Elwin quotes a letter written late in life by Thackeray to his mother:

"If I can work for 3 years now, I shall have put back my patrimony and a little over—after 30 years of ups and downs. I made a calculation the other day of receipts in the last 20 years and can only sum up about 32000*£* of moneys actually received, for which I have values and disbursement of 13000*£* so that I haven't spent at the rate of more than 1000*£* a year for 20 years. The profits of the lectures figure as the greatest of the receipts 9500*£*—Virginians 6—Vanity Fair only 2. 3 years more, please the Fates, and the girls will then have the 8 or 10000 a piece that I want for them; and we mustn't say a word against filthy lucre, for I see the use and comfort of it every day more and more. What a blessing not to mind about bills!"

Thackeray had very little of the zest of the material achievement; he was merely putting back the money that had been there. To turn to quite other matters, Mr. Elwin provides us with a fuller and more discriminating bibliography than has hitherto been easily available, the nearest approach to a complete bibliography being the privately printed and virtually unobtainable catalogue of the collection made by Mr. Henry Sayre van Duzer. This may not altogether satisfy the purists, but it is decidedly a convenience for the ordinary reader, not least because it reminds us of the large amount of attractive miscellaneous work which we all know to be within the covers of any complete edition but which most of us forget to look up again. Was there ever a novelist who arrived with so much of the luggage of the essayist, of the writer of parody, and, best of all, of the light poet?

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Arthur Waugh**Lemon Verbena, and Other Essays.**

By E. V. Lucas. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Candelabra: Selected Essays and Addresses.

By John Galsworthy. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The art of the essay has one essential quality in common with that of the sonnet: its efficiency and its effect depend almost entirely upon its construction. Of course, there are dozens of so-called essays that simply have no construction, wandering passages of prose argument and dissertation, so utterly without form as to be almost void. But these are not true essays at all. The essay, properly understood, groups itself round a central idea, introduces and develops it, crystallises into a dominating impression, and then sinks back upon a valedictory reflection. The art may be so subtle as scarcely to be perceptible; but the practised craftsman will always detect its presence and appreciate its skill.

Among contemporary practitioners of this craft Mr. E. V. Lucas has long been recognised as the most finished master, and the freshness of his approach seems inexhaustible. It would almost seem as though he thought in terms of the essay, and went through life shaping every new impression into essay form. Nothing that he notices by the way is too trivial to afford him material. The discovery of some old book upon a stall, the recurrence of an anniversary, even a change in the week's weather will set his fancy loose upon the trail. Every year brings at least one new volume bearing his name, and the old familiar charm revives afresh. His work is a constant example of the triumph of form over effort.

"Lemon Verbena" contains specimens of most of its author's moods, and there is entertainment (and profit) in them all. Take for example the essay called "The Last to Call Him Charley"; it is in the biographical vein, and a most happy illustration of the building up of a portrait from a stray reminder. Mr. Lucas has acquired a miniature of Randal Norris (1731-1827), the friend whose death was commemorated by Elia in the touching phrase: "To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart." There is little to recount of Randal Norris, but Mr. Lucas makes that little live. It is by strokes like these that memories are preserved. And what a quaint and curious world is recalled by the prospectus of the girls' school kept by Norris's daughters at Widford, near Ware, where "Young Ladies" were "boarded and instructed in English, History, Geography, and Needlework," for thirty guineas per annum, and among the extras, charged at a guinea each per quarter, was "painting on velvet and satin," while it was "requested that each Lady bring a silver Table Spoon, and six Towels." There seems to have been no extra charge for baths, but washing cost three pounds a year.

Something in the same vein are the reflections aroused by a second-hand bookseller's catalogue, letting loose a

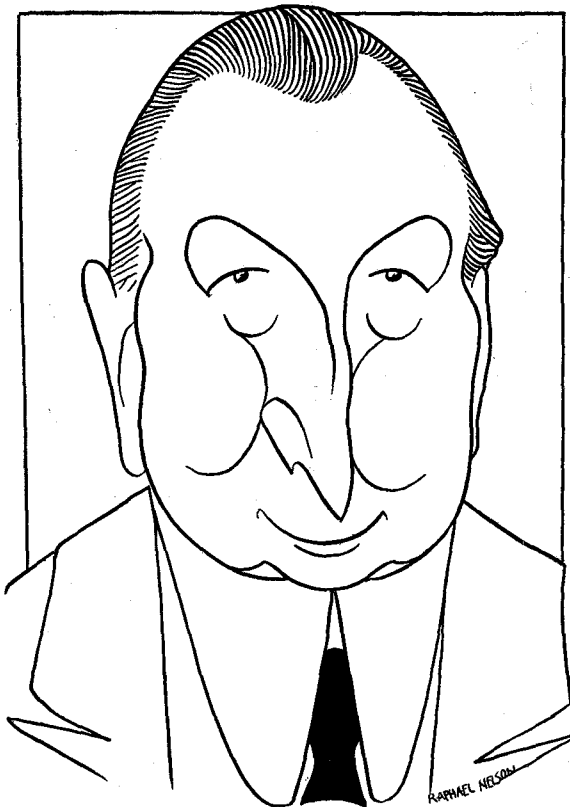
flow of notes about three old favourites of the middle-aged. Who that is over fifty does not remember the drawing-books of Harrison Weir, the fairy-tale illustrations of Alfred Crowquill, or the delicious Mrs. Brown of Arthur Sketchley, that "voluble middle-class Victorian matron in a bonnet who had views on everything that was happening . . . more urbane and less self-righteous than Mrs. Caudle, but owing something to that elderly vixen"? But how many also know that Mrs. Brown's "onlie begetter" was once Curate of Camberwell, and an army coach, who deserted to the Church of Rome, and yet preserved his sense of humour, bubbling over in middle age into the jovial satirist of suburban matriarchy? Happy is the name that recaptures Mr. Lucas's attention; it is secure of a second blooming of no uncertain charm.

Mr. Galsworthy's essays belong to another order, and are aimed deliberately at a different sort of effect. They are, for the most part, arguments, demonstrations, theses in little, the natural companions of the lecture-room rather than of the easy chair. "Essays and Addresses," says their author, "are supposed to be enlightening; that is why I have called the selection of them 'Candelabra.' But whether the candles are alight is for the reader rather than myself to judge." Most certainly they are alight: they glow with a "hard, gem-like flame," but it is the steady light of philosophic thought, not the flickering gleam of fancy. Mr. Galsworthy looks out upon a familiar scene, as the evening closes in, and moralises the changing moods invoked by the failing light, and the mystic melancholy of evening. "What is this Universe," he asks, "but a myriad striving to perfect

pictures, never the same, so blending and fading into one another, that all form one great perfect picture? And what are we—ripples on the tides of a birthless, deathless, equiposed Creative Purpose, but little works of Art?"

These essays also are little works of art, delicately balanced and harmonious, but they belong to that school of Art which keeps close touch with Ethics. It might be not unfairly said that, whenever Mr. Galsworthy observes, he meditates, and that his meditation takes instinctively the philosophic path. A typical example of his mental process will be found in his "Diagnosis of the Englishman" in the present volume; and it is a far-seeing, penetrating analysis. Not without its flashes of humour, it is mainly serious; its sympathy is genuine but critical; and it succeeds in drawing as complete a map of the English temperament as the reader is likely to find on any printed page.

Or take his Presidential Address to the English Association—in many respects a model of its kind. The subject is "Expression," the very bond of all literary virtues, and it is explored with untiring curiosity and zest. The discussion ranges over wide tracks of the literary scene; samples and tabulates contrasted types of exaggeration and understatement; illustrates character and dissects style, and all without the troublesome taints of pedagogy and dogmatism. Finally, it closes with a wise appeal,



E. V. Lucas.

From a drawing by Raphael Nelson.

which all young writers would do well to take to heart, for "the attire of language braced and brushed and fit to meet all glances. For our language is on view as never language was," and it demands of the living generation, to whose care it is entrusted, the reverence of all those who love their country, and who ought to reckon it the first and last duty of their service to employ their mother tongue, however modest the capacity, with vigour, dignity and grace.

"E. V." REMEMBERS

Reading, Writing and Remembering.

By E. V. Lucas, C.H. 15s. (Methuen.)

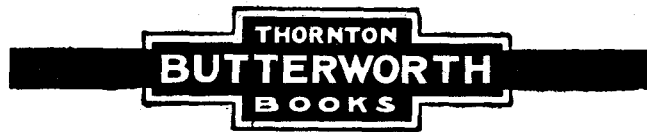
According to the list prefixed to the title, this is Mr. Lucas's seventy-seventh book. He is the perfect craftsman of letters, and no one deserved better the recognition accorded to him at the last distribution of honours. Sheridan is credited with the line "But easy writing's curst hard reading." The converse should then show that Mr. Lucas takes infinite pains with his writing, for he is so easy to read.

Mr. Lucas has evidently had a happy life, for he says he has never written anything he has not had pleasure in writing. In these reminiscences he tells us little about his life, but all about what he has read and written. He started on a Brighton paper as a journalist, came to London as a young man, and has since then known every writer of any worth, while himself writing essays, anthologies, stories, verse, travel, biography and art criticism. Mr. Lucas's meiosis is often very neat; in speaking of G. A. Sala, that young lion of the *Daily Telegraph*, he repeats the well-known story of how Levy Lawson used to lock him up with a bottle of gin, and not release him until he had produced his leader. Only Mr. Lucas calls the bottle "the proper ration of refreshment."

One of Mr. Lucas's inspirers was the late W. Paton Ker, of whom an excellent likeness forms the frontispiece of his book. Ker is also known as an ally of W. E. Henley, but he has not yet received the heed he deserves. Another University College professor he admired was A. E. Housman; of Alphonse Legros he knew little; one of his peculiarities was his inordinate love of toast. It is pleasant to hear that Edward VII did once read a book—it was "Called Back"—for Sir Sidney Lee in his biography appears to deny he ever did. Robertson Nicoll is justly appraised, if not as humorously as in Mr. John Buchan's "Castle Gay"; but Mr. Lucas is far too kind to Edmund Gosse.

His first book was a set of verses called "Sparks from a Flint," a title not chosen by him but by Howe & Co., the publishers. It is a rare book now and sells for many times its published price; collectors of Lucasiana find it difficult to obtain. His first prose book was a *Life of Bernard Barton*, the Quaker poet; and this led him straight to Lamb, his *Life of whom* is recognised as his masterpiece. He goes on to talk of Algernon Stedman, afterwards Methuen, a strange case of a teacher becoming a prosperous publisher; of Conrad, *The Academy* and Lewis Hind; of Barrie and Arnold Bennett, of his delightful satirical pamphlets written in collaboration with C. L. Graves, which will become the rariora of future bibliographers; of William de Morgan, the Great War and, last but not least, of his association with *Punch*. This book should be read by all who have the slightest nodding acquaintance with modern letters. To the older generation it will bring back happy memories of the not-so-naughty nineties. To the young it will show that their elders were not quite so flabby and ineffectual a crowd as they pretend to think. Mr. Lucas, as the clever writer he is, keeps his best points for the last—his portrait in 1931, his quatrain on the hard-hitting cricketer, his rhymed telegram to Lady Noble on her hundredth birthday, with her reply, and a witty epitaph by G. K. Chesterton.

DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.



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SCOTT, THE MAN

By Hugh I'Anson Fausset

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott : 1787-1807.

Edited by H. J. C. Grierson, assisted by Davidson Cook, W. M. Parker and others. Centenary edition. 18s. (Constable.)

Sir Walter Scott To-Day : Some Retrospective Essays and Studies.

Edited by H. J. C. Grierson. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

Sir Walter's Post-Bag : More Stories and Sidelights from his unpublished Letter-Books.

Written and selected by Wilfrid Partington. Foreword by Hugh Walpole. 16s. (Murray.)

*A Room in Abbotsford, 1832.*

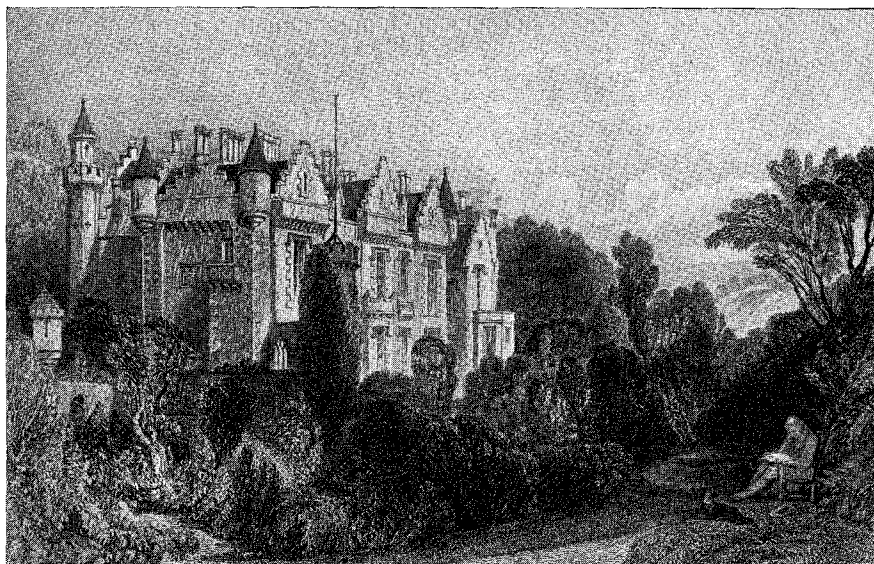
Centenaries are more apt to evoke characterless homage than criticism or new discoveries of value. But Scott's would seem to be an exception. This may be due to the fact that he was beyond question a great man, and his vital manhood compels a vital response in those who approach him, even if they are fully armed with the principles of literary criticism. Certainly the happiest result of this Scott centenary year, as Mr. Hugh Walpole remarks, "has been that it has led to the rediscovery of Scott the human being." And to this rediscovery the three books on our list contribute much. The first is only the opening volume of a work which is likely to be completed in ten volumes. Hitherto we have possessed only those of Scott's letters, which Lockhart quoted and to some extent manipulated by omissions in his "Life," and the two volumes of "Familiar Letters," edited by Mr. David Douglas in the same spirit and published nearly sixty years after. But when Professor Grierson has finished his task (and we could not wish for a more tested and trustworthy editor), we shall have as complete and exact a collection of all the discoverable letters of any importance as the most painstaking research can provide. The letters contained in this first volume, written between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six, have not the intrinsic interest which will attach to those of Scott's middle and later period, although they reveal incidentally for the first time an earlier love affair than that with Williamina Batches, which left such a deep impression on his life. Scott was an impulsive letter-writer, but he was seldom in the deeper sense a revealing one. His letters however are a mine of biographical reference and reflect in every paragraph his generous and infectious virility.

The present volume contains too a very admirable introduction by Professor Grierson. He wishes it to be regarded as in the main provisional

and hopes later to revise and extend it. But as a piece of careful appreciation by one who knows the folly of substituting censure for an effort to understand, but whose eyes are open to the faults as well as the virtues of his subject, it is anything but provisional. Much of it has to do with Scott's unfortunate dealings with the Ballantynes and with Constable and Cadell, and it is followed by a special memorandum on Scott's financial transactions contributed by Mr. James Glenn. I must confess that, not being a Scotsman, I have hitherto found it difficult to take much interest in the details of the Ballantyne affair, while realising its tragic and heroic consequences in Scott's life. But Professor Grierson succeeds in raising it above the level of tangled commerce and uses it to reveal with remarkable insight the blend of the dreamer and the practical man of the world which Scott was both as a man and a creator. We are too apt to forget that the strong and active man of the world and Laird of Abbotsford had grown out of a child of unusual delicacy and sensibility. "This side of his character," Professor Grierson writes, "he studied to suppress, as contact with his robustious brothers . . . the brutalities of the High School yards, and finally the companionship of young Edinburgh advocates, a tough race intellectually, taught him what the world of men was really like, and what it thought of the dreamer. It was quite deliberately that he set himself to be 'roaring boy,' and later a man of the world, so that when he took up authorship as his business it was, as he tells us, with the resolution 'to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society.'"

To this resolution, persistently maintained in the whole scheme of his life, he owed both his strength and his weakness alike as a man and a writer. For the sensitive dreamer, thus suppressed rather than really reconciled with the practical sagacious man, remained a secret and a dangerous rebel, ready to break out and find the satisfaction denied to him in acts of reckless or careless improvidence. The Ballantyne-Constable affair was his great opportunity. The man of affairs was lulled by unexampled success into a false sense of security. The dreamer engulfed him in bankruptcy.

But the same maladjustment between the dreamer and the practical man is reflected in Scott's writing. It would be unfair to say, as many have done, that his mediævalism was nothing more than stage property and his historical realism pseudo-romance. Yet, even Professor Grierson admits that he lacked the power to reproduce the

*Abbotsford.*

atmosphere of the Middle Ages or the illusion of the mediæval. What he did was to bring humanity out of the past into the present, because he was concerned with what was constant in human nature. Nevertheless the realist in him was never perfectly reconciled with the romanticist, and so his imagination was limited in its power of penetration into human life. The dreamer could indulge in a play of picturesque fancy, as he painted the stage-scenery of the past, while the practical man put his veto upon the deeper passions and sympathies that convulsed the heart of man and particularly of woman in the present. To think of Scott as shallow is doubtless, as Mr. Bell asserts in the essay on Scott and Cervantes which he contributes to the second volume under review, "a tremendous blunder of criticism." Yet I question his claim that Scott possessed a serenity "achieved through conflict and agony by means of that gift of humour which is the power to see both sides and bind their incongruous antagonisms into a harmonious unity." For humour does not serve as midwife when real serenity is born of conflict and agony. Rather it is itself the child of compromise, the compensation we fall back upon when we fail really to resolve the incongruous antagonisms in life and in our own natures and are content to balance them as skilfully and philosophically as we can. And both Scott's humour and his pathos sprang from such an unresolved antagonism between the two sides of his nature, an antagonism which he tried to transcend by incessant outgoing activity but which deprived him of profound inward insight. Goethe, with his equal appreciation of action and inwardness, divined Scott's limitations clearly, and Professor Gandolf's essay on "Scott and Goethe" is for this reason perhaps the most illuminating in a volume of substantial and varied interest. Yet Scott is no less lovable as man and writer, although he was neither a Titan, judged by Continental standards, nor a Faustian. And his radically English outlook did not prevent him, as Professor Gordon shows, from influencing Balzac or from repaying the debt he owed to Cervantes, as Mr. Bell points out, by inspiring the Spanish novelist, Pereda. Elsewhere Professor Rait deals with Dr. McCrie's criticism of Scott's treatment of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality" and with the larger question of his disinterestedness as an historical novelist; Mr. Lewis Spence considers him as a student of tradition and of occult lore, and Miss Edith Batho as a mediævalist and editor of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," while Mr. Hugh Walpole reviews the fortunes of the historical novel in England since his day. Whatever aspect of Scott's manifold work is considered, the struggle between his common sense and the impulses of his romantic imagination inevitably obtrudes itself, and these essays are of particular value for showing with what industry and sincerity he strove for an honest working agreement between them.

The last volume on my list is a sequel to "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott," published two years ago. It contains a further selection from the vast correspondence received by Scott from all sorts and kinds of people. Mr. Partington has once again gone through the unpublished quartos, this time chronologically, and with an eye for the more trivial but also the more human and confidential details. And he has woven these by running explanatory comment into a story which takes us most delightfully into the private life of Scott from 1796 to 1831, revealing the diversity of the interests that he aroused, the demands that were made upon him, and the unfailing kindness with which he met them. It is a most companionable book, admirably illustrated with portraits of the more notable correspondents. And in its unpretentious way it reveals, reflected in the mirror of those who addressed him, the image of one who, in Professor Grierson's words, was "no saint, perhaps no hero—but a man, a man with all his faults as lovable as he was great."

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FROWARD HOMUNCULUS

Northcliffe as seen by one of his Editors

By

Francis Watson

With Northcliffe in Fleet Street.

By J. A. Hammerton. 19s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The other day there appeared in a popular daily paper an article ominously headed "The Good Companions," and written by the editor of the Sunday paper run by the same firm. These "Good Companions" were supposed



Photo by
R. J. McKenzie.

Sir J. A. Hammerton.

to be the various journalists whose work was starred every Sunday, and the public was given to understand what a brilliant and what a lovable lot of men they were. The titled social gossip, the "great English humorist," the "crusader of modern journalism," the racing correspondent who slips in a few articles on religion as a variant

—here they all were, "and how fine they are you may realise when I say that in all these years of the closest association I have never heard two of them exchange an angry word."

This touching aura of nobility hovers almost visibly above the head of the Tabloid King as Sir John Hammerton jots down his random reminiscences of Northcliffe and himself. "The Chief" was irritable and irritating, moody, obstinate, unreliable, but oh, how we loved him! To what prodigies of effort and achievement we spurred ourselves in the sacred cause of journalism!

There have already been several books about Lord Northcliffe. Anything in the nature of a definitive biography is yet to be written, and I suppose it is too much to hope that the man who writes it will be free of this inevitable Fleet Street atmosphere. But until such a book does appear we must accept the evidence that is put before us. And from Sir John Hammerton's examination Northcliffe does not emerge with much credit. The writer is certainly frank about his employer's idiosyncrasies, but this would not necessarily subtract very much from the stature of a superman. The devastating thing is that, while the sidelights on a quixotic character have a damning effect, the vague effusions thrown in at the close of every incident fail entirely to redress the balance, leaving only the mathematical figures of success to indicate that Northcliffe was anything more than an extraordinarily fortunate eccentric.

"Wherein then lay his power? As well ask why could William Shakespeare write his plays." This is not a helpful beginning, and the strain is continued throughout the book. It is of little use to those who are prepared, in face of all other evidence, to acknowledge some sort of greatness in Northcliffe if they are given the chance. The type of German cigar which "the Chief" favoured, the weak pleasantries which he apparently exchanged with his editors, the frugal lunch and so on—these may be worth mention as embroideries after some explanation of the man and his achievement has been given. In themselves they are merely fatiguing. But Northcliffe's "personal touch" idea is rebounding upon himself after his death, for his biographers must needs write these bright, intimate, meaningless accounts of a figure whom they are content to leave, surrounded by all the spurious romance of Fleet Street, in the dim, perfumed background. So complete is Sir John Hammerton's allegiance to the mystic penumbra fetish that he must needs see a parallel to Byron's lameness in Northcliffe's big feet, and piously record, after

describing the climb to the peerage by the purchase of the *Manchester Courier*, that "we all felt that, as the maker of modern journalism, he had better earned it than the many gentlemen who were scrambling into the Upper Chamber on beer barrels and whisky casks." But beer and whisky, one is tempted to reflect are, at least in reasonable quantities, nourishing.

If it be true that Northcliffe saved *The Times* from complete collapse, here is solid and valuable work that must silence his detractors. But in this book the matter is scarcely mentioned. Instead we are expected to build up a regard for the "founder of modern journalism" on the circulation figures of the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News* and the bottled culture supplied by the Harmsworth Press publications. It is true that a word is thrown in in praise of the noble prose of the *Daily Mail* leaders, which are defended against the sneers of "highbrows."

These Harmsworth Press publications—culture in fortnightly parts for middle-class snobs—occupy most of the author's attention, and in the second part of the book, which is almost entirely about himself, he gives an interesting picture of the methods by which the idea blossomed, in almost every case, into the profitable article. The figures of production and profit of the "Harmsworth Encyclopædia," "The War Illustrated," "The World's Famous Pictures," "Our King and Queen" and so on, are certainly, to borrow a word from the Amalgamated Press vocabulary, "breath-taking." And it is quite evident that Northcliffe was wonderfully well served by Sir John Hammerton, whose talent lay very definitely in this direction. There were failures of course—for some reason the public refused to take the classics of literature in carefully measured doses, and "The World's Great Books in Outline" flopped—but these were few and insignificant in the sum of enormous successes. An appendix "printed here in no vainglorious spirit" shows that the total sale of such works in fortnightly and weekly parts exceeded two hundred million copies, with an additional one and a quarter millions of bound volumes.

To the Carmelites it must seem rank blasphemy to question, in face of these statistics, the value of such enterprises. For the amazing energy with which they were brought out seems to have been assisted in no small degree by some idea that the world at large was benefited thereby. Of course there were nice fat profits, but it was the work which counted, the education of a nation, of more than one nation.

Sir John Hammerton himself has written a long book on Meredith, and he is at pains to show that, in certain cases, the men who were responsible for these vast "educational" ventures could themselves lay some claim to an education. Pathetically he draws our attention to Viscount Rothermere, discovered one day deep in "Dombey and Son"—a subject which might interest Thomas Derrick for one of his "Literary Gents" studies. Northcliffe himself seems to have felt at one time that there should be something "more thoughtful" about his papers, but the adjective puzzled Sir John to such an extent that we have no chance to follow the proprietor in this startling departure. Perhaps some day someone will tell us just what Northcliffe meant by it, for it is exciting to think that he is known to have used the word.

One last picture of Sir John Hammerton at work with Northcliffe. Here it is, in his own words, describing the difficulties of preparing the "Masterpiece Library of Short Stories": "Many a time, after weeks of hunting and correspondence with France, Italy or America, I would get a copy of a story, which Professor Saintsbury or Edmund Gosse had read many years before and thought I should include, only to find that the wretched thing was fifteen or eighteen thousand words in length and quite inadmissible."

There really should be a rule about the length of masterpieces!



From "WITH NORTHCLIFFE IN FLEET STREET"
By J. A. Hammerton
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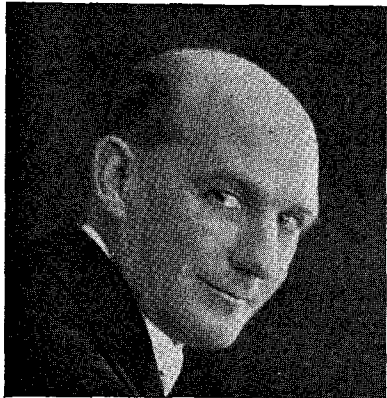
South America To-day

By
Douglas Goldring**South America : a Continent of Contrasts.**

By Kasimir Edschmid. Translated from the German by Oakley Williams. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

A Wayfarer in Denmark.

By Georg Bröchner. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)



W. R. Calvert.

Family Holiday.

By W. R. Calvert. 5s. (Putnams.)

The Call of the Southern Cross.

By A. S. Wadia, M.A. 6s. (Dent.)

Mr. Edschmid, a German novelist of distinction, recently set off to explore the continent of South America. He had an open and inquiring mind and, so one gathers, no previous

first-hand knowledge of the country. His adventures have enabled him to produce a book of vivid impressions, devoid of padding and of a continuous and absorbing interest. He writes in the third person, and for the purpose of his narrative gives himself the name "Goehrs." Goehrs's first "discovery" was that "the Yankees . . . had now grown into the great imperialistic menace of the continent." It was not, as he claims, "unique"—General Rafael de Nogales and many North American opponents of "Dollar Diplomacy" made it years ago—but it provides him with a useful point of departure in his tour of investigation. "Would the Yankees swallow South America, or would it prove to be the destiny of the South American half-breed nations one of these days to make the North play second fiddle?" Goehrs did not know, but he proposed to come to grips with the problem in the course of the ensuing months.

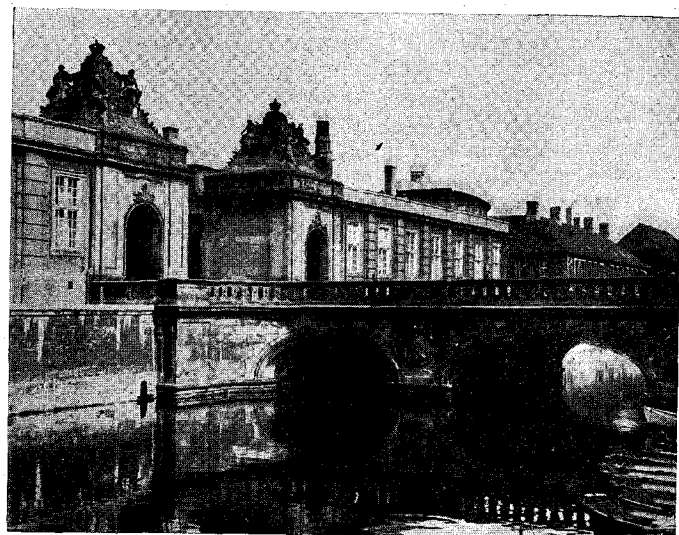
Come to grips with it he does, in Panama, Colombia, Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, the Argentine and Brazil, but he can hardly be said to answer his own rhetorical question. For while he shows us how throughout South America the Wall Street imperialists are getting a stranglehold on the natural resources of the different republics, he also reveals the growing hostility of the people towards the United States. In Valparaiso Goehrs has an illuminating conversation with a German acquaintance. "In the old days," said Goehrs, "England was the strong man in Chile, was it not?" "Yes," said the little man, "but England is dropping out in South America everywhere nowadays—even in Argentina. England has no money left and has its hands full with its own colonies and Dominions. England is taking a step to the rear wherever it comes into contact with the Yankees. The Yankees are the only people with money to lend and, when they do lend it, they know why they are doing it and what they want for it. The American banks have instructions to incur substantial losses every year, only to remain in business. And in this way the Yankees are scooping out the whole of South America. It is a regular system of economic colonisation—and anyone who knows the Yankees knows that this colonisation by cash is far more formidable than

the English methods which tackled it with rifles. That is why all Chileans without exception hate all foreigners—because all foreigners are people who are making money in Chile and taking it out of the country, and have all the natural resources of Chile in pawn."

This makes no pretensions of being a profound work, but it gives a wonderfully comprehensive picture of the South American continent as it is to-day. The short chapters on the Incas and their conquerors, in the Peruvian section, are admirable.

Denmark has long been a favoured protégé of Great Britain. We are the largest purchasers of its eggs and bacon and butter. (By way of reciprocity, it has the impudence to tax Englishmen, who go to Denmark to do business, at the rate of one hundred crowns for any period up to forty-five days!) Recent events have caused the Danes to show some anxiety to cultivate their customers' goodwill, and if the result of their propaganda should be to increase the tourist traffic between England and Denmark, so much the better for all concerned. Copenhagen is far and away the most attractive of the Northern capitals, and deserves its nickname, "the Paris of the North." Mr. Georg Bröchner writes with enthusiasm of his native country, but his chapters on art and architecture, and on food and drink, hardly do justice to Denmark. He makes no mention of the delightful "Hirschsprungs Musæum," nor of that admirable example of modern Danish architecture the new Police Head-quarters in Copenhagen. He refers to a café which "makes a specialty of German beer," but says not a word about the glorious products of the Tuborg and Carlsberg breweries, which most Danes and many foreigners hold to be unsurpassed. There are also surprising omissions in his list of Copenhagen restaurants, while in a book intended for British tourists some mention might have been made of the seaside resorts near the capital, such as for example Hornbæk.

In "Family Holiday," Mr. W. R. Calvert has written a pleasant and "chatty" description of a little tour in a second-hand car affectionately nicknamed "Old Mole." Old Mole conducts its three occupants from London to the Wye Valley, from Aberystwyth to Chester, from Chester to Hereford and Gloucester, with sundry divagations. "The Call of the Southern Cross," by Professor A. S. Wadia, will not add much to the reader's knowledge of Australia and New Zealand. These notes of a four months' tour might with advantage have been printed privately for circulation among the author's pupils and friends.

From *A Wayfarer in Denmark*By Georg Bröchner
(Methuen).

THE MARBLE BRIDGE.

LAWRENCE IN ETRURIA

Etruscan Places.

By D. H. Lawrence. 15s. (Secker.)

There is a sonority and edge in Lawrence's writing which makes the briefest of his books a thing to wonder over. He would deplore our wonder. Why? Because it is a sign of our sense of awe at what is not even normal and healthy. For the surprising thing is that Lawrence keeps including himself among those whose responses to life have become dulled and deadened. All his later books are denunciations of the modern lack of life, of animal spirits, of ease, of freedom from fear of one's equally fearful fellows. Or, alternatively, they present pictures to show us the way to live; pictures of people who lived gaily from their hearts and yet were strong and in no danger of getting swamped by hysteria. Hysteria, whether due to wild spirits or fear, is a sign that something is disorganised for the moment. Men are all hysterical nowadays, Lawrence would say, when they try to be lively. Therefore let us read into the past and learn how people who are dead and gone were not the uninteresting barbarians whom we vaguely feel had to be so that we, the élite, could come to birth.

So Lawrence gives us another travel book, only this time a travel book dealing with the Etruscan tombs—surely a gloomy theme for him. But no, far from being a fine and private place, the Etruscan tomb is "a charming, cosy little room," full of charming pictures, and inviting to the ingoer who is not disposed to be put off by a first impression of scratched and faded paint.

Lawrence writes mostly of the tombs because the cities themselves were built of wood and so have vanished. The modern equivalents to these he indicates, and is saddened thereby.

Beginning with two southern cities, Caere and Tarquinia, he goes on to the north. But he is disappointed by the desolated ruins at Vulci, and at Volterra the weather is bad and the place bleaker than he can stomach. And of the first two chapters it is the second and longest one keeps remembering. Lawrence obviously loved the Tarquinian attitude to life and death; the feeling that death is only a stage in life, and that life on earth should be easy, gay, strong. He sees much cosiness and gaiety inside the tombs at Tarquinia—those tombs that stood like a fellow-city to the city of the living, on a neighbouring hill—and he spends care in helping us imagine them as they are. His descriptions of the painted tombs are marvellously precise: that is, they light up the photographs in the book and make one want more of this.

And sometimes his prose passes into declamation that is splendid. Impossible to convey how he uses the imaged fables of the Etruscans so as to bring home to us that the earth, the sea, and the sun hide as profound a religion as any cult of gods and goddesses, and that the creatures thereof by the mere fact of moving and living are oracular to the wise. How he does this is a mystery; but perhaps Lawrence would jib at that and say angrily: No mystery, if you are ready to be just sensible and really alert. ARTHUR BALL.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION. By Lloyd C. Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Bobby Merrick, a young American with money and good appearance, plunged into pleasure, took overmuch to drink and bade fair to become a first-class wastrel. A dramatic rescue from death jerks him back to his senses; but his life, alas, is saved at the cost of the life of an eminent brain specialist. Mr. Douglas's novel proceeds to show us Merrick forsaking his sins as he makes his way very surely towards fame as a great doctor. Then through the story too runs the love of Merrick for the young widow of the man whose life was lost, and his discovery of the secret of the strange influence for good of that man's actions. This is a very full story, slangy and crisp, and this "note" gives but a bare outline of the detailed record of the intertwining of the lives of the group of men and women concerned. Only on the last page of the book does Dr. Merrick win Helen Hudson; but he does win her, and in an amusingly audacious way.

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MAJESTY OF THE LAW

By Gilbert Armitage

My Own Way.

By His Honour Sir Edward Parry. 15s. (Cassell.)

I think it was Chief Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale, who extenuated his late arrival at an evening party on the ground that he had been unable to tear himself away from the hearing of a "beautiful demurrer." In that phrase the Chief Baron reveals an almost æsthetic veneration for our legal system, not easily comprehensible by the lay public, and found, I should say, with progressively diminishing frequency even among lawyers. Sir Edward Parry, for example (to judge from his agreeable book of reminiscences), would appear to be entirely devoid of any such feeling, and in this, as in his preponderating interest in the practical and "human," as opposed to the theoretical, aspect of the law, he is no doubt in accord with the general trend of modern sentiment. Nevertheless our critical standards in these days are not so austere or so impeccable as to make it safe to infer from this alone that the contrary attitude is necessarily bad, or the feelings producing it unworthy. Indeed the unspeakable vulgarity of many phases of contemporary life have already inspired a section of the more intelligent and educated elements in the population, who repudiate with horror the growing doctrine of the divine right of mediocracy and ignorance, with a new respect for the value of tradition.

One of the most notable products of our national tradition, and—for it must be remembered that it provides the basis of the legal systems of the United States and of the six Dominions—one of the most important contributions of our race to civilisation as a whole, is the English Common Law. That alone, I suggest, gives it a good title to the regard and affection of thinking people. But it is not only, or even chiefly, as an historical survival that the Common Law should commend itself to us; but rather as a living and developing system, which, since it was created to satisfy our peculiar needs in the past, is best capable, as modified—though always in accordance with its own principles—to meet altered conditions and requirements, of serving us as a nation in the future.

Notwithstanding these considerations however, the law is subjected to a good deal of hostile criticism, some of it obviously justifiable, much of it less so. As an example of the first kind I would cite the subjects of divorce, and proceedings, and especially costs, against the Crown. The less obviously justifiable strictures deserve rather more detailed attention. Professor Laski (in an article in the *New Statesman and Nation*, September 10th) says: "It cannot be too clearly understood that the tradition of the Common Law makes the judges, simply because they are bound by precedent, a part of the protective rampart of a capitalist society." Probably those of us who do not envy the fate of the Russian intelligentsia would be inclined to support the Bench as against the Professor.

Sir Edward Parry, who has written elsewhere in favour of law reform, is not a Bolshevik. His kick against the law is that of a simple and kindly man who is shocked at the hardships sometimes involved through its agency, which as a County court judge for thirty-three years (1894-1911 at Manchester, and 1911-1927 at Lambeth) he must have had an almost unequalled opportunity of observing. In particular he has always been concerned with the problem of the law as it affects the poorer classes, on which subject he wrote a series of articles, afterwards collected into a book, for the *Sunday Chronicle* just before the War. As a result of this preoccupation he seems to have devoted far more patience, sympathy and understanding than most men would be capable of to the hearing of the trivial causes, often argued with a plethora of confusing irrelevance by the litigants in person, of which so much of the business of a County court consists. Often, no doubt, in such cases substantial justice can only be done by means of a discreet neglect of the strict rules of evidence and procedure. As Sir Edward writes: "The judge puts his legal telescope to his blind eye. He

listens to everything and everybody, and both sides speaking at once. He takes a hand at the game himself, with such worldly knowledge of the man in the street as he happens to possess, and in the end gropes his way through a mass of prejudice, hearsay, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, and conveniently forgets that no one has complied with this section of a statute, or that rule or that order, and business of a kind is done." Yet sensible and even necessary as such a dispensation with formality may be on occasion, is there not a hint discernible in the learned gentleman's words of the destructive glee of the reformer, the zealot, in the spoliation of an ancient and honourable structure? Does he not appear, in his anxiety to make his tribunal "a sort of home from home," as he avows elsewhere in this book, to be "conveniently forgetting" that it is also and primarily a Court of Law?

The old dictum that "hard cases make bad law" applies with especial force to the attitude of Sir Edward Parry. Faced as he was daily in his judicial work with cases in which the complicated process of the law appeared at times cumbrous or inequitable in its application to the individual lives of poor people, he seems to have grown somewhat contemptuous and impatient of the intricacies and technicalities of the system itself. Such an attitude would not be surprising in a superficial efficiency-fan, tainted with the Wellsian heresy—how out of date it seems now! but in a distinguished member of the legal profession it can hardly pass unnoticed. The most probable explanation is, perhaps, that close diurnal contact with the working of the law in one particular sphere has resulted in a certain distortion of his mental perspective. After all, the law is not framed solely for the settlement of petty family squabbles. In any civilised community the number, variety and complexity of relationships which it is the business of the law to order and classify in a single coherent system, necessitates a complexity in the law at least equal to that of the relationships it seeks to regulate. It follows that in the administration and extension of such a system, strict adherence to its basic principles, and meticulous precision in the interpretation of them, are essential, even though hardship to individuals may be involved thereby. A paternal or "Solomonic" manner of administering justice would result in chaos. And if, as Pitt said, "where law ends tyranny begins," it is certain that the principal bulwark of civil liberty (for what it is worth in an age of economic and mass dictatorship) is not so much the spirit as the letter of the law.

It is for these reasons then, as a person who believes that our society and historic civilisation are worth preserving, and who must therefore hope, though not, it must be confessed, with any great confidence, for their survival, that I deprecate hasty and ill-judged censure of what is, in any event, one of our more admirable institutions, and am by no means out of sympathy with the hero of the following anecdote, in whose chambers, by the way, Sir Edward was a pupil.

"Soon after Lord Alverstone was made Lord Chief Justice a case was being argued about Crown Office practice, in which branch of the law Danckwerts was a zealous expert, and a discussion arose which sort of writ ought to be issued: *mandamus*, *quo warranto*, or prohibition. Lord Alverstone expressed the opinion that something should be done quickly in the matter, and all these remedies were much the same thing, and adjourned the matter for the right one to be applied.

"Above the din and bustle of the court Danckwerts was heard solemnly soliloquising in the back row, in slow, measured tones: "*Mandamus*, a writ in the King's name commanding a specified act to be done! *Quo Warranto*, a writ against a person or corporation that has usurped a franchise! *Prohibition*, a writ to forbid any court to proceed! And the Lord Chief Justice of England thinks that 'all these remedies are much the same thing.' O Lord!"

THE STORY OF THE TANKS

Eyewitness.

By Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton

General Swinton, the author of "The Defence of Duffers Drift" and of "The Green Curve," stands in no need of any formal introduction. In the main his latest book deals with the birth and early life of the Tank. It is full not only of wit and humour, but of a faith, so steadfast in the face of apathy and difficulties as to evoke our admiration. All this will assure the author of as warm a welcome now as that sent him by General Elles (who commanded the Tanks at the Battle of Cambrai in November, 1917) in a telegram: "All ranks thank you. Your show.—Elles."

On September 7th, 1914, Lord Kitchener sent for General Swinton (then a Major), and sent him to France as official correspondent to write for the Press. On his arrival at G.H.Q. he records that "the Commander-in-Chief's nerves were plainly on edge, and it was difficult to make out whether he in principle approved or disapproved of the public being kept informed of the course of events." Fortunately General Swinton's tact enabled him to get on with his work. He at once appreciated the problem we were up against—machine guns and wire. "And vaguely," he records, "I pictured to myself some form of armoured vehicle, immune against bullets, which should be capable of destroying machine guns and of ploughing a way through wire. This picture, though not yet in focus and ill-defined, was the germ of the future tank."

On October 20th he saw Sir Maurice Hankey, who was quick to appreciate the implications of a stalemate and General Swinton's suggestion for dealing with it. Ten weeks later he was back again in England, only to learn from Sir Maurice Hankey that Lord Kitchener had scouted the idea of this machine-gun destroyer, and made it clear that the thing would receive no backing from him. "I could picture him," writes the author, "saying: 'I have already given my decision. You had better drop the thing.'" However, General Swinton and those who shared his views held to their faith, till finally, in January, 1916, the first pair of tanks duly made their appearance:

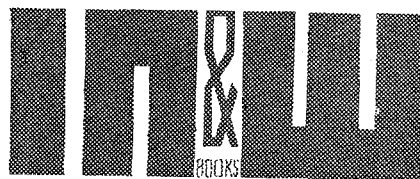
"As the pair of, shapeless masses nestled close together (in Hatfield Park this was), their appearance suggested a gigantic canvas-covered sow with a sucking-pig alongside her. And it was on that day that they received the names of 'Little' and 'Big' Willie."

Then followed the trials witnessed by members of the Government—the Army Council, the Admiralty and representatives from G.H.Q., France. All went well, but "Lord Kitchener was entirely sceptical." A few days later His Majesty came and saw a repetition of this trial, and expressed his satisfaction.

Coincident with the construction of the "Machine-gun Destroyer," the author's brain had been evolving the best method of employing them when made, and he gives *in extenso* his "Notes on the Employment of Tanks," copies of which were sent to the War Office in March, 1916, as well as to G.H.Q. "This," he writes, "I give here in full, notwithstanding its length, for it shows how much was foreseen in those early days." "It has an added interest in that it was upon the lines here laid down that the epoch-making Battle of Cambrai was fought on November 20th, 1917, twenty months after it was written. At that battle tanks were given their first chance. For fourteen months after they had reached France they were consistently misused."

Perhaps what those who read this book will find difficult is to remember throughout that it is written by General Swinton—for though he speaks in the first person singular, he has done it in such a way as to make the reader feel he is recounting not what he did but what others did. He is most generous to those who helped him, and equally tolerant with those who did not share his views.

COLONEL G. E. BADCOCK.

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HINDS LET LOOSE

Red Russia and the Breaking Up of Laws

By
Collin Brooks**An Economic History of Soviet Russia.**

By Lancelot Lawton. 2 vols. 25s. (Macmillan.)

Russia.

By Hans von Eckardt. With 13 maps and 127 illustrations and diagrams. 36s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Economics has never been considered other than a forbidding science, however fascinating the initiates discover it to be once enabled to clothe its symbols with imagination. But a work on the economics of Russia is as exciting as a volume of the Newgate Calendar and as revolting as the case-book of Krafft Ebing. Interspersed with figures of the advance and retardation of factory production are little vignettes of social retrogression guaranteed to turn the stomachs of the strongest.

"During this period the climax of horror was reached. In the cemeteries ghouls dug up corpses; several caught in the act were set upon and almost beaten to death. Parents and children, sisters and brothers killed each other. Prowlers of the night spread terror. Boys and girls were snatched from the street. With a promise of food, youths lured children into huts and slaughtered them with axes."

That might be a passage from some lesser known work of horror by "Monk" Lewis. It is actually a passage from Lancelot Lawton's "Economic History of Soviet Russia," in which the outbreak of cannibalism in 1921 is gravely discussed as an aspect of famine. It is indeed difficult to maintain a scientific economic detachment when the historical examination of an economic revolution wrought in the name of an oppressed people suddenly branches off into the legal examination of mothers accused of killing and eating their children.

You can no more make revolutions without breaking heads than you can make omelettes without breaking eggs. The philosopher or statesman surveying the fifteen-year-old experiment in Russia must set aside passion and eschew moral judgments. His task is to discover how certain men fared when they endeavoured to industrialise a rural and backward race after releasing it from a thralldom of despotic government which no other nation had suffered for some centuries.

Mr. Lawton rightly makes the early point that the lateness of serfdom in pre-revolutionary Russia was the measure of the country's retardation. When serfdom was formally abolished labour conditions had perforce to suffer an abominable transition period. "It could not be otherwise; having fallen centuries behind in the Middle Ages, Russia could not recover suddenly in 1861 by means of a ukase."

The revolt of 1917, followed by the excesses of ignorant men tasting personal freedom for the first time, was only a repetition of earlier history on a larger scale. At the emancipation of the serfs, upheaval followed.

"Many landed proprietors accustomed to cheap labour were ruined. Manorial houses were abandoned or converted into factories. Estates were neglected or sold to speculators. Beautiful gardens went out of cultivation and fine trees were cut down. Peasants misused their newly-won liberty and committed excesses that foreshadowed the revolutionary delirium of half a century later."

Russia in the sixties had but 1,400 versts of railway (a verst being .66 of a mile) and even in 1900 had only increased that lineage to 24,000 versts, a small allowance for a country so vast. Her first movement towards industrialisation began almost at the same time as that in America, but her progress was vastly different. America, for example, abandoned the wooden plough in the middle of the last century: it is still in use in Russia to-day.

Russia's economic situation was, from one aspect, the exact antithesis of that of America. In America land was plentiful, labour scarce. In Russia accessible land was insufficient, labour plentiful. Capital from Europe flowed into America, but Russia neither accumulated nor attracted capital.

When the day of revolution came Russia was an unique country. Nothing that happened there could be indicative of what might happen to her neighbours of equal

political international power. Even her own political trend was doubtful. There were Westernisers who dreamed of a destiny for their country as the major European power: there were others who derided the West, and saw Russia as the potential dominator of the East. A retarded industrialism; a scattered and grossly ignorant population in a land ill served with communications; a culture that was neither truly akin to that of the West or that of the East; and a national temperament and psychology expressing itself in a kind of mystical pessimism and habitual procrastination—these were the Russian attributes. When an English parodist mocking contemporary Russian drama entered a stage direction, "Outside a peasant is heard moodily beating his wife to death," he not only presented a recognisable imitation of many originals, but foreshadowed, all unwittingly, the tendency of the first phases of revolt.

Lancelot Lawton tells the story of the Soviet creation year by year. His dispassionate tale confirms the conviction that the crime of Lenin was not that he gave nation-wide effect to the blood-lust of the repressed Jew suddenly advanced to power. It was mere, ordinary ingenuousness, such ingenuousness as Britain can find to-day at any Left Wing conference.

Catastrophe was imminent. Trains were ceasing to run, factories were ceasing to work, life was slowing down. Lenin realised this and proposed the nationalisation of the banks.

"In reality (he said) the nationalisation of the banks will not deprive anyone of a single kopek. . . . The ownership of the capital with which they operate and which is concentrated in them is certified by printed or written slips called shares, bonds, bills of exchange, receipts, etc. Not one of these slips is suppressed or altered by the nationalisation of the banks, that is by the merging of all the banks into one institution. . . . Lenin did not foresee that the nationalisation of the banks by revolutionary means would wholly destroy confidence in such institutions, and it would convert the slips of valuable paper of which he spoke into slips of worthless paper. Other revolutionaries with whom I was acquainted were wholly ignorant of the meaning and purpose of securities, and thought quite seriously that the banks contained great hoards of cash, the seizure and distribution of which would immediately make all the poor rich. . . . After the nationalisation of the banks, the reverse of what Lenin predicted happened. . . . From the moment of their nationalisation the institutions were deserted, for it never occurred to anyone to entrust savings to them. No private enterprise was allowed to withdraw more than 1,000 roubles. The effect of this restriction was to bring the whole credit system to a sudden standstill."

It is impossible in this place to follow Mr. Lawton's history in detail. Its general effect is to convince the reader that if Russia was thoroughly unrepresentative of a modern country when Bolshevism succeeded capitalism after the blood bath of 1917, the experiment of Bolshevism has itself been rendered almost valueless because those conducting it have been criminally inept and incredibly ingenuous. The men who have been charged with being murderers and marauders must stand on a final arraignment as something more deadly—economic morons in charge of a vast machine which they could not understand, but upon which the lives and happiness of millions of ignorant people depended.

The dictatorship of the proletariat was intended to eliminate for ever the despised bourgeois. To this end terrorism, famine, cannibalism and forced labour have been given control of the land. The revolution was to end inequalities and the grosser forms of individualism. And in the result—the grosser individualists still flourish (declares this historian) and the van-guard to-day is not of the proletariat but of the bourgeoisie, for—

"leadership has been seized by young, vigorous, pushful, half-educated young men who thirst for all the material joys that life can give. . . . The heroic days of the revolution have passed and most of its foremost heroes are in oblivion. The new men who have come to the front call themselves

'builders of life,' but most features of the life which they are building have long been familiar to the technically-advanced countries outside Russia."

Professor von Eckardt's book is a more spacious history. As a record of facts it may be commended, but the professor's interpretative judgment hardly invites a ready confidence. He weighs the excesses and failures and shams of Bolshevism in a mystical balance, against the one great gain that he detects.

"The people for the first time learnt to know its powers, and the Church, now at last more than a mere instrument for buttressing the power of the State, is left to its own devices for the first time in Russian history, and can in future seek to clothe the body of Russian piety with a living form of faith."

In the meantime, its mitres and ecclesiastical crowns are in museum cases, and the masses worship at the shrine of their own Saint Lenin. Faced with the obvious need for reconciling the treatment of the orthodox Tsarist Church by the Bolsheviks, Professor von Eckardt smoothly remarks:

"No State believed itself to be so deeply and unquestionably Christian as Tsarist Russia; in no other land was the identity between Church, people and State considered so self-evident. But the later Christians knew that this was all the work of Antichrist."

When the pedestrian nag of history sprouts such theological wings it may safely be left with the other Pegasus, in the loose-boxes of the stables of mythology.

ECONOMICS FOR EVERYMAN

The Intelligent Man's Guide through World Chaos.

By G. D. H. Cole. 5s. (Gollancz.)

This book is an attempt to give the average intelligent citizen a clear understanding of world economic affairs. It is neither an academic treatise on economic theories, nor a publication of the "science made easy" variety. As the author points out, he is writing for *intelligent* people who are generally frightened of the study of the gloomy science by the abstruse and complicated reasonings of theoretical economists. The book, which is offered at a ridiculously small price, should be widely read and kept as a reference by any intelligent voter.

In so comprehensive a volume there must of course be ample scope for criticism, but the frankness of the author's preface, in which he writes, "If my book were to be regarded as a book on Economics it would have to be condemned for a thousand faults of omission, disproportion, wrong emphasis, and at some points over-simplification of complicated questions." However there are few readers who will regret Cole's "over-simplification."

The first chapters of the book are devoted to a review of the world crisis and the economic consequences of the War, the economic system and prices and price levels. In these chapters the author explains and discusses, in a clear and logical fashion, the intricate mysteries of the gloomy science. He avoids all the irritating and unnecessary jargon so dear to the heart of the theoretical economists, preferring to discuss actual conditions of the world to-day to what might be on a desert island.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Cole is at his best. He again plunges into the argument Capitalism versus Socialism. Unlike most of his compatriots however, he is scrupulously fair to both sides. He points out that capitalism is rapidly decaying, chiefly as a result of the War, and that its reconstruction demands from national government and national capitalist groups an ability to think far more clearly, and to act with a far greater degree of promptitude than they have yet shown. But he holds out no hope for a long life for capitalism. "The inherent tendency of capitalism is to generate out of prosperity collapse."

But what is the alternative? Can collectivism do better than individualism? Plan or perish is an excellent party cry, but it is not necessarily a true antithesis. Russia is still an experiment.

Several tables, charts, diagrams and maps lend additional interest to a book that is as worthy of praise as that other encyclopedic work from the same publisher—"The Outline of Modern Knowledge."

FRANCIS TOWERS.

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By Christopher Christian

Browning and the Twentieth Century : A Study of his Influence and Reputation.

By A. Allen Brockington. 15s. (Oxford University Press.)

Matthew Arnold's theory that a period of literary creation is followed by a period of criticism which in itself gives rise to a further period of creative ability holds especially, I think, though with a slight difference, for poetry. The difference is that a part of the work of criticism is done by revolutionary and minor poets who in their writing provide a foundation, a fabric of rock, unchiselled—shall we say?—but solid, upon which the major poets of a new movement may build. In the gap between nineteenth century romanticism and the modernism of to-day, out of a mass of prose criticism and very minor rebel verse, two writers, Walt Whitman and Robert Browning, many times named the fathers of modern poetry, stand conspicuous. Whitman was indeed a conscious rebel, but Browning's verse appears to have been of spontaneous growth; Whitman was certainly a minor writer, while few will deny majority to the English poet—albeit, because of an almost legendary obscurity very few will read him. What, then, was the essential difference between these two, if each stood in a similar relation to modernism? I would suggest that the vaticinatory mantle, so often accorded to poets, so often an excuse for hysteria and muddleheadedness, is indeed an attribute of the real poet, and that sometimes, as in the case of Robert Browning, the prophetic gift is directed upon more human, as opposed to intellectual and emotional developments.



Robert Browning.

Drawn by R. Lehmann at Rome, May 22nd, 1859.



Robert Browning, 1835.

From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder).

In his thesis for a doctorate at the University of London (appropriately, for the elder Browning was a founder of the University), A. Allen Brockington shows no reason why one should regard Browning as a rebel and, I believe, there is none, yet he traces a very clear succession from his poetry to that of modern poets, adducing examples of similar treatment and similar manner of thought.

His method is to deal in a series of chapters with salient factors in Browning's poetry, devoting a part of each chapter to instances of these same factors in a representative set of twentieth century poets ranging from John Davidson to T. S. Eliot. In no case however does he produce examples where the modern can surely be said to derive, or even be "influenced," by the nineteenth century poet, while in one chapter, that on the optimism of Browning, he fails to convince me that there is any succession; cheerful fatalism or quiet trust seem to be qualities which he mistakes for Browning's ebullient conviction. The other factors he instances are common humanity, realism, and psychological treatment in the invention of the dramatic monologue.

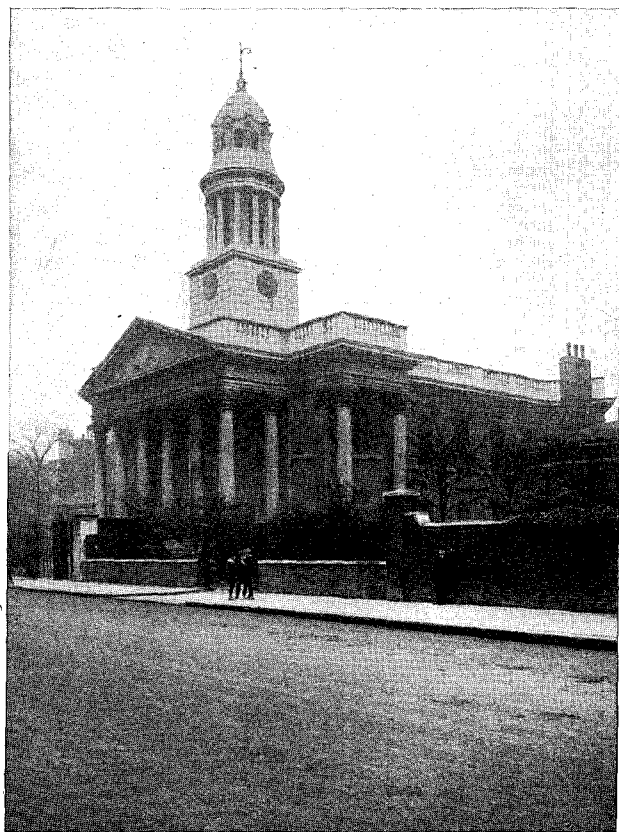
It is in the optimism of Browning however, and Mr. Brockington's failure to find a reflection of it in modern poetry, that one discovers a clue to the reason for the other likenesses. Browning was, as Mr. Brockington shows in his sketch of the poet as a man and a lover, a very real person of flesh and blood, very much more in touch with his fellows than are the majority of poets.

At the time when he was writing, the seeds of a new feeling for humanity, a new realism, a new psychology and, above all, a great hope for the future had been sown. The prevailing quality of poetry is what we call universality, but I would name it here a gift of prophecy, the power to deduce the harmony of truth from the lesser harmonies of detached moments. With Browning, his habits and manner of thinking as an earthy man directed

this universality to human rather than intellectual moments; the disasters which subsequently put all wrong with the world have driven the twentieth century to a similar preoccupation with humanity. My argument, derived from Mr. Brockington's study, is that Browning was not so much an influence as a portent, a prophet.

That the poet himself declared "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of the soul" does not affect the issue, for he wrote also that "... God is seen God, In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the clod." These two quotations have however a closer relation to the last chapter of this book, where its author claims the poet as a mystic. To me it appears that if the harmony of Browning's thought with modern truth be accepted as a proof of universality, no further evidence is needed to justify our attribution to him of a prophetic nature more limited in meaning. The author quotes as a definition of mysticism, "L'intuition directe des choses éternelles" (Gebhart), which is what I understand him to mean by Intuitionist Mysticism and seems to me almost what we regard as universality. When however Mr. Brockington, who is himself primarily a writer of theological works and Christian poetry, speaks of Visionary Mysticism, I take him to imply something more closely allied to religious experience (though he denies that Browning was properly a Christian). Whether Mr. Brockington will agree or not, I suggest that in "Saul" will be found not only an allegory of the mystical life, but a proof that Browning himself underwent this "personal spiritual experience." In the poem David passes through the mystical stages of disillusionment, purgation and submission, to the visionary realisation of a truth, which I believe Browning could not have formulated had he not also travelled upon the same path.

In this short review I have touched only upon two of the many aspects he deals with in his book, and cannot have paid proper tribute to the scholarly research and admirable writing which must render the book valuable to students not only of Browning but of twentieth century verse.



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THE WIFE OF ROSSETTI

By Geoffrey Rossetti

The Wife of Rossetti—Her Life and Death.

By Violet Hunt. 18s. (John Lane.)

That there are but few examples of good biography proves how extremely difficult it is to tell the story of a person's life so as to be faithful at once to art and to truth. Boswell apparently contrived to do both, and so did Tacitus in the "Agricola"—but then both these writers had a strong sense of fact. With them the lawyer or the historian came first, the artist second. In Miss Violet Hunt's life of Elizabeth Siddall her novelist's imaginative talent comes first and her sense of fact follows very half-heartedly in the rear. The documentation for many hitherto unpublished details in the lives of the well known figures who occur in her book is meagre. The story of the piece of paper which Ford Madox Brown found on the nightdress of Mrs. Rossetti when she was dead surely should receive some documentation. There is probably little doubt that Miss Hunt was told this very interesting detail by someone else. But why is the source not referred to in a foot-note?

Miss Hunt's obvious sympathy with her heroine hardly allows for the fact that Miss Siddall was playing with fire the whole time. From the experience she had had before she married Rossetti, Miss Siddall must have known that he was an odd creature. Indeed she seems to have been no less odd herself, and certainly far more fractious and disagreeable. One's admiration almost goes out to Rossetti for marrying her at all. In such a case many a man would have done a bolt!

Miss Hunt seems to me also most unfair towards the other members of the Rossetti family. It may well be true that they did not like Miss Siddall, and that she was somewhat cold-shouldered. But it should be remembered that Rossetti was one of four children whose parentage was mainly Italian, and that the Italian temperament ran very much in their blood. The feeling for family is very strong in the Italians, and family solidarity was no small feature of this the first generation of the Rossettis in England. When we add that Italians frequently comment on the lack of cohesion in an English family, this different feeling must surely be seen to be partly responsible for

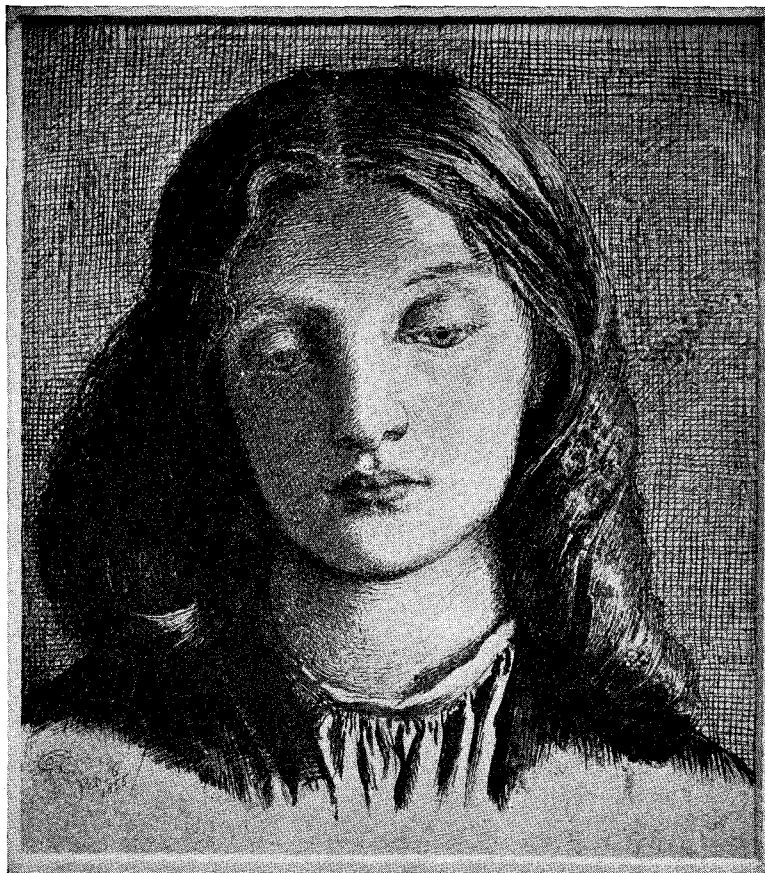
the attitude of the rest of his family to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's wife, and possibly for the somewhat indifferent attitude of her own family to her. This aspect of the question might well have been considered by Miss Hunt, as it is an important part of the conflict which undoubtedly took place when the son of the Vastese poet married the daughter of the Sheffield cutler.

But this biography undoubtedly reveals that Miss Hunt has a very strong sense of melodrama. In Sir Hall Caine's biography of Rossetti, and now in Miss Hunt's biography

of his wife, there is a strong tendency to exaggerate the melodramatic and the sensational. Nevertheless, we must confess we are becoming a little tired of those "great flares by night in the cemetery" when the coffin was being exhumed, and the anguish of the poet before the dead body of his beautiful young wife. Miss Hunt's story will touch those who are touched by this sort of thing, but to those who are most anxious to know exactly what did occur, and have no wish that any true fact should be concealed, this book will be somewhat disappointing.

Yet it must not be thought that Miss Hunt has produced a worthless or uninteresting piece of work. Her accounts of the Bohemian life led by the various members of the Pre-Raphaelite group are most entertaining.

Perhaps the most charming feature of the book is the very excellent collection of pictures which it contains. These have been selected with great taste, and the delightful pencil portraits of Miss Siddall show what an extremely fine sense of design Rossetti had. Each drawing of Miss Siddall shows her in a new and simple attitude, in which the artist reveals his capacity for elegant design and subtle psychological interpretation. Miss Hunt has attempted a very difficult task and has not been entirely successful, but in so far as she set out to write a Victorian biographical melodrama she has produced a work which is a very considerable achievement.

*Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, 1855.*

From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti. (By kind permission of Francis Madan, Esq.)

From "The Wife of Rossetti," by Violet Hunt (John Lane).

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TROY UNCAPTURED

A Tale of Troy.

By John Masefield. (Heinemann.)

News from the Mountain.

By Richard Church. (Dent.)

On a prefatory page of "A Tale of Troy" the following note appears: "I Thank the beautiful Speakers who first told this tale on Midsummer Night, 1932." From which it would seem that this réchauffé of the story of the Trojan Wars was written for performance on Boar's Hill where, on the lips of the Beautiful Speakers, no doubt it made good entertainment. Like many other things that are perfectly suitable for home consumption, however, "A Tale



Richard Church.

of Troy" looks rather tawdry when brought out into the competitive light of the open market. The verse is dull and creaking. The thought is so thin that it often disappears altogether; as, for example:

"Paris came from a Trojan glen,
The prince of the world's young famous men,
With a panther's eye and a peacock air,
Even the goddesses wooed him then."

(Why "then"?) And again, when King Epeios tells of the journey of the Horse up the beach to the temple, he describes how the sea-gulls perched on the Horse's back, preened themselves, and then:

"... after shifting leg for leg, they slept
There in the sun above us."

(A difficult piece of observation, surely, for one cooped up in the belly of the beast?) Similarly, although it is on account of Cassandra's warnings that Priam commands the Horse to be taken into the temple, later on, when she confronts the priests with further warnings, reply is made that

"Cassandra has gone mad.
We cannot waken Priam for such madness.
He has forbidden us to listen to her."

And what is to be said when the Poet Laureate himself indulges in such verse as:

"He took her to Troy, the windy town,
Where the exploit gave him great renown,"

and:

"Then out the parties had to go again,"

and:

"Troy being takeless and the winter coming,"

(shade of Chaucer!) and:

"I... all jagged rocks
And gliddery boulders,"

(shade of Lewis Carroll!) and:

"... might end,
Soon end, in Victory, the lovely thing,"

and lastly, of Helen and Paris:

"The loveliest girl and the loveliest lad,
Ready to learn and ready to teach."

But such examples of amateurish versifying might be multiplied to the point of tedium. Why should the poem be allowed to go out into the world safe under the seal of the English Laureateship? It is not even as if Mr. Masefield had developed a new theory of the old legend. "A Tale of Troy" is manufactured from beginning to end; it is devoid of any kind of poetic inevitability; and it is sentimental—because it is insincere.

The poetry of Richard Church is altogether a different matter. To read his "News from the Mountain" after "A Tale of Troy" is like being transported straight out of the tedious calm of a Sargossa Sea into some almost robot-like, busy metropolis. There is even too much activity. Too many of the poems in Mr. Church's newest volume show signs of having been consciously worked up to a dramatic climax. It is as if he were afraid to trust his vivid powers of observation and so must needs make amends by improving on nature with a (not always sincere and often forced) dramatic twist. How else is to be explained the melodramatic stab in the example of the following last line?

"But being human, bound
By the capricious pull
Of laws all-powerful
Blood-fetter'd to the ground,
We feel, 'twixt kiss and kiss, death's dripping wound."

Similarly, it was a good conceit to see in hailstone-battered irises

"poor maids,
Who fell, and died on their own blades,"

but the conceit will not bear stretching out to the length of a poem. The fault must be emphasised because it lights a danger-signal for Mr. Church's genius. The dramatic metaphor can so easily become a trick to the detriment of what is surely Mr. Church's essential power: passionate lyricism.

Only a stern self-criticism can protect the poet from excess in this direction. Thinness of intellectual content may, at first reading, be apparently concealed beneath a vivid and startling dramatic metaphor; but once the reader has survived the first impact his impatience at discovering the ruse will only be the greater. It is this lack of stern self-criticism that prevents "News from the Mountain" from being as satisfactory a collection of poems as "The Glance Backward." How else is to be explained the fact that, for instance, side by side with the magnificent title-poem itself:

"We climbed
Together in the quiet, unhaunted wood,
Through silence, and the mist of underboughs
Falling in umber veils. Beyond the larches
We rose past boulders, gentian, coralline moss,
And touched the white paws of the mountain creature,
The first snow bedded in a breast of cowslips.
The padded claws dabbled in that fragrance.
Here we reached the roof of sober thought,
The ordered house of Man. Beyond it lay
The white panther, indolent in the light,
Dreaming its lithe and beautiful desire,
Calm snow-death, and the cruelty of ice..."

comes the forced emotion of "Crevasse"? And again, how else is to be explained the inclusion of the thin and altogether unworthy verses with which the volume ends?

When he cares to put the tight rein on his Muse, Mr. Church can be a true poet indeed—otherwise it would not be worth while emphasising such defects as are outlined above. "Then and Now," "The Hand-Glass of Death," and the title-poem are finer than anything we have yet had from his pen.

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By Geoffrey West

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Some years ago—round about the end of the War—Mr. H. G. Wells described the future of civilisation as a race between education and catastrophe, with all the odds on the latter. The uncomfortable truth of the metaphor grows more apparent every year, almost, it seems sometimes, every week. And education, frankly, continues to make a poor showing. A good teacher is a gladsome thing, God wot—but flowers are much easier to grow! Actually teachers, the younger ones at least, are in bulk as fine a body of men and women as may be found anywhere, but the yoke of “the system” is heavy upon them, and too many of their elderly fellows are more concerned with the security than the responsibilities of their position, with their “superiors” rather than their pupils. It is the fact of the system that makes the educational reformer more apt to deliver his attack from without, where he can bombard the whole front, than from within, where he can only irritate a minute sector. His fate is often curious. Wells, writing his “Outline of History” for educationalists, found it totally ignored by them, but a permanent best-seller with the general public. Mr. Gollancz, in his rôle as publisher, no doubt prays nightly for a best-seller. May he have it, as he deserves with this new “Outline” of his, but—if only he could wake up to find himself educational reformer also! We might then begin to see education as running neck-and-neck with that other more apocalyptic steed, instead of, as at present, about a mile and a half behind.

There are certain books, certain types of book, which every home with children should possess as a matter of course. This “Outline” is one of them. (But think of the countless homes in this our modern civilisation which simply cannot afford eight and sixpence even for a *necessary* book.) Children, save as their natural instinct is stifled, are everlastingly curious, and they should be provided with the means to satisfy that curiosity in such a way as not to allay, but stir, their imaginations. Arthur Mee’s “Children’s Encyclopedia,” with all its limitations, had that precious quality. The present volume, if addressed to slightly older boys and girls—but from eleven or twelve up—is pregnant with it.

Compared with the same publisher’s “Outline of Modern Knowledge,” issued at the same price, the “Outline for Boys and Girls” is no less a miracle of cheapness. If there are nearly two hundred pages less (but over nine hundred still) and if the type is larger (an improvement really), still the paper is thicker and there are one hundred and sixty odd drawings and diagrams by William Kermode and Ista Brouncker. The series of portraits of the various contributors, with comments by Mrs. Mitchison, is particularly interesting. In one respect the book improves upon the “Modern Knowledge”—it is much better co-ordinated; not only is there constant cross-reference, but a real co-operation between the contributors. More, Mrs. Mitchison has bestowed upon them all, by selection or persuasion, a common point of view, modern, liberal, looking to the future but with a keen sense of the past. The whole book is, as she says, planned on a definite scheme. “It is all working outward, from Me or You (the one thing of whose existence one is fairly certain) to the Universe. From Now (the present) to all time, past and future.”

The first part, “Science,” after a brief but first-rate

chapter on “What Science Can Do (and What It Cannot),” by John Pilley—every scientist should read this, for there are still grandmothers in their ranks who *need* to be taught to suck eggs—and a History of Science, guaranteed by the names of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Singer, starts with the human immediacies of Physiology (Professor Winifred Cullis and Dr. E. H. Hewer) and Psychology (Dr. Eric Strauss), proceeds to the larger realm of Biology (Dr. J. R. Baker) and Applied Biology (N. W. Pirie), narrows to the analysis of Chemistry (Mr. Pilley again), broadens to Richard Hughes’s discussion of Physics, Astronomy and Mathematics, and plunges into the past to consider the formation and structure of the Earth (Robert Stoneley). They are all good essays, clear, concise, complete. We are a long way to-day from the time when Huxley—was it?—writing a textbook of Physiology, was forbidden by his publishers to deal with reproduction! We are a long way too from the rigidity of nineteenth century science in Dr. Singer’s typical admission that “the nature of life remains still essentially incomprehensible, or at least explicable only in terms of itself. And there are whole realms of experience too, where the laws of science are quite inapplicable.” Here is a liberating, a truly modern science.

The second section, “Civilisation,” studies, in the widest sense, “people in groups.” Again it opens with history—an Outline of World History (N. Niemeyer and E. Ashcroft) and a History of Ideas (Gerald Heard, whose every word deserves adult attention—but so really does the whole book!)—and then broadens out from The Family (Charles Skepper) to the Organisation of Society in the Past (Margaret Cole), the Last Thirty Years (Lance Beales), the Peoples of the World (C. Delisle Burns), Law and Government (G. R. Mitchison), Economics (Hugh Gaitskell—his simple account of a puzzling subject is a real achievement), and Problems and Solutions (Olaf Stapledon). Messrs. Heard’s and Stapledon’s essays may be the last children will come to; they may prove, ultimately, the most seminal in their imaginative visioning of the psychology of past and future.

The third section enters the realm of values, “what makes civilisation worth living in or for”—the sphere of the arts: Dancing and Drama (Beryl de Zoete), Visual Art (Professor R. Y. Gleadowe), Architecture (Clough Williams-Ellis), Writing (Wystan Auden), and Music (J. B. Trend). Each is shown feeling in its own way towards that pattern, that rhythm, in life, the evocation of which is beauty.

“When we read a book,” says Mr. Auden, “it is as if we were with a person. A book is not only the meaning of the words inside it; it is the person who means them.” One is aware of that in reading all these essays—in the best of them continuously. They have a living, an imaginative quality that children will, I believe, respond to. This is a book to leave young readers alone with; they may pass portions by, but they will return to them, drawn by the personalities of the authors as well as by the real interest of most of the matter. It is a forward-looking book to attract to itself the intelligence, and to its clear ideal of a planned world society the loyalty, of the younger generation. It should be circulated just as widely as is possible. Parents should read it, and give it to their children. Teachers especially should read it. It should be in every school and public library in the country. As not it perhaps but its ideals succeed, so is there hope for the future.

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EDITED BY J. C. SQUIRE MONTHLY

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POWDER AND SHOT

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

By Kathleen Campbell. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Thorn-ton Butterworth.)

Jovial King : Napoleon's Youngest Brother.

By F. M. Kircheisen. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

The days of powder closets and of powder perhaps less innocuous in German and Flemish fields are brought near to us in Mrs. Campbell's timely study of Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, the "Queen Sarah" of contemporary lampoons. She holds in history a possibly unique position as a woman behind a woman's throne. When Bishop Burnet died, an unflattering epitaph ran :

"If such a soul to heaven
is stole,
And 'scaped old Satan's
clutches,
We may presume there
will be room
For Marlborough and his
Duchess,"

and Mrs. Campbell, whose book is an admirable corrective to Macaulay and Miss Strickland, opens the celestial gate a little wider to these two once restless, time-long lovers, who do, one hopes, rest now among the asphodel with Aucassin and Nicolette and other great lovers of old time.

A strange, varied, coloured destiny, that of Sarah Jennings, daughter of the village squire in leafy Hertfordshire. Mrs. Campbell is a little diffuse (though pleasantly so) in her opening. She takes some time coming to her horses. When she reaches them the story travels without needless wandering to that October day in 1744 when they laid a tired old woman's crippled body beside her husband, dead more than a score of years, at Blenheim. When she was eighty-three she had tried to burn a bundle of his old letters, but could not find the heart to do so. "I won't be blistered and I won't die!" she had cried to her doctors, who, in her extremity, had given her the alternatives. It was a flash of that fiery spirit that had blackened the portrait of a friend who displeased her, and told a Queen of England to hold her tongue.

The author tells us in her foreword that she has tried "not to be content with picturesqueness, but to get beyond and beneath it." On the whole she has certainly succeeded, and the picturesque is not obscured, as is evidenced for instance in her description of the masque at Whitehall in which Sarah, a girl of seventeen, the Princesses Mary and Anne, Lady Henrietta Wentworth, and her lover, the young Duke of Monmouth—"Chief of the Dancers"—took part, and in the passage where she describes Colley Cibber meeting Sarah in her youth, and in old age recalling it with a sigh for old years and hopeless love.

All the great characters of the Augustan age seem here.

We meet Pope, Congreve, Harley, Walpole, St. John, Swift. We see the endless feud between Whig and Tory, and watch the friendships and quarrels of the Queen ("Mrs. Morley"), Sarah Churchill ("Mrs. Freeman") and Abigail Masham. Without minimising the hysterics and violences of Marlborough's wife, Mrs. Campbell shows her as a woman often generous, often kind, often misunderstood, and often unjustly disparaged. This life of Sarah Churchill is an important and valuable contribution to historical biography.

"Jovial King" (one grows a trifle impatient with these vague titles now in fashion) justifies the name it gives to Jerome Bonaparte by reminding us that his Westphalian subjects dubbed him "King Jolly" from his frequent use of the word "Lustig." Here again we have a character from history more complex and on the whole more attractive than appears at first sight. Napoleon's wild and extravagant youngest brother had some redeeming qualities. It was evidently laziness and love of luxury and pleasure that, in Silesia, kept him from the battle-front, rather than lack of courage. "The flesh-pots, the wine-cups, the wenches," drew him from duty. He was certainly brave on occasion. He was kindly, humane, affectionate, and at least seems to have made some attempt to rule the little kingdom carved for him out of shreds and patches of old Germany by the Emperor with justice and in the interests of his subjects. But he was vain, impudent, absurdly confident that he could achieve wonders without knowledge or training or capacity.

He was absolutely without morals—a king-let wandered into the

nineteenth century from the days of Louis XV, August the Strong, Henri IV, or that spectacular libertine, François I. At the time of his first marriage, an ecclesiastical one soon annulled, to Miss Patterson of Baltimore, Napoleon, who was almost unfailingly generous and kind to his follies, wrote, "If he is not willing to repair the dishonour which he has done to my name, by deserting his flag for the sake of a miserable woman, I will cast him off for ever and perhaps make an example of him, to teach young soldiers how sacred their duties are, and what a serious offence it is to desert their flag for a woman." If this frustrated marriage were the only offence recorded against Jerome Bonaparte, St. Anthony himself need not have been concerned. Miss Elizabeth Patterson, mean and mercenary and ambitious and hard as she seems to have been, had her attractions and merits; Talleyrand once said of her, "What a queen this woman would have made!" Jerome was to find another queen far too good for him—Catherine of Würtemberg, the fat daughter of the fattest king in Europe. In spite of all his infidelities, she loved him and was pathetically loyal to the end. Herr Kircheisen paints a very vivid picture of "King Jolly."



Jerome and his Wife.

(After the painting by F. Kinson in the National Museum, Versailles.)
From "Jovial King," by F. M. Kircheisen (Elkin Mathews & Marrot).

TALES OF WITCHERY

The Salutation.

By Sylvia Townsend Warner. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Publishers and their readers, critics and reviewers, those, in fact, whose business it is to know the curious figures of the circulation of books, will tell you: "People don't care for collections of stories," then, hastily correcting themselves, possibly because they suddenly remember Mr. Kipling, or because, like everyone else, they are damped by the anonymity conveyed by the word "people," they will add, "... at least, some collections go down well enough."

It is to be hoped that this collection of Miss Townsend Warner's is one of those that will be appreciated according to its merits by the bewildered and bludgeoned public.

The short story would seem the ideal medium for Miss Townsend Warner's deep comprehension of the life around her and her inimitable gift of story-telling. The range of her scenery is wide, but a certain uniformity of treatment entitles her to the distinction of having style. Her three novels dispensed with most of the paraphernalia of the novel and won recognition by the highly individual charm of presentation. And in this set of fifteen stories the same qualities are present, enhanced by circumstances. The figures are exposed to us as if they were miniature men, women and animals upon Miss Townsend Warner's meticulously dusted, cosy and intimate mantelpiece. That they are no chance collection is shown by a curious quality that I can only describe as a certain limitation in the range of their colouring—they exhibit a series of reds, greens and mauves, and no others. But this likening of them to little ornaments coloured in one key will not do, for, as we read, Miss Townsend Warner's naps her fingers and they begin to move about with a life of their own, through all sorts of incidents from the simple-faithful to the macabre, the broadly comic and the extremely sophisticated.

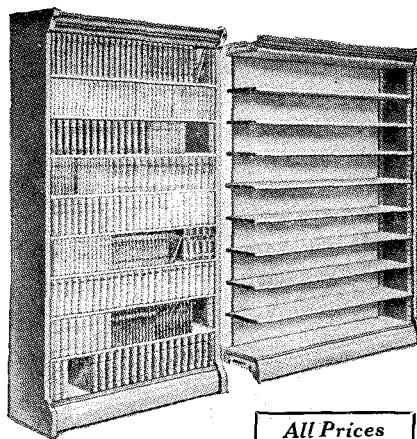
The explanation is that this authoress of the disillusioned nineteen-thirties would, in any other age, have been a witch. Not the poor and helpless type that Sir Thomas Browne and the medical profession of his day pursued with such virulence. Not the facetious type of the "Ingoldsby Legends." But a quite special sort of witch, living alone with a cat in a cottage in a garden in a glade, able to converse with the animals in a tongue they understand, not accountable to most of our rules and regulations, and frequently taking excursions far from that corner of the most English part of England, where the population still lives mainly in villages, where there are more sheep and stone circles than railways. It is as easy for her to alight in the middle of the pampas as in the eighteenth century. Then back she comes to modern London, where an old caretaker in an empty house remembers the bombs in war time as a queer bad dream, or Minnie Parr sits before the pin-tray in a house that is far from empty.

So that we are not surprised, though we have not actually seen her broomstick, to discover that the Reverend Frederick is a clock, Perdita a kitten, and that a hog is Mrs. Gamble. But that it is not all mere queerness is testified by the circumstantial nature of Elinor Barley's confession, and the identification with Emily Brontë of one of the characters. The element in life which most interests the creator of these winning and endearing *contes* or *fabliaux*, is something that I can only describe as "possession," nearly but not always a benign spiritual seizure which, sometimes aided by environment though just as likely to operate in spite of it, drives these perfectly credible, if never commonplace, men, women and beasts just over the border of their ordinary existence into a dimension or plane of being which is not ordinary. It seems to me to inform the work in this volume as fully as it did the inimitable pages of "Lolly Willowses," a book that some of us, not a huge number perhaps, but a convinced and stable following of Miss Townsend Warner's will always treasure among the memorable events of our reading.

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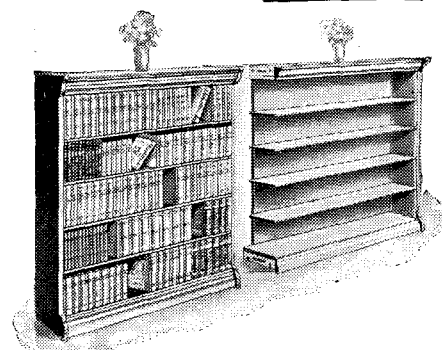
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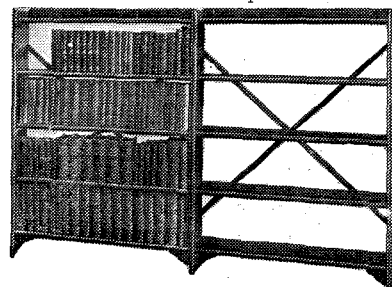
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O.K. COLONEL

An American Critic and the World

By

Geoffrey Grigson

Expression in America.

By Ludwig Lewisohn. 21s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

The negative uses of inept criticism are enough to earn this large book by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn more notice than it deserves. For pervasive folly on the big



Ludwig Lewisohn.

Photo: Keystone View Co.

scale it surpasses even "Science and the Literary World," by Mr. Max Eastman. Yet superficially it is a learned book. It reveals wide reading (wrongly applied) and thinking (wrong thinking) to a degree which makes it more impressive, and so more dangerous, than the smaller books written by journalist-novelist-critics in England.

Mr. Lewisohn, moreover, has a theory explicit from end to end of this long survey of all American literature. One begins to think seriously of him as a serious minded person when one reads in the introduction that:

"Man both as a living and experiencing creature, and therefore as a listener or reader, has undergone changes which have transmuted the very groundwork of his character and outlook."

There is truth in this exaggerated muddle; but doubts grow of the value of his seriousness when he declares of the novel to-day that "no form in any age has spoken to men so widely and profoundly," and of contemporary verse that "the poet no longer chooses the ballad metre for a balladesque subject nor blank verse or hexameter for an idyll. He literally did that once."

Six pages more and the theory unfolds:

"Economic flexibility and the gradual breakdown of dogma and churchly authority were accompanied by a slow growth of moral freedom. The varieties of human experience increased in number, and heresy and travel and love and speculation became vivid possibilities to ever widening classes and groups. Hence while, for reasons I have pointed out, the number of [literary] artificers has increased in modern society, the number of true poets necessarily shows a comparable growth, and many an intense small novelist has more to communicate concerning man and nature and human life than . . . even the great Dante."

What a blind, dumb, and deaf complacency for one who attempts to evaluate the whole corpus of American verse and prose! What a naïve ignorance, a quick revelation of the adolescent approach to the major difficulties of the mature artist! God's out of His heaven, all's right with the world!

Yet one might pardon such an exhibition of ineptitude if thereafter Mr. Lewisohn had any valuable fragments of criticism to offer in the vast bundle of his words. In detail, he proves as foolish as in theory. "It was inevitable . . . that I should use the organon or method of knowledge associated with the venerated name of Sigmund Freud." [Of Dryden] "the smooth and mechanical couplet." "No, Melville is not even a minor master." Whitman is America's "most highly endowed poet." Mark Twain, "in his small and homespun way," is linked "to Homer himself, who also raised into the immortal realm of the imagination the life and conflict of obscure villages among the otherwise forgotten Ionians of the

isles and the Asian shore." Vachel Lindsay is a mystic poet "in the direct tradition of Blake." Edna St. Vincent Millay has "assured her place . . . among the major modern lyrical poets of the English language." "Edgar Masters is one of the few writers of his period who have style." "Since the emergence of the writers of the middle generation Ernest Hemingway alone has struck an important new note—a note at once human and, in the ultimate sense, philosophical in American literature."

So Mr. Lewisohn continues; and since all ways pass eventually through T. S. Eliot, one finds at last that in Mr. Lewisohn's view, "The future will doubtless assign him a definite place among the minor poets and characteristic phenomena of the post-War period." Eliot, that is to say, will be forgotten while the fascinating curiosities of Vachel Lindsay, the prosy little yarns of Edwin Arlington Robinson, the manufactured passion of Miss Millay, and the protesting flabbiness of William Ellery Leonard are deeply satisfying our sons and our grandsons.

Mr. Lewisohn's contemptuous rejection of Eliot (and also of Ezra Pound, whose "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly" he seems not to have read) agrees directly with his critical theory of the advantage of moral "freedom," but it has only been achieved by a wilful perversion or a genuine and gross misunderstanding of Eliot's position as a poet. It does not seem believable, after Eliot has directly contradicted such views in all his poems (and explicitly in his "Brief Introduction to the Method of Paul Valéry"), that a critic can still write of poets who "feign to themselves like T. S. Eliot or Paul Valéry, that form is all significant, substance of no import, and that works live by the amount of intelligence with which their outer and visible technique was wrought." This is followed by a good example of what the victim has called "peering lasciviously between the lines for biographical confession." Mr. Lewisohn remembers the venerated Sigmund Freud:

"It all amounts to an involuntary definition of a despair of meanings, to a confession of aridity of heart, of which the proof came in good time through Eliot's flight, paralleled in many periods by those who had pitched their expectations of life too high and could not bear their adolescent disappointment, into the bosom of a fictive father-image and force—in this case Royalism and Anglo-Catholicism."

And for the young Eliot's example is damned as Mr. Lewisohn returns once more to glory over God pitched from His heaven:

"The creative imagination is at one with life and its procreative processes, and withers both in the desert of despair and in the refuge of blank authority. . . ."

(The dots are Mr. Lewisohn's.)

It is evident that Mr. Lewisohn (who thinks that psychology is psychoanalysis) sees nothing amiss with the world but a post-War disillusionment, nothing dangerous in the world when religious certitude is being replaced by scientific certitude and the emotions are being left without focus, when humanists and others (Mr. Lewisohn among them) are attempting to "hold themselves up by their own hair." Mr. Lewisohn believes in poetry or literature as religion. Put that way his views are not utterly foolish; but if there are critics who believe that poetry can help to satisfy us emotionally where religion once sufficed, that is the limit beyond which no one can go. Least of all can distintegration be made valuable by christening it "freedom," or such chaotic "freedom" be taken as the stimulus to personal order, the manured soil for growing a personal religion.

Such an agricultural fool's paradise can please no one except Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn.

"A very human portrait of a great and lovable man"

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BY

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'*Readers* who wish to understand something of the great revolutionary movements of the last century *should not miss this book*.'

Compton Mackenzie in the Daily Mail

'Mr. Griffith's careful and competent study of him should be read. He has got the facts, and *the "prophet" stands out vividly* from an historic background that is boldly and skilfully drawn.'

Sunday Times

'A valuable addition to the literature of the Risorgimento . . . It is *immensely erudite*.'

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'A *fine biography* and a notable contribution to the history of that period.'

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'Mazzini: the very name holds music, fire, and the resonance of a bugle call . . . The work is *admirably done*, full of colour and movement. The artist, for it is *an artistic piece of work*, has commanded his stage with all its properties as a master. There are rare touches of literary power, and uncommonly good writing throughout. It is *the pure art of biography*.'

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Church of England Newspaper

'A *fine piece of work*. Unless I am greatly mistaken, this study of Mazzini will become the standard and will remain so for years to come.'

Baptist Times

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The Collector

EARLY TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN

By E. A. Osborne

IV—NIKOLAY VASILEVICH GOGOL (1809-1852)

Nikolay Gogol, father of the Russian realistic novel, author of the first great (and some say greatest) novel in the language, and of the best and most popular comedy in the Russian Theatre, was born at Sorotchintsy, in the Government of Poltava in the Ukraine, on March 31st, 1809.

His father was a landed proprietor of some culture, who produced Little Russian plays of his own composition in a private theatre on his estate, and his grandfather, who had held an important position with the Zaporog Cossacks, was a spirited raconteur of tales imbued with the recent Cossack past. His mother, who gave birth to Gogol when she was but fifteen years old, is said to have been pious and extremely superstitious. She thoroughly spoiled Gogol and smothered him with love and religion. This, together with his father's hypochondria, goes far to explaining the religious mania, introspectiveness, egocentricity and hypochondria which steadily grew in Gogol and resulted in his fantastic last years.

He received his first education at home. Then he went to school at Poltava and thence to the Gymnasium at Nyezhin. Like many another exceptional intellect, he was a bad pupil, but distinguished himself in painting and private theatricals, composed some comedies and edited a manuscript periodical. Socially he was a failure. Like Lermontov, unprepossessing in appearance, thin, small, awkward, nervous and sensitive, he was shunned by his schoolfellows, who dreaded his sarcastic tongue and labelled him "the mysterious dwarf." Thus he was thrown more and more in upon himself, and his predisposition towards introspection and self-analysis accentuated. How clearly he realised his social deficiencies and mental isolation is shown in this extract from a letter written to his mother in 1829: "I often wondered how it is that God has created a unique and rare heart, a soul which is full of ardent love for all that is lofty and beautiful—and why has he enveloped all this in such a rough exterior? Why has he combined all this with such a terrible mixture of contradictions, obstinacy, insolent conceit and base humility?" This mental self-portrait, written at the age of twenty, is as accurate as any of the many that were written of this complex character.

He seems to have felt no leanings towards a literary career. His ambitions was for the control of power and he dreamed of being a great statesman. So at the conclusion of his studies at Nyezhin (1828) he announced his intention of going to St. Petersburg to take up jurisprudence. Arrived there, he found that the dream was easier than the achievement. Vainly he sought even the humblest of clerkships. Then he made an attempt to get on the stage, but his voice was so weak that he had to abandon the idea. He was forced to attempt a literary career to earn his bread. He had brought with him from

Nyezhin a sentimental poetic idyll, an extremely feeble work, *Hans Küchelgarten*. This he had printed and published at his own expense under the assumed name of Alov. The thing was mercilessly castigated by the few critics who deigned to notice it and, dispirited and depressed, he gathered together the remaining copies and burned them. Desirous only of escaping from the scene of his wretched failure and with no definite plans for earning a living, he appropriated a sum of money belonging to his mother and fled to Germany. When his money was

almost finished, he was forced to return to St. Petersburg and take a very minor post in the government service. To supplement his pitiable salary he again attempted authorship and, finding that folk-tales were fashionable, put the stories he had heard from his grandfather to good use, publishing articles and narrative fragments on Little Russia in the Press. Through these he came in touch with Zhukovsky, Pletnev and Pushkin, and Pletnev obtained for him a post as teacher at the "Patriotic Institute." Here he eked out his still inadequate salary by the drudgery of private coaching, and Count Sollogub has given us a very vivid account of his first sight of Gogol engaged in tutoring the half-witted son of Sollogub's aunt.

During this period of drudgery he wrote the two parts of *The Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka*: Edited by Rudy Panko, *Bee-keeper* (1831-32). The eight stories in these two volumes are the first flowering of his genius, and were hailed by Belinsky, the foremost critic of the day, as masterpieces. They are filled with details of Ukrainian life and folk-lore, for which he constantly applied in his letters to his mother. His success was tremendous, and

Aksakov, the famous author of *The Family Chronicle*, has given a portrait of him which is well worth detailing: "The external appearance of Gogol was not in his favour at that time; a crest of hair on his head, carefully clipped kiss-curls on his temples, clean-shaven lips and chin and an enormous over-starched collar gave an artificial expression to his face; there seemed to be in him something crested and cunning. In his costume pretensions to dandyism were noticeable. I remember he had a bright motley waistcoat with a big watch-chain. On the whole, there was something in him which restrained me from any sincere enthusiasm and warmth, in which I so often indulge. At his request I took him to Zagoskin. On the way Gogol surprised me by complaining about his own diseases and even said he was incurably ill. As he seemed to be in perfect health I looked at him with wondering and incredulous eyes. 'What is wrong with you?' I asked. He answered vaguely that the cause of his ailment was in his intestines." Aksakov quotes too his own son's remarks about the unfortunate impression that the conceited Gogol made upon most people.

HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY

A RUSSIAN NOBLE.

REVISED

BY THE EDITOR OF

"REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1854.

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The first appearance of "Dead Souls" in English.

Despite the success of *The Evenings* his position was by no means assured. In 1834, through the influence of the friends that his stories had made for him, he was appointed to the chair of History in St. Petersburg University, a position for which he was fitted neither by temperament nor ability. His enthusiasm for the work, at first tremendous, soon flagged, and Dostoevsky, who attended his lectures in 1835, tells how he bored his pupils, and they him. He gave up the post in that year. He had however a great interest in history, and his literary ambition at the time was the writing of a history of Little Russia, and also a great universal history. The material he gathered for this history of the Ukraine served him well for the Little Russian tales which appeared in the two volumes of *Mirgorod*, published in 1835.

During the years 1832-36, the intensive period of his literary creation, he conceived practically all his important works. Besides working on the two histories, which were never finished, he published *Mirgorod* and *Arabesques* (1835), worked on several plays, and began work on his two masterpieces, *Dead Souls* and *The Revizor*, the themes for both of which were given him by Pushkin. The first part of *Mirgorod* contains two tales, one of which, the famous Cossack romance, *Taras Bulba*, is his greatest romantic achievement. *The Evenings* and *Mirgorod* are essentially Ukrainian, but in *Arabesques*, a volume of not very important essays and four excellent stories, he struck out a new path. This volume is concerned with St. Petersburg life, and the stories are realistic, with a romantic twist. The realism of one of them, *The Diary of a Madman*, was the early inspiration of Dostoevsky.

Soon after his success with *The Evenings* he had conceived several plays. His father's interest in the drama, his own success in private theatricals at college and marked ability at character-drawing, made it almost certain that he would attempt something in this medium. In 1832 he had begun two comedies, *The Vladimir Order* and *The Wooers* (later published as *The Marriage*). Of *The Vladimir Order* there are extant only three separate fragments first published in the collected edition of 1842—*The Servant's Room*, *The Lawsuit* and *A Fragment*. *The Marriage*, an amusing and vivid two-act play, appeared first in the same collection. Gogol began to write his great comedy, *The Revizor* (*The Inspector-General*) in 1834 as a result of Pushkin relating how he had been mistaken at Nizhny Novgorod for a high official from St. Petersburg, who had arrived incognito to inspect the town. On this anecdote Gogol based his play of the penniless traveller from St. Petersburg who, greatly to his advantage, is mistaken by the corrupt and very fearful officials of a provincial town for the inspector-general. This satire of corrupt officialdom was passed by the Censor, mainly owing to the interest shown in it by Nicholas I who, on reading the manuscript, ordered its immediate performance, attended its *première* on March 19th, 1836, and led the applause. The play appeared in print in the same year, and was from the first a great success. Gogol's audiences could not choose but laugh, although the satire of provincial Russian manners was strongly resented. Indeed so much opposition was raised by his portrayal of corruption, snobbery, stupidity and malice in this exaggerated picture of the vices of contemporary Russia, that Gogol, tiring of the whole affair, decided to go abroad till the matter had blown over.

He left in June, 1836, for Western Europe where, save for two brief periods of return to Russia, he stayed till 1848. Restlessly he travelled about through Germany, Austria, France and Italy, finding only in Rome some peace and an atmosphere in which he could write.

The success of *The Revizor* decided his true bent in literature. It gave him that sense of power he had always sought. He realised how powerful an influence could be exerted by a writer who described and satirised in fictional form the customs and characteristics of the nation. He had achieved some success with the Malo-Russian and St. Petersburg tales; but his play was a far greater and more provocative success; and his adventure into naturalism was recognised by Belinsky as initiating a new

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(Continued on page 69.)

6

school in Russian literature. Convinced of his powers as a painter of contemporary Russian life, Gogol decided to take all Russia for the canvas of his next work. Writing of *Dead Souls* to Zhukovsky from Paris in 1836, he says: "If I ever complete this work in the manner I should like to—what a colossal, what an original subject! What a varied crowd! The whole of Russia will appear in it! This is going to be the first production of mine that will preserve my name."

The opening chapters of *Dead Souls* were already written in 1835, for it is on record that Gogol read them in that year to Pushkin, who laughed heartily but afterwards remarked: "Lord, what a sad country our Russia is!" Gogol continued to write the book during his voluntary exile in Western Europe, and a great part of it was written in Rome. The first and only complete part was published at Moscow on March 21st, 1842, with the title, *Chichikov's Journeys or Dead Souls*. It is a novel only in the same sense that *Pickwick Papers* is a novel, consisting of a series of incidents and sketches of contemporary Russia unified by the central character of the cunning Chichikov who, having failed to secure a remunerative post in the government service, travels about Russia buying dead "souls" or serfs whose names have not yet been removed from the census, and upon whom therefore their landlords must still pay a tax. Chichikov buys these cheaply; for their owners are glad to be rid of them, with the idea of mortgaging them at a good price. As only the first part of the projected tripartite work was finished, we have no idea just how successful Chichikov was; but incomplete as it is and devoid of love interest and all the paraphernalia of the classic novel, yet Gogol's character-drawing is so compelling that I for one found the book—even in translation, the hardest test of all—one of the most absorbing books I have read for some time. The reception of the book confirmed Gogol's best hopes, and the critics, led by Belinsky, raised pæans of praise.

Gogol continued to work at the second part of the book, but his best period was over. Hypochondria and religious mania continued to develop in him until they threatened to oust everything else. Twice during this later period (1845 and 1852) he burned everything he had written of the second part of *Dead Souls*; the third part was, as far as we know, never begun. Of the second part only five incomplete and disjointed chapters remain, the writing of which occupied him for eleven years, so much had his inspiration flagged.

The only published work of this later period was a sort of moral and political commonplace book, *Selected Passages from the Correspondence with My Friends* (1847) which, on account of the subversive religious and political ideas contained in it, raised a storm of opposition from the very critics who had so warmly praised *Dead Souls*.

It was about this time that Gogol came under the malign influence of a fanatical priest, Father Matthew Konstantinovskiy, who completely dominated the later years of his life, working on the already diseased mentality with lurid pictures of the eternal damnation of unrepentant sinners, so that Gogol took to fasting and prayer, scourging and penance in a frenzied attempt to find grace. These last years were a period of ceaseless inner strife and search for spiritual salvation—a search that even led him in 1848 on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ—a search which almost completely inhibited literary creation. The chief product of this religious mania was the quasi-mystical *Meditations on the Divine Liturgy*, published posthumously.

On his return from his protracted European travels and the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he tried to settle down to literary work in Moscow, where he enjoyed the hospitality of Count A. Tolstoy (author of several historical plays and the better known novel, *Prince Serebryany*). He worked at the second part of *Dead Souls*, and that it was completed we know from the evidence of reliable witnesses, who testify to hearing it read: Arnoldi, in his *Russky Vestnik* I (1862) relates the contents of several lost chapters, and Pletnev tells of attending a reading (1851) of seven chapters.

But Gogol could not settle down, he roamed about Russia and fell still more under the influence of Father Matthew, exhausting his body by fasting and his nervous energy by vigils and continual prayer and penance. A few days before his death he wrote: "Have mercy on me, O Lord! Bind the Satan through the power of the mysterious Cross."

On the night of February 11th, 1852, he had an exceptional burst of religious feeling and, rising up, called his boy-servant to pray with him. Seizing the papers in his portfolio, he threw them into the fire-place and set fire to them, replying to the entreaties of his servant: "This is not your business; you must pray." In that fire perished the finished manuscript of part two of *Dead Souls*. Then he crossed himself, kissed the boy and went to his room, where he fell weeping upon his divan. Soon after this he refused to eat altogether, and on the 21st of the month died from exhaustion.

In 1855 a third edition of *Dead Souls: Part One* was brought out at Moscow, and with it a volume comprising a version of five incomplete chapters which had been discovered. A facsimile page at the end of this volume shows a manuscript altered and revised out of all recognition. In 1857 there appeared at Kiev the inevitable attempt to finish the work—*Continuation and Conclusion of Dead Souls*, by Vastchenko Zakhartchenko. This continuation was used by M. Ernest Charrière in preparing his translation of *Dead Souls* (Paris, 1859), and much against her inclination Isabel Florence Hapgood, for the sake of literary unity, used his version because she could not procure the original Russian version of Zakhartchenko's work. Her footnote on page 199 of volume two of the Crowell edition of 1886 states: "I have no doubt the translation is very bad; it always is when filtered through the French; and it must be very much worse than usual in the present case because, judging from the comically unfaithful version which M. Charrière furnishes of what precedes, it must be very different indeed from the original and contain far more of Charrière than of Zakhartchenko." So it was not till 1922 that we had, at the hands of Mrs. Constance Garnett, a faithful translation of the untouched text of Gogol.

Only one story of Gogol, *The Portrait*, appeared in English during his lifetime, in *Blackwood's Magazine* and *The Living Age* (1847). In 1854 there appeared a work in two volumes, *Home Life in Russia by a Russian Noble*, described as revised by the editor of *Revelations of Siberia*. This editor was a Pole—Colonel Lach Szyrma, who studied at Vilna and Edinburgh, and translated many popular English books into Polish, and edited several bogus translations from the Russian for Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It is to be hoped that the blatant falsehoods in this concoction were committed without their knowledge; but the evidence rather points to the existence of smart publicity methods in the 1850's. The preface states: "The work is written by a Russian nobleman who offered the MS. in English to the publishers, and the editor's task has been confined to altering such verbal errors as might be expected, when we bear in mind that the author has written in a language that is not his own." It goes on: "If he have such good fortune that his book obtains access to his own country, we feel sure that its truth will be immediately recognised, and its severity pardoned, at least by those not in authority, on account of the Author's strenuous exertions to do his part manfully in ameliorating the condition of his fellow sufferers in Russia. In conclusion, we may regret that we are not at liberty to mention the author's name—not that the work itself requires any further verification, for its genuineness is avouched by almost every line—but the truth is, that the writer is still anxious to return to his native country, and is perfectly aware that the avowal of his handiwork, and such a display of his satirical powers, will not serve as a special recommendation, except possibly as a passport to the innermost regions of the Siberian wilds." All this of work published twelve years before in Moscow, and of an author already two years in his grave! The real purpose of the book is revealed in the

last sentence of the preface, which describes it "as adding one more to our scanty list of books which throw light upon the domestic life of our 'ancient allies' and present foes." These two green-cloth volumes seem to be comparatively scarce, and I have seen but one copy besides that in the British Museum.

The two volumes of *Home Life in Russia* more or less faithfully reproduce the matter of Part One of *Dead Souls* until the last two paragraphs, when Chichikov, instead of going off on fresh enterprises as he does in the original, is disposed of in the following summary and melodramatic fashion: "The imperial messenger then pointed silently to a sinister looking carriage, called a Siberian *kibitka*, into which our hero was assisted, without being able to utter a syllable, and the next moment he was a dead man."

The next translation, and one still in general use, is the Isabel F. Hapgood translation, first published by Messrs. Crowell in New York in 1886. This translation has had a very varied career. It consists, as already mentioned, of a translation from the original Russian of the two published parts, together with a translation from the French of M. Charrière of the Zakhartchenko conclusion. Crowell's publication was reissued in the next year by J. R. Maxwell with London cancel titles, and a month later Vizetelly issued a shameless and unacknowledged reprint of the translation, which slavishly reproduces the Hapgood foot-notes.

This translation was reissued by Messrs. Fisher Unwin in 1915, with a preface by Mr. Stephen Graham and an erroneous bibliographical note which states that the translation was first published in 1893. It was again reissued in Messrs. Benn's *Essex Library* (1929), where it is still available. None of these editions subsequent to the Maxwell give any acknowledgment to the translator.

Apart from the best translation in the collected works of Gogol issued by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, there is a good translation by C. J. Hogarth available in the invaluable *Everyman Library*.

Home Life in Russia was followed by *Cossack Tales* (1860), translated by G. Tolstoy, about whom I can find nothing in the usual sources of reference. The two tales in this volume, *Taras Bulba* and *The Night of Christmas Eve*, are described everywhere as by Nicholas Gogol [*sic*], and are rather imperfect renderings.

The first separate appearance of *Taras Bulba* in English is the Hapgood translation (1886) which, like *Dead Souls*, was issued by Maxwell in London with a cancel title. Besides the Crowell edition, the book was published in wrappers as No. 1016 of *Lovell's Library*. Unfortunately I have had no opportunity of examining the two books, and cannot say if they are by the same translator or which is the prior. But I hazard a guess that the Crowell edition was the first.

The year 1886 was fruitful of Gogol translations, and Miss Hapgood issued yet another volume with Crowell in September, *St. John's Eve and Other Stories*, the contents of which is given in the appended check-list. This too was issued by Maxwell in 1887 with a cancel title. In all three of the Crowell books issued in England by Maxwell, the bindings of the American editions are closely imitated. And true to form, Vizetelly, who took to himself a great deal of credit for discovering these foreign authors, issued a volume of these Hapgood translations, including *Taras Bulba*, the five stories in the *St. John's Eve* volume and two stories that had not previously been translated into English.

Though few of the Vizetelly volumes of translations are strictly first editions, yet it is worth noting that the first issues of Vizetelly books in the series of *Celebrated One-Volume Novels* and *Celebrated Russian Novels* are in the familiar grey-blue cloth, and that cheaper editions, frequently consisting of first edition sheets, were issued in brown decorated paper boards.

Gogol's great comedy, *The Revizor*, was published first in Calcutta by Thacker, Spink as *The Inspector*, translated by T. Hart-Davies, the translator of Rylyeev. It was issued in grey wrappers printed in black, and carries thirty-two pages of advertisements dated "Calcutta, September,

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1890." This book is extremely scarce, in England at any rate, and I know only of the copy in the British Museum Library. The advertisements are important; for the sheets of the Indian edition (or sheets printed from the same stereotypes) were issued in London in 1892. The book, bound in red cloth, carries advertisements dated "London, July, 1892." The setting is identical and the misprint "Taran" occurs for "Taras" on page i of both editions.

A good translation with notes (by A. A. Sykes) was issued by Messrs. Walter Scott in 1892 at three shillings and sixpence. This edition should not be confused with the undated reissue in *The Scott Library* at one shilling and sixpence.

In *The Humour of Russia*, a selection of humorous pieces translated by E. L. Voynich and issued by Walter Scott in 1895, occur two pieces by Gogol not previously translated, *The Diary of a Madman* and the play, *Marriage*. The former is the subject of one of Prince Mirsky's all too infrequent translations, and was issued by the Cresset Press in an expensive limited edition in 1929.

The posthumous *Meditations on the Divine Liturgy*, translated by L. Alexeieff, was published by Messrs. Mowbray in 1913.

In *The Mantle and other stories*, translated by Claude Field (Werner Laurie, 1915), *The Nose*, one of Gogol's most important and successful short stories, and *A May Night* appear in translation for the first time.

Viewed purely as translations, all of these are rendered invalid by Mrs. Garnett's collected edition in six volumes (Chatto & Windus, 1922-28), in which many things appear for the first time, and all in faithful renderings of the original Russian.

In conclusion, I have to acknowledge my great debt to M. Janko Lavrin's *Gogol*, in the Routledge *Republic of Letters* series, the only full-length book on Gogol, with a more than usually extensive bibliography.

- THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF N. V. GOGOL
1854. "Home Life in Russia." Revised by the editor of "Revelations of Siberia." 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.) London.
- (1860.) "Cossack Tales." Translated by G. Tolstoy. (J. Blackwood.) London. Contains *Tarass Boolba* and *The Night of Christmas Eve*.
- 1886 (July). "Taras Bulba." Translated by I. F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) New York.
- "Taras Bulba." Lovell's Library. No. 1016. (New York.)
- (Sept.). "St. John's Eve and Other Stories." Translated by Hapgood. (Crowell.) New York. Contains *St. John's Eve*, *The Old World Landowners*, *The Quarrel of the Two Ivans*, *The Portrait*, *The Cloak*.
- (Dec.). "Tchitchikoff's Journeys: or Dead Souls." Translated by Hapgood. 2 vols. (Crowell.) New York.
1887. (April). "Taras Bulba." Translated by Hapgood. (Maxwell.) London. Crowell sheets with cancel title.
- (April). "Dead Souls." Translated by Hapgood. 2 vols. (Maxwell.) London. Crowell sheets, with cancel titles.
- (May). "Dead Souls." (Vizetelly.) London. Translated by Hapgood.
- (May). "Taras Bulba and Other Stories." (Vizetelly.) London. Contains *Taras Bulba*, the five stories in the "St. John's Eve" volume (all translated by Hapgood) and *The King of the Gnomes* (usually known as *Viy*), and *The Calash*.
1890. "The Inspector." Translated by T. Hart-Davies. (Thacker, Spink.) Calcutta. Advt. dated September, 1890. Reissued in London by Thacker with advt. dated July, 1892.
1892. "The Inspector-General." Edited by A. A. Sykes. (Walter Scott.) London.
1895. "The Humour of Russia." Translated by E. L. Voynich. (Walter Scott.) Contains *Marriage* and *The Diary of a Madman*.
1913. "Meditations on the Divine Liturgy." Translated by A. Alexeieff. (Mowbray.) London.
1915. "The Mantle and Other Stories." Translated by Claude Field. (Werner Laurie.) Contains five stories, including *The Nose* and *A May Night*.
- 1922-28. "Collected Works." Translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett. 6 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

BOOK PRICES CURRENT

By Norah Nicholls

In an interesting article in the August-September number of *The American Book Collector*—"Book Auctions the Stock Exchange for the Collector"—Mr. Charles F. Heartman suggests taking the average records of the price of a book for the last twenty years as "a pretty sound valuation, for such a period includes optimism and pessimism, boom and depression." This is an ideal of conservative valuation and should be recommended as a measure of perfection.

With Mr. Heartman's advice in mind, I recently took every volume of *American Book Prices Current* available at the British Museum—seventeen years only, from 1915 to 1931—and made a careful survey of the ground covered. The results were instructive and the upward trend of prices and the increased variety of the goods offered over this period of war and peace, prosperity and depression, led me to believe that the foundation of the trade in rare books rests on a more solid basis than some panic-mongers of the present time would lead one to expect.

The editorial comment of the first volume I consulted—that for the season September, 1915, to September, 1916—makes strange reading to-day: "The current tendency in the high cost of living has not been confined to food-stuffs, for the season's record given in this volume reveals that choice books and manuscripts are rising on the tide of our American prosperity . . . the sales show again a preponderance of Americana." The next volume celebrates the entrance of the United States into the World War and includes the records of two of the important Huntington sales—that of rare editions, mostly of great French writers of the nineteenth century, in November, 1916, and the sale of Americana from the same library in

the following January. The records of prices for these sales appeared to be little affected by the uncertainty of conditions, but "first editions and colour plate books showed somewhat of a falling off in quantity." This in the light of experience to-day seems to be the inevitable result of any economic upheaval. During the season, 1917 to 1918, good books maintained their values. With the end of the War and the return to normal, and indeed prosperous, conditions, the season of 1918-1919 celebrates again an "appreciation in the value of colour plate books."

The season 1919-20 is thus described: "an examination of the records contained in the new volume will reveal tendencies auguring well for the future of the American rare book market. Prices were high and showed a tendency to stabilise." The season included such sales as that of the dramatic library of the late Evert Jansen Wendell, of which "the catalogue formed six thick volumes, Part I containing a number of tributes to Mr. Wendell, that of Mr. Owen Wister being an especially charming appreciation of this sterling American." A collection of Jesuit Relations, mainly first issues in original vellum bindings, realised the record price of \$19,000; Mr. George Hellman's collection of Stevensoniana, consisting of 93 items, of which 51 were unpublished, fetched approximately \$6,900; a Book of Hours in the Avery sale realised \$4,350, and Parts XI and XII of the duplicates of the famous Huntington Library, consisting of Americana, were disposed of. Some extremely interesting lots were sold at the Buxton Forman sale in March, 1920: Shelley's "Œdipus Tyrannis," \$6,100; a copy of "Queen Mab," \$6,000 (\$68,000 at the Kern sale!); the manuscript of

"Julian and Maddalo," \$16,250; and a first edition of Browning's "Pauline," \$2,560 (\$16,000 at the Kern sale), while the Lapham copy of the "Pickwick Papers" brought \$3,500 and Charles Lamb's "Poetry for Children" \$3,300. A collection of a series of letters from Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas fetched \$7,900. In June of the same year, the manuscript of the first "Jungle Book" was sold for \$4,000, and that of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation Upon a Roast Pig" fetched \$12,600. The season of 1920-21 was distinguished by the Clawson sale; 1921 to 1922 was noted as showing "satisfactory prices, a wide range and significant promise," with such bargains at the Anderson Galleries as Miss Blanche Dupuy's "Lamia" at \$725, a copy of the rare Elzevir, "Le Pâtissier François," at \$340, and "Vanity Fair," in the original parts, \$2,100, while at the American Art Galleries (not yet amalgamated with the Anderson Rooms) a first edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" realised \$800, and Dr. Jupp's set of "The Pickwick Papers" \$3,500 (which, perfected, fetched \$28,000 at the Kern sale). A growing vogue for illustrated books and a demand for such modern authors as Wells, Hudson, Masfield and Cabell, as well as the great Victorians—Tennyson, Meredith and Hardy—were features of the year. 1922 to 1923 saw the sale for \$2,000 of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

From 1922 on there is a crescendo of interest leading up to the boom years of 1928-29. Important sales, such as the Quinn and Wakeman, were held in 1923-24. At the former, manuscripts of Conrad fetched extraordinary prices—"Almayer's Folly," \$5,300 (bought by Dr. Rosenbach), and "Chance," \$6,000. In 1924-25 there was the Beverley Chew sale: Shakespeare Folios fetched, for the First Folio, \$11,750; for the Second, \$3,600; for the Third, \$7,000; and for the Fourth, \$950. Other outstanding prices were \$1,500 for Lamb's "Elia," \$2,900 for the Kilmarnock Burns, \$2,050 for FitzGerald's "Omar," and again there is a demand for modern authors. In the George Barr McCutcheon sale of 1925-26 "The Pickwick Papers" realised \$7,000, and "Vanity Fair," in original parts, \$2,425. Developments culminating in the Kern sale of 1929 and the more recent Lothian sale are fresh in the minds of all collectors.

The latest volume of these records (for the last few years published by the R. R. Bowker Co., of New York, obtainable in London from Messrs. Chas. J. Sawyer, Ltd., of Grafton Street) is no less informative than those that precede it. One would expect to find a general reduction in prices, but strangely there are many seeming contradictions. The editor of the volume, Miss Mary Houston Warren, notes "surprisingly high levels as well as low." Unfortunately, in these hurried times, it is difficult to put one's mind back even a few months, and the records end with June 1st, 1931, a date which already seems somewhat ancient history. The English records, which I have not attempted to include in this summary, are never more than three months behind current business and, though not presented in such elegant format, are invaluable to the dealer and the well-informed collector.

It has recently been suggested in various American quarters that there is need for a book auction, with the from-day-to-day prices customary on the Stock Exchange. The continuous round of selling would probably automatically do away with many of the outside conditions and influences that make prices fluctuate seemingly without cause, but there is a certain amount of prejudice against such procedure, which might tend to vulgarise and commercialise dealing in goods of a more sentimental and human appeal than any imaginable stocks and bonds. Under such conditions the definition of an auction by John Evelyn, the diarist, is singularly appropriate: "the humour of disposing books *sub hasta*," which he describes as having become "epidemic" in his time. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

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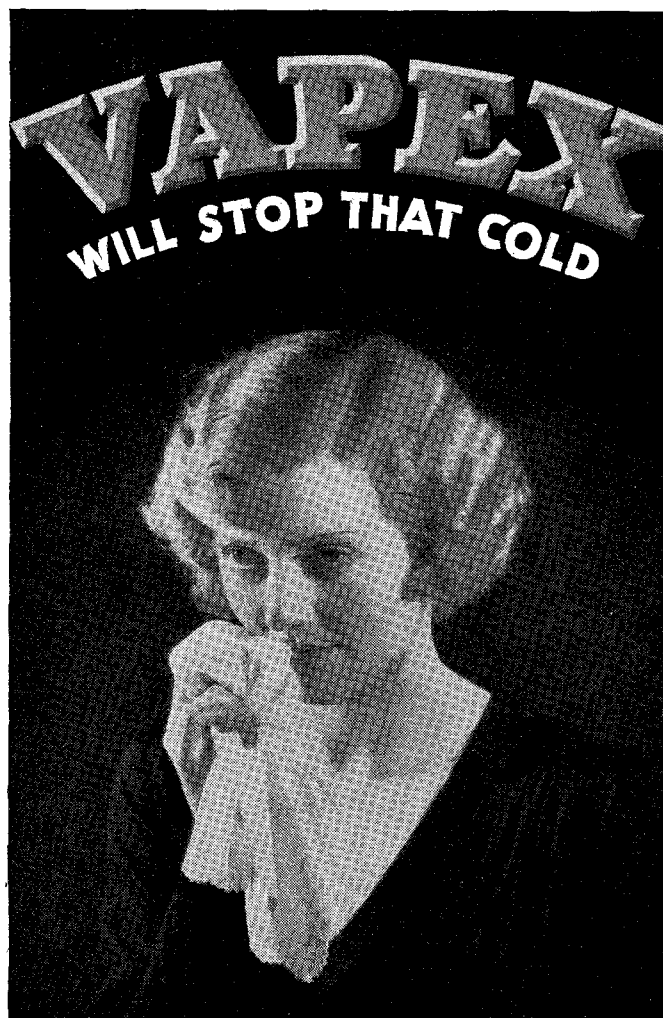
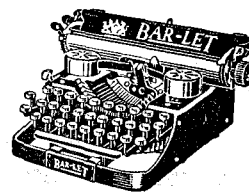
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(Continued on page 73.)

For the Writers of To-Morrow

WRITING FOR CHILDREN—II

By Alfred Dunning

Of the several branches of literary work for children, that of playwriting is perhaps the one most sure of a welcome. I do not imply that such work is easy to "place," but, none the less, there does appear to be a scarcity of really original drama for child actors.

If you contemplate writing plays for children, I should suggest as a useful if not essential move, that you gain some experience of play-producing for children. Organisations which approach the matter in any thoroughgoing fashion are few, though here and there Children's Theatres exist, while co-operation, or at least a "watching brief," in school plays might be possible.



Mr. and Mrs. Wyly-Wyly and family.

From "My Swans," by E. L. Turner (Arrowsmith).

Such experience should teach you, among other things, that your thoughts whilst writing plays for children should be centred on your actors rather than on your audience—in which respect juvenile drama differs from that intended for adults. You must create parts into which children can enter without the need for much histrionic skill—parts, in other words, which they can "play" rather than "act."

This means that generally speaking your play will be one of action, and that the action will be such as would appeal to the instincts of children. Remember, however, that such instincts vary with the age of children, and that "lines" suitable for boys or girls of seven or eight will not please those of but one or two years their senior.

From my own experience in writing and producing plays for children, I have come to the conclusion that the greatest need is for work which can be performed by, and played to, boys of twelve to fourteen—and of the elementary school type. To such boys almost anything virile will appeal, and history should supply you with a fund of themes.

Here, however, I must pause to suggest that you shun the so-called "historical" play. History in the raw, as it were, is rich in drama but far from easy to mould into situations which need no reference to textbooks for their complete understanding. If history is "adapted" it must be done remarkably well, or else truth is twisted without there being any compensating gain in pure drama.

I have found that one of the most satisfactory methods of presenting history in dramatic form is to set aside all temptation to introduce well-known historic figures (with their limitations if truth is to be adhered to), to do the same with historic situations, and to catch the "atmosphere" rather than the facts of history in plays of a purely fictitious content. By so doing, much greater freedom is obtained. As an example, I have seen a cycle of plays produced around the theme of "Craftsmanship," in which the cavemen, the alchemists, the hand-loom workers and other craftsmen figured in a series of exciting but fictitious episodes.

Whatever theme you select, whether it be historic, legendary or "modern" (and of worth-while plays there is a strange lack of these latter) treat your work from the first as *drama*. Otherwise you may fall into the error of many playwrights who seem to think that dramatic technique is not necessary, and that mere dialogue, of as artificial a kind as may be, will pass muster. Know your theme well and let it be compact—to fit the range of a one-act play, for preference. Write out your plot as a story, and if possible read it in that form to children of the age for which it is intended, and mark the effect.

In transforming it to drama, employ every device of adult playwriting to make the development swift, and the climax as active, thrilling and surprising as possible. What in film work is called the "tempo" is almost as important in this class of work. And finally, while writing literature rather than doggerel, do not make your work one of conscious "art." Especially when dealing with the climax, remember once again your actors and how difficult it will be for them (especially if they are boys) to catch the spirit of power in a "quiet" ending. If you would test this, stage a short version of "Peter Pan" and note how necessary it is to end with the duel between Peter and Hook!

There is no space, nor indeed scope, in this article to deal with play production for children. But I may mention that if you write your play with an eye on the minimum of properties and utter simplicity of presentation, you will probably produce a more satisfactory work than would be the case if you were to think in terms of ambitious adult productions.

For Competition

There is a distinction to be drawn between dramatisation for children and by children, and most of the remarks above apply to plays written for child-actors. Discuss, in a brief essay, the relative values of the two forms of drama, and say whether you consider the one of greater importance than the other. A book or books to the value of a guinea, to be chosen by the recipient, will be given for the best article. Competitors must be not less than sixteen and not more than eighteen years of age, and if at school should give the name and address of the school, as well as their own name, address and age. Closing date, November 12th.

The November "Bookman" will contain an announcement of special competitions open to writers under nineteen years of age, for which prizes of Ten Guineas and Five Guineas are being offered.

Correspondence

Patrons for Poets

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:
SIR,

I am pleased to see that so authoritative a journal as THE BOOKMAN should think fit to issue a special poetry number at this juncture. I do, however, feel that your editorial remarks regarding poetry as the supreme form of literary art are somewhat misleading.

Admittedly there is a revival of interest in the theory and practice of poetry writing, but what then? There are approximately five hundred thousand English-speaking poets who have published at least a first book of verse. The majority of these are of course American, and in America the poet can earn an adequate income without difficulty.

But what of the British poet who lacks a private income or the special advantages of social or literary influence? A few publishers like Jonathan Cape publish an occasional book of verse, but in most cases publication must be paid for. The only other avenue open to the average British poet is by way of the weekly reviews, a couple of Sunday papers and one or two monthly magazines. And it is indeed a slow and painful process earning an occasional guinea or half-guinea in return for verse written in all seriousness.

I speak from experience.

The poet is thus reduced not only to writing criticism which comes naturally enough, but to writing novels and short stories and essays and articles. This in the long run may be damaging to his poetic output which is relatively less remunerative. He may in fact cease writing verse altogether and become a professional journalist or fictionist. I have not forgotten light verse which is a danger of almost equal magnitude in that it encourages the poet to parody himself in addition to others.

Is it not a pity that wealthy patrons do not now exist of the type who were able to evoke the magnificent works of Dryden and Jonson and Spenser and Donne.

Yours, etc.,

7, Stanley Gardens, B. KENNETH WESANDER.
Hampstead, N.W.3.

Order

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:
SIR,

In your issue of August, in an article called "A Commentary on T. S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land,'" by Hugh Ross Williamson, reference is made by the author to "A Survey of Modernist Poetry," by Robert Graves and Laura Riding, the names being given in this order. On the cover and title page of this book the authorship is described "By Laura Riding and Robert Graves," and Mr. Williamson has no justification for reversing this order, nor does such a reversal seem consistent with the scholarly intention of his article.

Yours, etc.,

Deyá, Mallorca, Spain. LAURA RIDING,
August 21st, 1932. ROBERT GRAVES.

THE ANIMALS CAME TO DRINK

By Cherry Kearton. 6s. (Longmans.)

Cherry Kearton's name is sufficient introduction in itself, and another of his vividly intimate animal books is sure of a welcome. By way of counterblast to the many books on similar subjects which are undoubtedly concocted from second-hand knowledge, those of Mr. Kearton are based entirely upon his personal studies and experiences during his thirty-two years among the wild life of Africa. All the familiar animals stalk through the pages, but the rôle of heroine is given to a graceful Impalla which loses its own herd and has varied experiences amongst those of other animals. Perhaps the most curious of these were with some baboons. As usual the illustrations are remarkably successful.

Literary and Personal Requirements (continued).

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BRIGHTON—"Lyndhurst," 18, Clifton Street. Homely Board-residence, 40s. Bed and Breakfast, 25s. Quiet. Central for everywhere. Recommended.—Mrs. Rutley.

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by Francis Brett Young

An outspoken story of blood, passion and stark cruelty in Southern Italy.

The Edition consists of 230 signed copies at £1 1 0.
The White Owl Press regretfully announce they are unable to publish an ordinary edition.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than November 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

- I.—ONE GUINEA for a sonnet on Television.
- II.—HALF A GUINEA for a selection of not more than ten books for the Ideal Bedside Library, with reasons for choice, not exceeding two hundred and fifty words.
- III.—HALF A GUINEA for a four-lined epigram on Mr. Derrick's cartoon.
- IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from twentieth century English poetry applicable to any book advertised in this number.
- V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of August Competitions

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best inscription on the new 3½ per cent. (Converted) War Loan Scrip has been awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs, "Threeways," Farnham Common, Bucks, for the following:

Though your income shows a debit
You should be satisfied,
For a vast increase of credit
Is hereby ratified.

We also specially commend those of Aileen M. L. Parker (Mitcham), Walter C. Wilson (Slough), Ethel M. Kennedy (London, N.W.), John E. Woods (Coventry), John Purdie (Paisley), T. W. Durrant (Wilmslow), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), M. K. Colquhoun (Horsham), W. A. Rathkey (London, N.W.).

- II.—HALF A GUINEA for an epitaph on a professional sword-swallower who was choked by a fish bone is awarded to W. A. Rathkey, 14, Oxford Road, N.W.6, for the following:

Here rest the bones of one whose subtle throat
Accommodated every sword of note;
He baited Death. Death wept, and left the line
For some poor fish who would not know its crime!

We also highly commend the epitaphs by J. H. G. Gibbs (Farnham Common), T. W. Durrant (Wilmslow), G. Pitt (London, N.), Agnes E. Drey (London, N.W.), G. B. Attwell (London, W.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Walter C. Wilson (Slough), Molly McCarr (Bayswater), Gordon Simpson (York), John A. Bell-chambers (Highgate), Jewel Westcott (Chard), Edward Linington (Old Portsmouth), M. K. Colquhoun (Horsham).

- III.—HALF A GUINEA for a sub-title to Thomas Derrick's cartoon in the August number of THE BOOKMAN is awarded to John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, for the following:

Whilst genus Man, against life's tempting lures,
Wrestles with philosophic common sense,
Your Superman purgatory endures
At thoughts of breaking some pet abstinence.

We also mention for special commendation the replies by W. A. Rathkey (London, N.W.), Edward Linington

(Old Portsmouth), Rev. Edwin J. Matthews (Calne), Gordon Simpson (York), M. K. Colquhoun (Horsham), L. Bruce (Crayford), G. B. Attwell (London, W.).

- IV.—HALF A GUINEA for the best contribution in not more than two hundred and fifty words to a proposed symposium on "Books I Have Never Read," as suggested in Miss Elyn Walshe's article in the August number, is awarded to B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent, for the following:

When a small child, books beguiled my playtime hours rather than toys. As a schoolgirl I played less and read more than the average. Yet I must confess that "Robinson Crusoe" was entirely neglected, possibly because the hero had figured in my dreams as the result of adult storytelling. "Gulliver's Travels" occupied a small space in the family bookcase, but it offered no temptation until adolescence had passed; then it too had passed to Messrs. Foyles with other discarded literature, during the annual spring-clean. In the case of "Peter Pan," I had witnessed the stage-play of Barrie's masterpiece so many times that I was too lazy to read it, though many passages are memorised. I have also cherished a vague desire to possess a copy of Samuel Pepys's "Diary," but am not sufficiently enthusiastic to buy the book for myself. Next birthday, or Christmas maybe, a near relative may supply the gifted omission, in which case it will certainly be read. Another blank in my reading list is Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." I chanced to be removed two forms at school, and I missed the class studying this ancient classic of English literature.

Plato's "Republic" remains a sealed book until this day. I possess a copy, having joined a local Literary Circle one winter with the object of studying its philosophy. Alas! the Circle faded into nothingness ere the first few chapters of the book were read, and the "Republic" is still waiting on the bookshelf.

We also highly commend the contributions by Rachel N. Pearse (Radlett), Edward Linington (Old Portsmouth), Ivy Richardson (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), J. J. O'Hanlon (Blackrock), Dora Malfatti (London, S.E.), M. Cutts (Croydon), B. E. Stanley (Keighley), Joyce Woodhouse (Brundall), Edward Adams-Ray (Stockholm, Sweden), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), John Purdie (Paisley), Gertrude Hancox (New Malden), Muriel M. Malvern (Cheltenham).

- V.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from twentieth century English poetry applicable to any book advertised in the August number has been awarded to Miss B. E. Stanley, 6, Henry Street, Keighley, Yorks, for the following:

HE FELL AMONG FRIENDS. BY WARDLE TAYLOR.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I can't remember how I went to bed."
MAURICE BARING, *Moan in the form of a Ballade*
(101 Ballades).

We also select for printing:

THE END OF THE CHASE. BY CECIL WAYE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"What shall I do now? What shall I do?
I shall rush out as I am and walk the street
With my hair down so."

T. S. ELIOT, *The Waste Land*.

(Mannington Sayers, Monmouth.)

- VI.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to Mary Alban, Carshalton House, Carshalton, Surrey.

CROSSWORD No. 22.

The prize is awarded to Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool, for the following clue:

Lectured on Byron in 1857.

BROADCASTING FOR BOOKMEN: The October Talks

By J. D. Crawshaw

Although broadcasting is a continuous service, which runs from January to December without a break, it must be frankly admitted that the summer programmes show a certain falling-off in interest and originality. This is inevitable, for it would be bad policy to produce the best and brightest gems of broadcasting at a time when large numbers of listeners are away on holiday, taking a rest from listening as well as from work. But while the B.B.C. may be excused for the occasional flatness of their programmes during the summer months, a critic of broadcasting cannot help feeling a certain relief and satisfaction when the period of lassitude is over and autumn restores the programme to a more attractive level.

Mr. Chesterton at the Microphone

At last there is something to discuss again, and one of the biggest subjects for discussion is Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who is about to join the ranks of regular broadcasters. I have never heard Mr. Chesterton broadcast, and I shall look forward to hearing his very distinctive voice from a loud-speaker. I do not imagine that he will sound as well as Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose microphone voice is so entirely admirable; but at all events he should be no worse than Mr. H. G. Wells, whose excellent broadcast material is so often spoilt by a rather tiresome delivery. If Mr. Chesterton can produce a satisfactory microphone personality his talks should be one of the leading features of the winter programmes, for he will roam at large over the world of "New Books" once a fortnight. His first talk is to be given on Monday, October 31st, at 6.50 p.m. I wish that he could be allotted a later hour, for I fancy that many people find 6.50 rather an awkward time for listening.

When the winter is in full swing, Mr. Chesterton will alternate with Mr. E. M. Forster, the author of "A Passage to India" and "Howard's End," as a critic of new books; but during October Mr. Forster is to give three talks (Mondays, October 3rd, 10th and 24th; 6.50 p.m.) to Mr. Chesterton's one. Mr. Forster's criticism should also be well worth hearing, and although Mr. MacCarthy and Miss Sackville-West have been excellent critics in the past it is a very good thing that the B.B.C. should change its critics occasionally. The introduction of fresh points of view is always desirable.

The Art of Reading

Mr. MacCarthy however will not be lost to the microphone, for he is giving a series of talks on "The Art of

Reading." In this series he is abandoning new books in favour of old ones, and he is going to discuss the right way of reading books in order to get as much as possible out of them. I may as well confess that I am a little mystified by the subject, for I imagined that reading was a perfectly simple process, which did not require to be hailed as an art; but perhaps I shall change my mind when I have heard Mr. MacCarthy. His introductory talk was given at the end of September, and during the present month he will discuss matter-of-fact fiction, romantic adventure, and "active adventure mixed with spiritual adventure" (Thursdays, October 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th; 7.30 p.m.). The books which he will specially deal with in these four talks are "Robinson Crusoe," "Rob Roy," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped" and "Youth," but he will also discuss other books of the same kind. Later in the series he will deal with other types of fiction and with poetry.

Poetry and Greek Literature

It is satisfactory to learn that poetry is at last to have a regular place in the programmes, for I have long considered that good reading of poetry was one of the brightest gifts that broadcasting could offer. The experiment of giving a short reading of poetry or prose at the end of the evening programme, just before the dance music begins, is to be given a thorough trial, and I hope that it will prove successful. On most evenings the readings will be quite short, but on Wednesdays they will extend to a quarter of an hour. The readings are described as "epilogues," as they are presumably intended to bring the day to a fitting conclusion; and so long as the items are not chosen with too much solemnity they should be very effective. I hope that they will not always be serious, for a little lightness would often be refreshing at the end of the day.

I must mention one other talk in the October programmes. In the series entitled "Our Debt to the Past," Professor F. M. Cornford is taking the place of the late Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson as the exponent of Greek life and thought. His talks in October will deal with Greek literature and Greek philosophy and science (Mondays, October 3rd and 10th; 7.30 p.m.), and they should be interesting in many ways. The syllabus for these talks was actually prepared by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, who was always an eloquent and instructive broadcaster, and Professor Cornford is following the lines laid down in the original syllabus.

IN THOSE DAYS: Book Topics a generation ago

(FROM "THE BOOKMAN," OCTOBER, 1897)

Mr. George Gissing has been engaged on the proofs of a book of short stories which will shortly appear under the title of "Human Odds and Ends." Mr. Gissing leaves shortly for Italy, where he will remain until the spring working, as his health forbids him spending a winter in England.

"The Skipper's Wooing" is the longest story that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has yet written, but the success of that book has emboldened him to try his hand at a full-length novel. He has been more or less engaged on it during his holidays, but he is so slow a worker that it is not likely to be finished until next year.

Ibsen is going to Berlin next spring, on invitation, for the celebration of his seventy-first birthday. It is expected that this occasion will be made the opportunity for an important Ibsenite demonstration.

Count Tolstoy has been expressing himself very severely on Wagner and Wagner's music. Wagner, according to Tolstoy, was a *decadent* who made up in trickery what he

lacked in inspiration and idea. He had no notion of melody, and loved noise. He was incomprehensible to the mass, and he, Tolstoy, vastly preferred to Wagner's most pretentious compositions the simplest popular tunes.

Oscar Wilde has written a new French play called "Pharaon," and a poem of a hundred stanzas dealing with a painful experience.

The recently projected "Hampstead Annual" promises to be very successful. Among the contributors will be Sir Walter Besant, Canon Ainger, Mr. Henry Holiday, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, and Dr. Horton. The editor is Mr. Ernest Rhys.

Miss L. Quiller-Couch, the clever authoress of "Man," etc., has written her first long novel, entitled "A Spanish Maid," which will be issued immediately by Messrs. Service & Paton. The appearance of this work will doubtless be looked forward to with interest by the many admirers of Miss Quiller-Couch and her brother, "Q."

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 24

Solution to Crossword XXII



DR. JOHNSON

By "PROCRUSTES"

A prize of one guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who provides the best clue to 23 across.

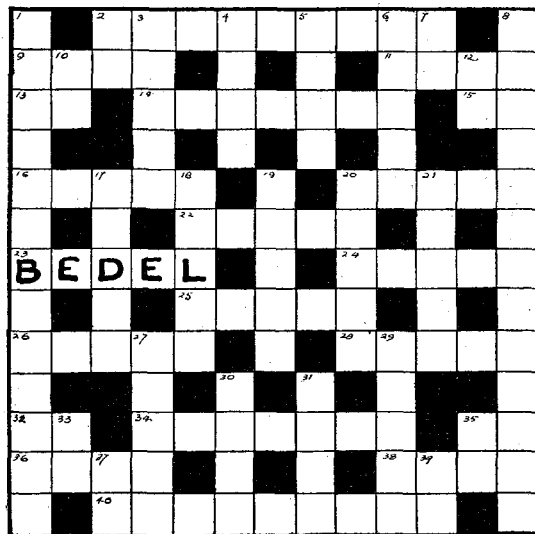
CLUES DOWN:

1. Strike off the foot of a great philosopher to refute whose scepticism Johnson struck his own foot against a stone.
2. Initials of "our worthy friend," of whom Johnson said: "I know not who will go to Heaven if he does not."
3. "A practiser in physic"—
"The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh."
4. "The composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of . . . , but we think on Addison." —(Preface to the Edition of Shakespeare.)
5. Johnson, who himself suffered in this capacity, was thereby well equipped to write "The Life of Savage."
6. To do this to Johnson would result in his "puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent."
7. French preposition.
8. Johnson and Boswell walked here one evening in 1763. "Is not this very fine?" asked Johnson. "Yes, Sir," answered Boswell, "but not equal to Fleet Street." Johnson: "You are right, Sir."
10. Verb.
12. Another verb.
17. Johnson on Imperial politics: "I am clear that the best plan for the government of . . . is a despotick governour; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many."
18. On "The Rape of the Lock": ". . . presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their Pursuits, loves a . . . , and detests a gnome."
19. It is wrong to do this, for "a vow is a horrible thing, it is a snare for sin."
20. "Condemned to . . . delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away."
21. A native of the South Seas. Four-fifths of it may make the name of one such native, who was brought to England and met Johnson.
27. This or a growl was frequently Johnson's contribution to a dinner-table conversation that did not interest him.
29. "Swedish Charles," in a famous phrase, left a name to point one.
30. A singular disfigurement of which the Royal touch failed to cure Johnson.
31. A change of head is necessary to make Johnson's friend and publisher possessive. This done, reverse it.
33. A member of the Club was President of this.
35. Begin 17.
37. Johnson considered the differences between a Protestant and this were "trivial, and rather political than religious."
39. With 35 across, a later City character, who was born in the year that "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" appeared.

CLUES ACROSS:

2. The only person, according to Johnson, who wrote for anything other than money.
9. Johnson declared that both Boswell and himself were this. Hence perhaps the title of the periodical that lasted from 1758 to 1760.
11. "No sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,
Though dancing Mountains witness'd Orpheus . . ."
13. Adverb.
14. The poet whose page Johnson describes as "a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller," ought, one would think, to have lived here rather than at Twickenham.
15. Preposition.
16. Boswell . . . the conversation at the Bishop of St. Asaph's because he was too drunk to remember it.
20. Goddess whose matchmaking office Johnson suggested might with advantage be usurped by the Lord Chancellor, "upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."
22. Reverse a seventeenth-century dramatist in whom "Dick Minim" "found uncommon powers of moving the passions, but was disgusted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conspirator his hero."
—(The Idler.)
24. Italian General who said, on being introduced to Johnson: "From what I have read of your works, Sir, and from what Mr. Boswell has told me of you, I have long held you in great veneration."
25. A "man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers" persuaded Rasselas of the advantages of surveying from a height "mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty, and lulled by . . ."
26. "We could therefore stop no more to make remarks in the way"; for they were anxious to do this to "that illustrious Island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion."
28. "Sir, I was once in company with . . . , and we did not take to each other." This was the author of a famous book on economics, and Boswell had studied under him at Glasgow.
32. See 36.
34. A welcome command at the dinner-table, though not so in Shakespearean phraseology. For Boswell writes: "I never knew any man who relished good eating as he did."
35. See 39.
36. Johnson maintained that this sort of a man was not necessarily a fatter one. (With 32.)
38. Jumble 11.
40. Of this poet, who attacked Johnson, he said: "I called the fellow a (2 across) at first, and I will call him a (2 across) still."

Crossword No. 24



COUPON for OCTOBER, 1932

The Bookman Illustrated Supplement

AUTUMN FICTION

SIX NOVELS BY WOMEN

By Wynyard Browne

A Man Named Luke.

By March Cost. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Between Sun and Moon.

By Agnes Mure Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Lark Ascending.

By Mazo de la Roche. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Butler's Gift.

By Martin Hare. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Dove and Roebuck.

By Ena Limebeer. 6s. (Dent.)

Jenny Newstead.

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

After reading these six books I had the feeling that six women had been trying very hard to please and interest me. I am therefore embarrassed at having to confess that only one of them—March Cost—really succeeded: and that she seems dangerous. It is obviously my duty to explain so ungallant a state of mind: and the explanation will be a means of demonstrating what seems to me to be a serious fault in the work of most contemporary novelists—women in particular—and warning the readers of novels against a still more serious danger.



MARTIN HARE.

I shall begin by giving a short description of five out of these six stories. "Between Sun and Moon" is about a young Jacobite named Eneas. The date is 1746. At first nothing much happens, but the writing is good enough to sustain one's interest in Eneas and his Jacobite friends. Quite suddenly they disappear altogether and Eneas goes to France. The rest of the book is full of incident, but somehow lacks interest. When, at the end, Eneas rode out of the story, his legs tied under his horse's belly, I was indifferent to his fate.

"Lark Ascending" is about Fay Palmas, a Canadian baker's widow with mixed blood in her veins, and her indolent artist son Diego. They sell their bakery and come to Europe "to stretch their wings." Fay becomes a Comtessa in Sicily and Diego has the first part of an affair with a Russian called Varvara. Mr. Bond, the chemist they took with them, seems rather bored: but then he is blond. He marries Diego's cousin and goes back to Saltport.

"Butler's Gift" is about a Liverpool bank clerk who, apprehensive about inheriting an estate, goes to learn how to be a squire in a haphazard family of Irish cousins whom he has never seen. There are suitable actions and reactions. "The Dove and the Roebuck" is a simple story of

village life. But there is a strange and rather sinister force at work in the person of Lou Burton, which brings disaster. She is the sort of woman who demands of life more than she can manage, and involves others in her ultimate collapse.

In Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's book Jenny married Mr. Newstead and gave him her savings to buy a little shop. The story opens after he has absconded with them. Jenny is very simple and worries a good deal. After a while she falls in love with a museum curator for whom she has been keeping house. Then her old Quaker mother discovers in the police news that Newstead is not only a bigamist but a murderer, and the gallows set Jenny free for her curator.

The fault I mentioned is subtle and pervasive. It can affect the best as well as the worst. Even in male writers it is a feminine fault: the fault of trying to please. It is usually most obvious in what people describe as "good little touches." You feel that the author is saying "Haven't you often noticed that? Don't you feel as I do?" The reader is intended to feel a thrill of sympathy for, or understanding of her as a person. It is part of the art of making friends, not of writing books. Such writers are putting what Jacques Maritain calls "the grin of personality" on their work. When a novelist becomes more interested in communicating herself or her opinions than in the exigencies of the work to be done, she fails. The further the novel is removed from poetry and the closer it approaches conversation, so much the worse for the novel.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is an old hand and clever at concealing her tracks. But she knows for whom she is writing, and their reactions are obviously more important to her than the behaviour of her characters. Mazo de la Roche is forced to show off, because her material offers almost no resistance. Martin Hare and Ena Limebeer are the worst offenders, though their subjects gave them plenty of opportunities in other directions. They smile confidentially at you all the time. They wink, nudge and sometimes give you a kick under the table, to make certain that you know what they think about it all. If this habit spreads, novels will soon be as irritating and unhealthy as tea-parties.

March Cost is entirely free of this confidential manner. She is clearly not seeking to attract: with the result that she does become very attractive. Few people, I think, could read "A Man Named Luke" without wanting to know the inventor of its characters and incidents. But her personality shows through her work: her work is not made the means of displaying it.



ENA LIMEBEER.



MARCH COST.

Photo by Dorothy Wilding.

effect of his death on several groups of people. (This last, though episodic, is far the best.) March Cost's style is

The story takes place between sunset and sunrise on a November day. The first book describes the reverie of a surgeon tired after a day's work, in which we are given a vivid and surprisingly complete picture of his life. The second book is his dream, when he has fallen for the last time asleep. The third shows the

supple and efficient. She can present a character precisely in a few lines. But her book belongs to a large and dangerous type. It provides a day-dream. Day-dreaming, especially the standardised day-dreaming of novel-reading and picture-going, has disastrous results. The dreams are manufactured by undisciplined fancy, the play of which, even in this case, cannot be called mysticism. The chorus of praise on the cover, which includes a don, a distinguished surgeon, and a celebrated physician, shows that not only the less educated are becoming addicts.

Only because she is at once more sincere, more able and more aware than they, is it just that March Cost should thus be made a scapegoat for innumerable novelists—these other five for instance—with less than half her talent. If we must buy day-dreams, hers are some of the best. But it is well to remember that they are a spiritual drug with a pernicious effect. Works of art are nourishing; and I believe that March Cost, if she wishes, is capable of making them.

SIX NOVELS BY MEN

Lament for Adonis.

By Edward Thompson. 7s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)

Grope Carries On.

By F. O. Mann. 8s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Sticky Fingers.

By Dyke Acland. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No Quarter.

By Alec Waugh. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The Rocky Road.

By John Brophy. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Poor Tom.

By Edwin Muir. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

There may be no distinctions of border nor breed nor birth—nor sex in the kingdom of art, but the interesting circumstance remains that of these six novels four at least could only have been written by men.

I take Mr. Thompson's War novel first because it illustrates specifically masculine virtues and—I will say—characteristics instead of weaknesses, since the last word is the more debatable. The writer's previous novel, "These Men Thy Friends," has, I see, been described as "Without question, the noblest piece of fiction directly inspired by active service in the War," and "Lament for Adonis" has also that quality of richly poetic idealism which merits the same epithet.

The two young men, Warren Remfry (Bunny) and Martin Chapman, are superb physically and morally, embodying in their persons all the best qualities of the English race: if they lose their tempers they apologise; they are worshipped in the ranks; always they play the game.

The two American girls whom they meet in the safety zone of Jerusalem—the period is that preceding Allenby's last successful break through—are also



EDWIN MUIR.

thoroughly nice girls. They even leave an informal entertainment because a song is too suggestive for their ideas of what is proper and seemly. But being American, there are certain misunderstandings which have to be overcome: on one occasion Bunny rescues Cynthia

from an ex-public school-boy who doesn't behave as well as an ex-public school-boy should.

To be candid, none of Mr. Thompson's individuals ever wins more from us than that respectful attention we are bound to bestow on those whose virtues and courage are so estimable. Perhaps if these masculine Englishmen were not so consciously aware of being Englishmen, of never talking about their feelings and so on, one would get to know them a little better. As it is the story, and also the conversation, which might be chiefly interpreted with the one characteristic sentence: "There was a cheery exchange of greetings and gossip," amounts to very little.

What is impressive in the book is its fine integrity, the stirring description towards the end of Allenby's advance, and the sense that one is in contact with a scholarly and sensitive mind.

When Mr. Albert Grope made his first bow to the public he did not unfortunately come my way. In this book, in which we meet him in the capacity of one of the strong, though not silent, business men who show Civil Servants how to win the War—in the Department of Minor Equipment—he is certainly consistently delightful. The struggle between the Admiralty and the War Office for the person of one, Mudd; the minor skirmishes over typists, carpets and precedence; the masterly (or otherwise) handling of deputations, all make excellent comedy. And the descriptions of Mr. Grope's colleagues show the hand of the genuine creator. There is the gentlemanly Mr. Stuart-Brophy, whose first meeting with Mr. Grope is unfortunate for the latter:

"Oh, you've never heard of Baileyburgh School, haven't you?" he snarled. "A chap like you wouldn't, I suppose? Nor of Eton or Harrow either? No, nor of anything else! Well, don't wear that tie again; that's all! Understand? It isn't done! Not among gentlemen! See! Don't wear it again," he repeated.

Mr Grope's relations with his elderly wife and the two typists, the professional vamp and the more gentle and subtle Alice, are perhaps interpreted a trifle over realistically



F. O. MANN.

Photo by J. W. Maycock.



Author of—

Prose:

"DEWER RIDES"—a novel.
"THE JEALOUS GHOST"—a novel.
"THE GARDEN"—a novel.
"THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN"—short stories.
"DON JUAN AND THE WHEELBARROW"—short stories.
"THE BROTHERS"—a novel.

Verse:

"DUBLIN DAYS."
"THE LOWERY ROAD."
"DIFFICULT LOVE."
"NORTHERN LIGHT."
"SELECTED POEMS."

L. A. G. STRONG.
(By Gwen Evans.)



Author of "HIGH TABLE," "ITHURIEL'S HOUR," etc.

JOANNA CANNAN



JANE OLIVER.
Author of "To-Morrow's Woods" (Collins).

to match with the light-hearted mood of the rest of the book. Mr. Grope, indomitably faithful though indomitably pursued, would appear to be more in accordance with the expectations. But this perhaps is a feminine criticism?

In "Sticky Fingers" Mr. Acland introduces us to a world in

which few women are likely to feel much at home. It is the world of big finance, of mergers and speculations with, as a foil, the section of society which gambles with hunters and polo ponies as others gamble with shares. The unattractive business man, Husting, wants more power and more money, and, since he has made a small fortune in the provinces, is given his chance at high finance by a Jewish financier. But he overreaches himself, tries to cheat his masters, and in the end goes to prison.

Meanwhile his wife pursues her own ends. She pays the Honourable Mrs. Yarbury-Lincomb to introduce her to the County, and for a brief while also acquires that lady's handsome and unscrupulous husband. The Yarbury-Lincombs themselves, however, do very well out of Husting's money, and altogether one is inclined to agree with "Mousie's" final summing up: "What a crew, we are—sticky-fingered, every one of us. Mr. Husting was the best of the lot." The values, one might add, are masculine, cynical and robust.

Mr. Alec Waugh usually writes novels which cater for the tastes of women far more efficiently than do most story-tellers of whatever sex. But in his latest tale he has profitably exchanged the hot-house atmosphere of the Riviera and intrigues of married women for a breezy and swift yarn of piracy, slave barter and colonial history.

FIRST NOVELS

Pilate's Wife.

By Jean Damase. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Snow on Water.

By Merle Eyles. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Alas, Lucinda.

By Seth Baldwin. 7s. 6d. (Archer.)

City Wise.

By Micheline Keating. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

Wards of the Outer March.

By Kay Glasson Taylor. 6s. 6d. (Angus & Robertson.)

The Solid Man.

By O'Reilly Coghlan. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

"Pilate's Wife" is, I think, the most distinguished first novel that I have been privileged to review. That is not to say that it is necessarily the most entertaining or the best written, or that it is likely to achieve anything in the nature of a sales record. I imagine that M. Damase, as he feels his feet more surely on his new literary route, will produce novels that will, from the point of view of literary craftsmanship, knock this one into a cocked hat. Deeply interested though I was in the book, I have to confess that there were times when I, like the lady in the story, was bored by the historical discourses in which Alexandre, the hero, so freely indulges. Nor do I think the author has been true to his original theme. He could not surely, with all his intimate knowledge of the Gospels, have called the book "Pilate's Wife," and have forgotten that Pilate's wife played a rather remarkable part in the Gospel drama; yet the wife of the Pilate of this story has nothing whatever

Starting with one, Roger, who runs away from his peasant home in the South of France in the middle of the seventeenth century to engage in piracy and raids in the West Indies, he takes us through three generations of bold, bad buccaneers. Some of Roger's descendants ally themselves with coloured women; some turn snobs and sit at home enjoying their prosperity; but always there is one of the family, man or woman, who prefers to gamble rather than to become a respectable lady or gentleman. In the end we leave one scion racketeering in Chicago, another juggling with shares in Marseilles. It is all brilliantly done, full of colour and life.

Mr. John Brophy divides his attention between Liverpool and Dublin. While his hero, Anthony Lynch, is in the former place, he is a respectable lecturer at the university, discomposed by the accounts of Black and Tan atrocities in Ireland, but still believing that pacifism is the Golden Rule. And he pursues, rather heavily, a love affair with Catherine Camba, a rich man's daughter.

But Anthony's brother, Brian, goes over to Ireland and throws in his lot with Sinn Féin. Anthony follows in order to protect him, and arrives just in time to see him before he is hanged at Kilmainham. He himself is clapped into the same place: the young lady from Liverpool, disguised as a man, follows him, and in the end they are both killed while trying to escape. The melodramatic conclusion does not however overcome a certain tepid quality about the whole story.

Mr. Edwin Muir's first modern novel belongs to that rare class of book over which one pauses to ponder: a book which is capable of producing mental and spiritual excitement. For here is a subtlety of mind and a fineness of analysis which is rarely encountered.

The story is of two brothers living in Glasgow before the War. The one, Mansie, is successful: neither very sincere nor very intelligent, he makes the best of all his worlds: Socialism and social contacts, Religion and respectability. The other, Tom, losing his girl to Mansie, turns increasingly to drink. He falls from a tram, and after a painful lingering dies from a tumour on the brain. But through his death Mansie makes a step towards a greater understanding. So much for an inadequate summary of a valuable and original book.

By R. S. Forman

to do with the fate of the unfortunate "nabi," who is done to death by the ecclesiastical authorities in Syria, when the local representative of Western Government washes his hands of him at the behest of his superior. True, Madame Benoist-Douville has a part to play in the story, and her amusing (and very French) *affaire* with Alexandre is most entertainingly and skilfully woven into the more vital matters with which M. Damase deals; but it is not the part suggested by the title, nor, I feel sure, the part which the author originally had in mind.

M. Damase has here presented us with a profound and first-hand study of a deeply interesting subject, giving us a novel and highly illuminating sidelight on the centuries-old problem of the clash of East and West. He himself is, as the short biographical note which prefaces the book tells us, very completely equipped to tackle the subject, as he has devoted his life to its study ever since the end of the Great War. The angle from which he looks at it is that, particularly, of a



MERLE EYLES.

student of comparative religion; an unusual position for an ex-officer and a political agent to take. His hero, Alexandre, is clearly, in the main, a self-portrait, and Alexandre spends all his leisure studying, not only the languages and customs of the peoples whose affairs he has to administer, but their philosophies and religions as well. What he learns from his studies and what he sees round about him teach him how the religions of the world were born. With all the native detachment of the cultivated Frenchman he sets himself to measure the distance between East and West in this matter, and finds that there is no standard by which it can be measured. "Never the twain can meet"; the hackneyed words get a new meaning from a study of this kind, and M. Damase and his hero alike get no little entertainment from the spectacle of Eastern attempts to gain the sympathetic understanding of their Western overlords and from the clumsy efforts of the West to respond. I do not suppose that this book will undermine Christianity or Islam. Both systems have stood bigger shocks than this. But the book has a message for adherents of the established religions, which they will interpret one way or the other as their spiritual psychology dictates. The poor nabi who plays so prominent a part in this story is not so very different a kind of prophet from the founder of Christianity or from Mahomet. He was unconventional, iconoclastic, a reformer, a deliverer, a rebel, just as they were, and they, like him, came from an unexpected and unlikely quarter. M. Damase draws the parallel very close between the nabi and Jesus of Nazareth, down to the teaching of the two men and their very similar deaths. Who knows, thinks Alexandre, when he hears of the death of the nabi, whether here is not to be seen the birth of a new religion? The application of this to the Christian is clear. His religion, powerful though it is, and world-wide in its scope, started not very differently from that which might spring from the life and teaching and death of such a prophet as M. Damase tells us of here.

Immense pains and immense study have gone to the making of this book, short though it is, and even, in some respects, light; but behind the work he has done lies the spirit of the author, his deep sympathy, his detachment, the absence of prejudice and racial arrogance. Ignorant of the facts, one wonders whether such a spirit is typical of the French colonial administrator. If so, is it not possible to see just where lies the strength of the French nation as a colonising people? They have not peopled the world with their race as the English have, and their influence is not nearly as widespread; but it is true (is it not?) that in Africa especially, and in Asia, they have been outstandingly successful in their administration. They have had their troubles, but one is forced, after reading such a book as this, to wonder whether, had fortune left them in control of India instead of us, the impasse reached there would ever have been reached at all. This is not to condemn the British; India doubtless owes Britain very much; but I suggest that Alexandre of "Pilate's Wife" would find more to learn from the East than the typical British administrator would believe the East could teach him, and further would be less inclined to regard the West as specially ordained by Providence to fill the part of teacher of an essentially unteachable section of mankind.

I should add that the translation of the book by Arthur Mayne is irrepachable.

It is political, and not religious, controversy which proves the subject matter of "Snow on Water," another quite remarkable first novel. The author is Merle Eyles, but beyond the fact that the jacket calls her "Miss" I know nothing about her. I must presume her knowledge to be first-hand, and I should surmise that she has racial relationship with the Finns, though there is nothing in her name to confirm my conjecture, which is based solely on the extraordinary ability she possesses of getting her readers right inside her characters' lives, and of eliciting their sympathy for both their faults and their

virtues. The period of the story is just before, during, and just after the War. The hero and his friends are patriotic Finns, deeply conscious of the oppression of their country by the hated Russians, and ironically (in view of the future) willing to join Germany as soon as it is clear that Germany is on the opposite side to Russia. Miss Eyles draws a very attractive picture of her Finnish characters, though Pietolan, her hero, is himself not altogether an admirable character. Miss Eyles makes great play with the fact that after having been taught by his father to hate Russians, Pietolan comes suddenly to the knowledge that he himself is partly of Russian origin. It is hard for an Englishman to appreciate the effect of such knowledge on a man's soul, and I do not think Miss Eyles is quite convincing—for English readers—in her treatment of her hero's psychology. But this is a minor point; the book is so excellent that one forgets it in one's deep interest in the story and its characters. Miss Eyles is to be congratulated on a first-rate piece of work.

"Alas, Lucinda!" is a curious story with a curious and original woman for heroine. The scene is laid in an hotel in an American summer resort, and the story tells of the experiences there of Lucinda, who, with her father, has made the hotel their summer home for years. From some points of view she is a type we all know—a spinster, past her first youth, a bit of a blue-stocking, somewhat simple in her outlook on life, and withal a born manager of men and affairs. What differentiates her from the type is her sincerity, her romanticism and her charm. Things happen on this particular visit which are highly disturbing to Lucinda. She has an enemy, one Carrie, who vies with Lucinda for first place in the affections of the lady who runs the hotel. Carrie is a ferret on the track of scandal, and unfortunately Lucinda's enthusiasms lead her to organise some theatricals which give Carrie the chance of a lifetime.

"City Wise" is another American story, but this time we have one written on well-trying lines. It tells about a family of young folk, who differ very little from those who people nine-tenths of the novels which reach us from America. The only original character is the grandfather, who differs from the usual American patriarch in being cynically indulgent to the young folk, taking their affairs out of the hands of their parents in the most preposterous manner. This cynicism is however only the obverse of the typical American sentimentality, and the reader cannot believe in him for a moment.

We do not get a great deal of fiction from Australia, though some of what we have had—notably of course H. H. Richardson's work—has been first-rate. Mr. (or Miss) Kay Glasson Taylor is no H. H. Richardson, and probably does not aspire to be, but he has written a very readable story of the life of a Botany Bay convict, his adventures and his love. The author has managed his plot and his characterisation excellently, but I think he comes to grief a bit in his dialogue, in which there is a disconcerting mixture of ancient and modern. His characters sometimes talk like early Georgians, sometimes like Victorians, and occasionally like people of to-day. Dialogue of a bygone age is a tricky business and needs more care than Mr. Taylor seems to have bestowed upon it.

In "The Solid Man," on the other hand, it is characterisation that has gone astray. The author, in an effort to present us with a set of queer folk, has emphasised their oddities to the exclusion of their real selves. There is also a grave fault in the construction of the book. The "Solid Man" of the title, who clearly ought to, and was meant to, hold the centre of the stage, very rapidly becomes just one in a set of characters surrounding the "first person" hero. I think I might have been interested in the "commander," sordid old villain though he be, but I found it impossible to get up any enthusiasm for Frank, Gilbert, or Esther. There is a clever study of a real out-and-out little villain, Felix Smith, but he is a character who really has no place in the story which Mr. Coghlan sets out to tell.

MIXED ASSORTMENT

By Vernon Knowles

The Two Thieves.

By T. F. Powys. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Greenbanks.

By Dorothy Whipple. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)



R. H. MOTTRAM.

Sea Tangle.

By George Blake. 7s. 6d. (Faber.)

Taia.

By A. T'Serstevens. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

Through the Menin Gate.

By R. H. Mottram. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Seventh Child.

By Romilly John. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Powys protests too much, far too much. His corner of England—the villages of Madder, Dodder and Adams Folly which we have met already in his other books—is simply incredible;

no ordinary or normal person lives there: all are idiots—or worse. The common occupations are lust and cruelty—lust in its most bestial forms, cruelty in its most persistent and tortuous manifestations. His characters are so many animals, not abnormal but sub-normal. The very landscape is charged with malevolence; the sinister and violent lurk behind every tree or bush, have their implacable abode in each room of every cottage, mansion and vicarage. In a perpetual atmosphere of sullen hatred his men and women and children live, breed and die, without hope, but without despair. They cannot be accepted as having any real existence; they are simply grotesque, or fantastic, puppets. Necessarily then their fate fails to engage the reader's sympathy; such complete divorcement from actuality raises no pity, claims no compelling attention. The three tales that make up "The Two Thieves" read almost like elaborate parodies of English rural life. There is no least differentiation of character—squires, farmers, parsons, women and children all think and act alike, governed by the same interests and desires; there is no relief, no letting-up; not a hint of sanity from anyone; not a single act of kindness committed, nor saving sense of humour exhibited. It is difficult to see what Mr. Powys is after. Read literally, the tales are absurd; considered as parables they are meaningless. The twin qualities that, above all others, are indispensable for such writing—lyricism and delicacy of treatment—Mr. Powys unfortunately does not possess. One comes to the regrettable conclusion that by rendering such tedious accounts of pathological subjects, some personal complex in the writer is satisfied—which may be all very well in its way, but is certainly insufficient reason for publication.

What a contrast is Mrs. Whipple's "Greenbanks"! Here is no straining after any startling originality, but instead, a quiet, convincing and very competent family chronicle. Her people really live; indeed, they are such as one meets every day. They move slowly through a number of years, and their history is told with sympathy, insight and a good leavening of humour. Not a great book perhaps, but one that is entirely delightful and satisfying.

As good in its own way is Mr. George Blake's "Sea Tangle." Not for one moment to be taken seriously, of course, it is excellent entertainment: a tale of pure adventure. All the time-honoured ingredients are present—

rum-running, kidnapping, illicit distilling and so forth—and all in a Hebridean setting. Its excellent writing is the one thing it has in common with Mr. Blake's other books, and its gay concoction must have furnished its author with a great deal of pleasure.

Of "Taia" we are told in a foreword by the author that it "is not a piece of fiction; it is an account of events which actually took place." Those events are the gradual growth of a *grande passion* and the conspiracy that brought about the assassination of the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand at Sarajevo in July, 1914. The love-story is intensely and movingly done, and the political plotting has all the appearance of authenticity. The book is brief but complete, and exercises a rare charm. It moves rapidly to its fateful close—a sweeping away of personal interests and emotions by the world-wide tide of war—and its strange beauty remains pervadingly in the mind.

Mr. Mottram's new book deals with the War, as its title, "Through the Menin Gate," leads one to expect. Here are a dozen short tales and a long "Personal Record." Of the tales—all excellent—perhaps the best is "The Knock Out." In some five or six thousand words Mr. Mottram has contrived to show the development of a typical English public schoolboy, his attitude to games, to life and finally to war. He fights—and is killed. That is all; but it is an unforgettable little history. There can be little doubt that the "Personal Record" is a distinguished addition to War literature, and as such will survive when most of the recent War novels are very properly forgotten. It is a straightforward, unemotional, precise and balanced account of the experiences of an English-civilian-turned-soldier. Mr. Mottram's detail is so profuse and vivid that his memory (for he kept no diaries) must be considered to be almost unique. His clear-sightedness and sanity are refreshing. The futility of the War is exposed on every one of his pages. He sums up the conflict in a brilliant, biting sentence: "On the whole, the attempt of the civilised nations of the twentieth century to return to barbarism was a failure." One can think that, in the fullness of time, such will be the verdict of the ultimate historian of the World War. Mr. Mottram is too modest; he says: "This (Record) is no work of art." But he is wrong. It is the voice of the citizen-soldier of 1914-18 made, for once and for all time, articulate. Its worth and value are undeniable.

Following the modern fashion of writing one's life-story while still in the early twenties, Mr. Romilly John—youngest son of the famous Augustus—has given us his history up to the age of twenty-five in "The Seventh Child." Told without any airs and graces or any attempt at "fine" writing, it is at once a very sincere and charming account. The unconventional large family is touched in very lightly—as it should be, since the book is primarily about Mr. John, and only secondarily about other people. Perhaps the most diverting section is the record of the tramp from Hampshire to North Wales to visit the poet, Roy Campbell. Mr. John emerges as a very likeable fellow, with no nonsense about him; and it is obvious enough, too, he has plenty of courage. It is this last fact that makes one, after reading of his tastes and past experiments with different careers, hopeful for him in the future as a poet.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

GEORGE BLAKE.

SHIPS, MOUNTAINS—AND WOMEN

By Almey St. John Adcock

Give Me a Ship.

By Charman Edwards. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Call Home the Heart.

By Fielding Burke. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

The Uttermost Gift.

By Dorothy Cunynghame. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Floodlight.

By Chris Massie. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

The White Fakir.

By George Huddleston. 7s. 6d. (Ocean.)

Sand: the Story of a Man and a Horse.

By Will James. 5s. (Scribners.)

Lady Richard in the Larder: An Extravaganza.

By Constance Miles. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

John Macalister loved ships even before he heard the wisdom of the old sea-dog: "The two most beautiful things are a woman in love and a ship in sail. But you must be their master. Be strong with 'em, and they'll serve you through fair and foul. Be weak, and they'll carry you to Hell. . . . And if to Hell I must go, give me a ship." Unfortunately he loved women too, but with less understanding. He could not resist the lure of the charming, unfaithful Mollie Glennie; Lady Edwina also drew him under her spell. Women and ships! they were the sturdy captain's life, and Mr. Charman Edwards, in "Give Me a Ship," writes of the rough, simple ways of seamen, the soft, subtle ways of women, the irresistible fascination of the sea and the wonder of the Far East with the vigour of style and zest for colour and romance which make his books so entirely readable.

What the sea was to his courageous sea captain, mountains were to Ishma Waycaster in Mr. Fielding Burke's novel, "Call Home the Heart." Work made up a big proportion of the captain's life; so it did hers, for "before she was seven she had joined the class of burden bearers," and "by the time she was thirteen there was little rest for her except on Sundays." Hard work seemed her destiny—hard work on the lonely mountain farm with the man she loved; hard work even when she left him, seeking something, she knew not what, and not finding it anywhere till the mountains and the thing that lay hidden in them called her back. Mr. Fielding Burke tells Ishma's poignant story with sympathy and insight. He makes us feel pity for the hard-worked child and for the thwarted woman, as Miss Dorothy Cunynghame makes us feel pity for Gerda Faraday in "The Uttermost Gift," though Gerda was surrounded with the comforts wealth could buy, and was free to an extent to follow her own inclinations. She was a prisoner of her own temperament; a mother's coldness, the tragic death of her little brother, had driven her in upon herself, and she tried to escape from the emotions of life by devoting herself to the art of writing. How love came unsought and unsuspected, and the change it brought to her in her brave loneliness, Miss Cunynghame describes in a long, psychological study that will add much to her growing reputation as a novelist. It is not easy to create natural, lovable children in fiction, and perhaps neither she nor Mr. Burke has succeeded in doing this quite so well as Mr. Chris Massie does it in "Floodlight." The little London street urchins at the beginning of Mr. Chris Massie's book have all the mischief and guilelessness belonging to childhood. His is a story of racial problems—problems which even trespass into the carefree happiness of youth and, as the children grow up, assume greater importance and obvious dangers. The Negro, the Jew, the German, the Irish, the English, mixed together in civilised society, with similar feelings and desires, create strange complications. Are the barriers to be ignored, broken down? He writes of a little group of people living in Camden Town, of the tragedies and comedies that come to them with the years, of the effects of the War, and particularly how all these matters concern two of them—Terry, who thought he was

Irish, and Ruby, the German Jewess, as delightful a heroine as you could meet with anywhere.

Racial differences form the basis of Mr. George Huddleston's story of India, "The White Fakir." Deeply versed in Indian ways, Mr. Huddleston has centred his plot round an Englishwoman who becomes a holy woman in the Himalayas, and he mentions in a foreword that during his service in India he heard more than once of such a woman living the life of an ascetic in the hills. He has employed his ingenuity to build up a dramatic explanation for her retirement from the world that she knew, and has made the wife of her son, many years later, discover the secret of her disappearance. Not only as a novel, but as a glimpse into the Eastern mind, "The White Fakir" is an interesting piece of work. And if you want a glimpse into the Western mind by way of a change, read "Sand," by Mr. Will James. The narrative of a cowboy, this is a racy account of a townsman, stranded in the cow country of Wyoming, who proves his mettle and becomes, for love of a girl, the captor of a fierce black stallion which all the cowboys have been unable to catch. His attitude toward the wild horse, and his method of winning the animal's trust are cleverly described, and the book is illustrated with several drawings by the author—as full of energy and atmosphere as the tale itself.

I have left Mrs. Constance Miles's book until last because it is so different from the rest. "Lady Richard in the Larder" is a sequel to the famous novel and play, "Lord Richard in the Pantry," of which she was part author. It is written in the same buoyant spirit as that rollicking farce, and many of the same characters appear in ludicrous situations. The dialogue is brisk and amusing, whether Lord Richard and his wife, each needlessly jealous, are quibbling and sulking, whether the Marchioness is endeavouring to reduce her figure, or whether Tubby Banister is consulting a psychoanalyst to find out why he does not sleep.

FRIDAY'S MOON.

By Cecilia Willoughby. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

It was perhaps inevitable that the widespread vogue enjoyed by "Precious Bane" should give rise to a large crop of novels made from the romance-cum-local-lore recipe, but it was hardly kind of Miss Willoughby's publishers to challenge comparison with Mary Webb, the debt being all too apparent. One might also with as much truth say that the melodramatic happenings recorded in this story of moorland farm life (there are no less than six violent deaths) recall "Wuthering Heights." As however the author lacks both the inspiration of Emily Brontë and the insight of Mary Webb, such comparisons can do her nothing but harm.

"Friday's Moon" is the story of two orphan girls living with their grandmother on a farm in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It is told with considerable *naïveté* by the younger and plainer sister, whose romance runs smoothly to a happy ending in contrast with the beautiful Gloria's tragic fate. As a background there are descriptions of Brumble gatherings, of horse fairs, of local superstitions and methods of healing, and of shepherding on the moors. It is written in what we take to be modified North Riding dialect, with occasional incongruous outbreaks into flowery language such as "spilling a lovely cascade of sound into the quietude." Another inconsistency is that when "Gran" shoots an outraged lover who is threatening to murder Gloria, she allows all the household and a neighbouring youth to conspire together and perjure themselves at the inquest, making it appear that the victim shot himself accidentally, rather than disclose the truth. Such an action is hardly in keeping with her character as the former lady of the manor, the laird's daughter whose pride and uprightness are elsewhere emphasised.

It will be seen that this is a not uneventful novel, with plenty of love interest of the less subtle kind.

EDITH SEVERN.

HOMESPUN AND EXOTIC

By E. Clark

Motley and Mr. Pinch.

By Pearson Choate. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Invitation to the Waltz.

By Rosamond Lehmann. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Gold of Toulouse.

By John Clayton. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Luxury Liner.

By Gina Kaus. English translation by O. F. Theis. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The Deserter.

By Lajos Zilahy. Translated from the Hungarian by George Halasz. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Dawn in Russia: the Record of a Journey.

By Waldo Frank. 8s. 6d. (Scribners.)

Motley, an actor of Shakespearean clowns, encounters Pinch, curate despondent at Ford-in-the-Hole. As a cure for melancholy Motley suggests that Pinch should "run amok," give his real self a trial run, and so achieve his desire of waking the village up. How Mr. Pinch woke the village up, from his landlady to the squire, is told with quiet gusto, and Mr. Choate's publishers do not disdain to hint that his tale might be taken as being something of a tract for the times. The whole scheme of fantasy and character is absolutely hall-marked indigenous.

Miss Lehmann too is aboriginal in her theme, however original again in her layout. Her power is of the evocative rather than the deliberately expressed order. Who does not know those drawing- and dining-rooms whose walls are charged with the water-colour performances of near female relatives. With a few sure strokes Miss Lehmann gives the interior of the square stone house at Little Compton, with the monkey-puzzle tree outside, the aura of which, so to speak, permeates the tale. A girl's first dance, anticipation and realisation, of disillusionment and illusion, is the sole theme, but Miss Lehmann scintillates enigmatic variations by the score. Silhouettes, of the ubiquitous, impecunious relative; of mother with her occasional tremendous sigh; of Miss Robinson, the village dressmaker of all time pinned to paper once and for all; of the exotic cottage and wife of Major Skinner (India); of the partner, Reggie (though "nothing burgeoned where he stood"); of the Oxford poet, and many more adorn this study in adolescence. Colette would have done it differently, more archly, more sentimentally. None could have done it with more understanding or more to a turn than Miss Lehmann. One gets the atmosphere so well that one is constrained to say that had one been at the ball, Olivia would never have lacked a partner. And yet there was Kate, her self-possessed sister, and Marigold, and the Nicola woman. . . . Miss Lehmann's Muse, you see, is most provocative.

When an Englishman has the courage to ignore current fashions in literature, he can usually write at once more romantically and realistically on the old European scenes than the exponents of the historical novel of other nationalities. From whatever cause this verve springs, Mr. Clayton has it in full measure. His canvas is vast, crowded, compelling; "Gold of Toulouse" has five hundred and fifty-one pages. Provence of the thirteenth

century is his arena, Marcos his hero, setting out from Spain to fight for God, and fighting for pagans, finding his lost sister, taking home a bride, in a summer attaining his manhood. The author weaves plot and counterplot across troubadour culture, Rabelaisian jocularities, Spanish punctiliousness, the fanaticisms of the Church. It is with such consequential inconsequence he leaves so many strands loose, that one is emboldened to believe, however prodigious the task, there will be another "crock o' gold." We are celebrating the centenary of the death of Scott. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Clayton has erected a worthy memorial to his undying genius.

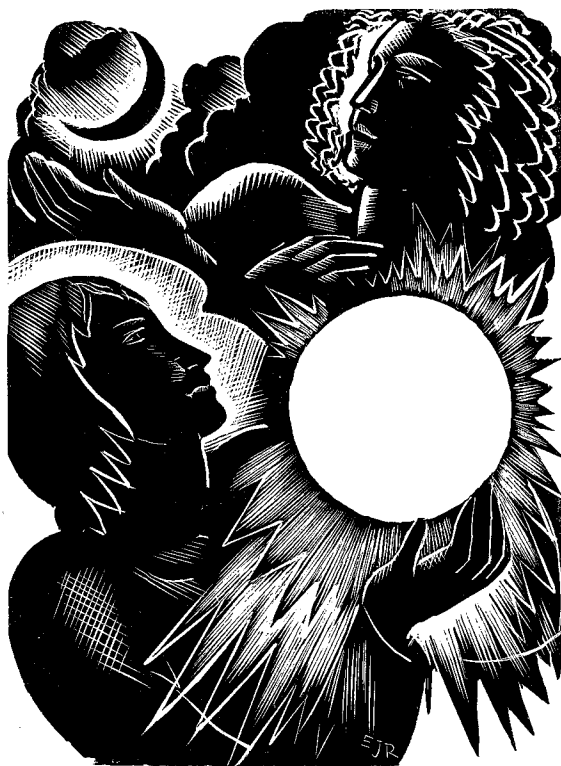
"Luxury Liner" bears us to the present and towards that Cosmopolis which, according to the delineation, can be less significant than a Ford-in-the-Hole or a Little Compton, or vie with the sun and often sombre beauties of an antique Provence. "Luxury Liner" is of course

itself Cosmopolis in miniature. But Miss Kaus has not merely translated a Grand Hotel to the high seas, though her personnel is as varied as one might desire—millionaire, morphine addict, incipient gold-digger. She contrives to enlist one's genuine sympathy in the plight of the doctor, who has forgotten how to work for work's sake, has forgotten his love for science and humanity, who is searching for his runaway wife, since "If there is no one human being who is my own, and for whom . . ." There is art in selection where there might so easily have been a riot of sensation, and the end justifies the means.

With "The Deserter" we are back, with a vengeance, to present-day Europe, and in particular Hungary, no less inter-necine, though more sordid and less romantic than the period "Gold of Toulouse" so magically revivifies. The book begins with a poaching episode in 1898. Komlossy, aged twelve, is protagonist. Throughout his life, from student ardours on behalf of his repressed nation, to the

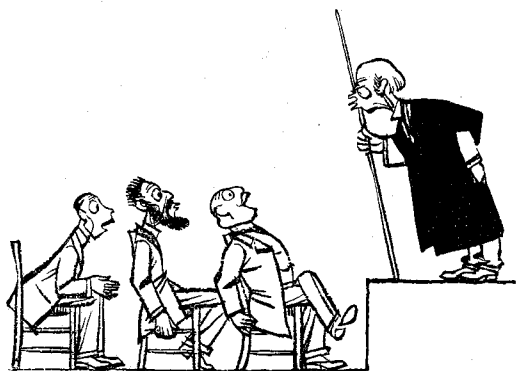
War of 1914-18 and the succeeding massacres and revolutions, he may be said to have poached continually on life and to have found no biding-place. Chockful of humanity and incident as this novel is, it is not without a further touch of the allegory. One visualises Hungary bewildered, vertiginous, left in the disordered state of the café where Komlossy gives his life for the brother who had wished to avoid him.

"Dawn in Russia" is of course no novel in the technical sense. Yet as "War and Peace" portrays the essence of a people and epoch, Frank's aim is similar; however artless, he would let the book write itself. The Russian Revolution, he early formulates for himself an axiom that is often forgotten, must be a logical growth from Russian Tsardom. New Revolution is but old evolution writ large. Russia worships the machine, because it was the machine that gave birth to Russia with even more potency than the Industrial Revolution changed the face of England. Still, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. There is in Russia the old, old sense of timelessness. The Russian "soon"—with its connotations of this year, next year, some time, never perhaps—is a word, Frank says, as wide as the steppes, and critics of Five Year Plans would do well to keep it in mind. . . . Perhaps the author of "Motley



From **Friday's Moon**
By Cecilia Willoughby.
(Jonathan Cape).

WRAPPER DESIGN BY
ELIZABETH RIVERS.



From *The Hilarious Universe*
By Richard Dark
(Blackwell). **FAIRY TALES OF SCIENCE.**

and Mr. Pinch," with his "thought or two about some of the older virtues" when Mr. Pinch "saw the Light," is not far removed from the recorder of that "adventure" the Russian people has undertaken according to its lights. In their diverse fashion, all these books seek the light.

GLENGARRY'S WAY.

By William Roughead. 5s. net. (Green.)

Like everything else that happened in Scotland before the middle of the last century, even crime seemed to be committed in the most "romantic" and picturesque way possible. And Mr. Roughead's quiet, unaffected style



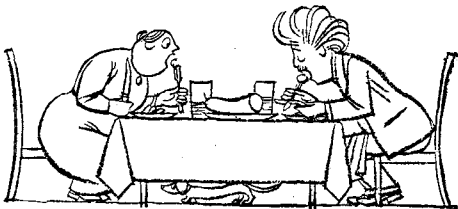
Battle of the Quadrangle.

From *Glengarry's Way*.
By William Roughead
(Edinburgh: Green).

THE COLLEGE COMBAT.
(From a contemporary drawing
by Professor Edward Forbes.)

seems to add colour to the crimes and criminals he describes. But it does seem a trifle hard on the bold chieftain, Macdonell of Glengarry, that a book containing accounts of the doings of some of the most frightful criminals that Scotland has ever known should be called "Glengarry's Way"—the title of the first essay in the volume. Glengarry undoubtedly was a hot-headed trouble seeker, but he was not in the same evil street as James McKean, the shoemaker-murderer, whose crimes and trial are also described.

Perhaps the best essay in this absorbing book is "Locusta in Scotland: A Familiar Study of Poisoning as Practised in that Realm." Poisoning, a low Italian habit, was never a very popular sport in Scotland—the dirk or the razor being considered cheaper and more effective. The first case of poisoning in Scotland, according to Mr. Roughead, took place in 1532, and from then until 1913 we are given a review of nearly four centuries of Scottish poisoning. The essay is perhaps a little sketchy, but the author considerably gives many sources where the morbidly curious may satisfy his appetite for poison and poisoners of a particularly interesting brand.



From *The Hilarious Universe*
By Richard Dark
(Blackwell). **(EINSTEIN) WENT ON EATING HIS DINNER.**

For all students of criminology, all readers of famous trials, and for all detective novel fans, this new edition of "Glengarry's Way" is a gold mine.

The book, as a book, must be as good value for five shillings as you will get anywhere. More than three hundred demy octavo pages, well printed, well illustrated and well bound. The publishers are to be congratulated on this piece of book-making.

T. S. F.

WEEK-END MARRIAGE.

By Faith Baldwin. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Although the setting of this novel is entirely—and to some readers aggressively—American, the problem it handles is one of universal interest. The question at issue is whether happy marriage is compatible with a wife's retention of her employment. In the case of Lola Davis and Ken Hayes the experiment was decidedly unsatisfactory. Lola's wages went up as Ken's went down, and the young mechanic lost both his pride and his temper in the process. Lola, with her stubborn belief in sex equality, entirely failed to see her husband's point of view, and although they still loved each other their relations came nearer and nearer to disaster. The end seemed imminent when Lola's work took her to another city, but it proved in the end that separation brought wisdom to them both. This is a very simple story of lower-middle class American life, and some of its details necessarily strike the English reader as gauche and trivial, but the main problem is never lost sight of, and the Davis household is drawn with clarity and humour.

THE BRIDE'S BOOK.

By "Two Ladies of England." 10s. 6d.
(Gerald Howe.)

CHEZ JAMES.

By Rose Henniker Heaton and Duncan Swann.
7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

Probably the right place for these books on many shelves is by the side of "The Week-End Book," of which admirable volume they remind us in outward form, if not altogether in matter and manner. Each is a vade-mecum; each light; but each of practical usefulness. "The Bride's Book," most agreeably produced, is sub-titled "The Young Housewife's Compendium," and it is in fact aimed at the young bride either present or prospective—an engaging volume that will make an excellent gift. Harry Dodd is illustrator, and the "Two Ladies" (not always agreeing) hand out the advice, entirely practical and obviously from experienced people. The pages range from "Choice of a Husband," through such matters as "The Engagement," "The Wedding," "Clothes," "The Honeymoon" and "The House (Tradesmen—Food—Children)," to an index and a number of apposite quotations in verse and prose.

The book is in every page practical, never sentimental, yet is very charmingly done. Its aspects are tangible, not emotional, yet the writing is attractively sympathetic



From The Bride's Book
By Two Ladies of England
(Howe).

WEDDING PRESENTS.

bubbly humour there is advice practicable and useful wisdom goes with slight cynicism.

G. W. TALBOT.

TIDES OF SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

By A. Safroni-Middleton. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

A travel book by a romantic mystic. The author's travels are of two kinds. On the one hand he journeys through Japan and the South Seas; on the other he journeys into the sunset and the infinite; and it is not always easy to discover upon which particular journey he is engaged at the moment. The text is liberally interspersed with poems, also chiefly about sunsets and the infinite.



From Jane Hollybrand
By Edward Edwin Foot
(Howe).

ROUND TO THE BACK HE
PLIED HIS HOLLOW TRASH

and intimate; lively, shrewd and genuinely amusing in its comment too.

For half a guinea (or you may get a more expensive edition) you have not only a book good to look at and handle, but a wealth of acceptable knowledge. For in these pages are the details that are really welcome. The authors have been particularly painstaking and successful in their many hints and lists regarding the house and its running. The idea of the book may sound old-fashioned (perhaps it is; perhaps this is part of its charm), but all of its sensible, candid counsel is essentially modern.

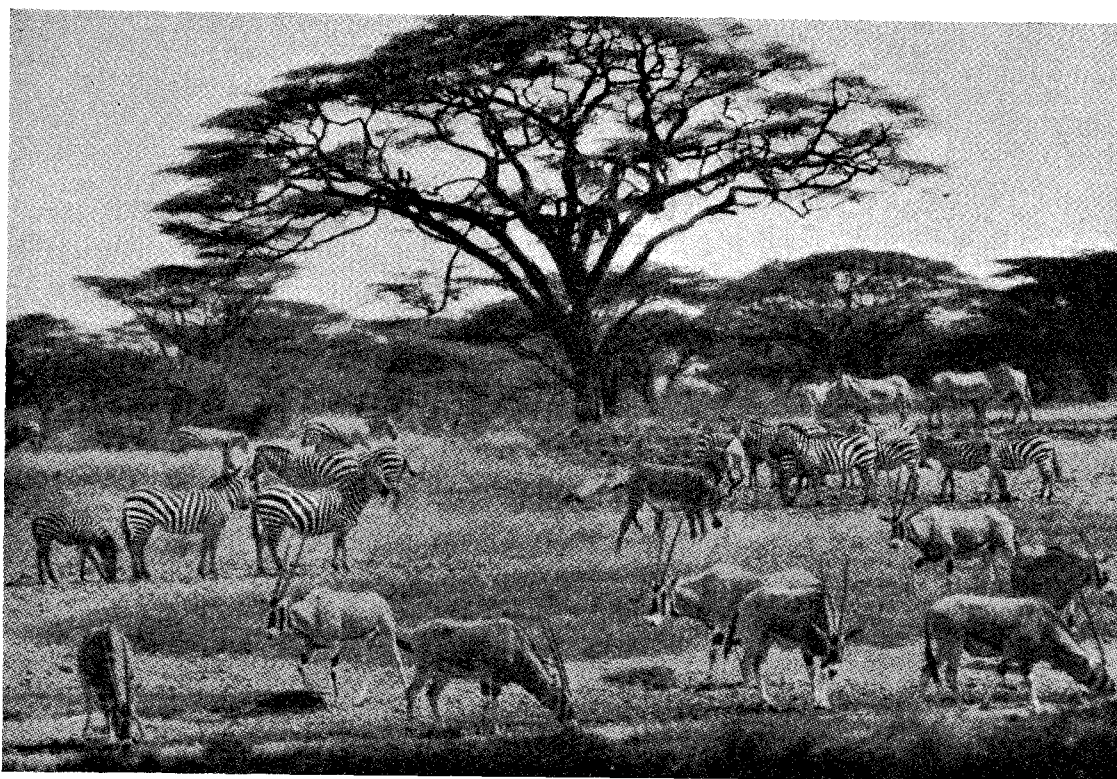
"Chez James" is a slim and strikingly decorative production, comprising pages of brightly and variously coloured paper, and being also something of an exhibition of types and make-up. James is a baronet whose recreations are eating and drinking and generally making life comfortable. The book is a collection of his wisdom and his foolishness, in contributions from himself, his servants and his friends. A number of apt and well-known epigrams are brought in too. The illustration is plentiful and entertaining, the many aphorisms and snatches of light verse fitting. You are told a lot of things about what to do and not to do in society, and are given blank pages at the end to add your own collections of stories, toasts, smart retorts and so on.

The possessor of the book has a certain kind of social vade-mecum as well as an entertainment, for besides sheer



From The Cecil Aldin Book
(Eyre & Spottiswoode).

A BANK CLERK CAN RUN HIS
FINGER UP THE SIDE OF A
DALMATIAN AND TELL YOU
THE TOTAL AT ONCE.



From Congorilla
By Martin Johnson
(Harvrap)

NOONDAY AT A KAISOOT DESERT WATERHOLE.
Oryx, Common Zebra (with broad stripes) and the Grevey's
Zebra with the finer stripes and larger mane.

THE HAIR SHIRT.

By Doris Westwood. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

The tribulations of a sensitive boy endowed with the artistic temperament, brought up in a household of normal and rowdy brothers and sisters, is the not very unusual theme of this painstaking novel. Stephen Courtney's boyhood had no gleams beyond his two curious friendships—the one with the young squire, and the other with an old German who sold birds, white mice and other small deer. Then the War came and shattered Stephen's world; for the German died in internment, and Evelyn Campbell went to France, whence he returned a paralytic, apparently for life. Stephen too followed his brothers to the front, but proved, as was to be expected, an easy victim of

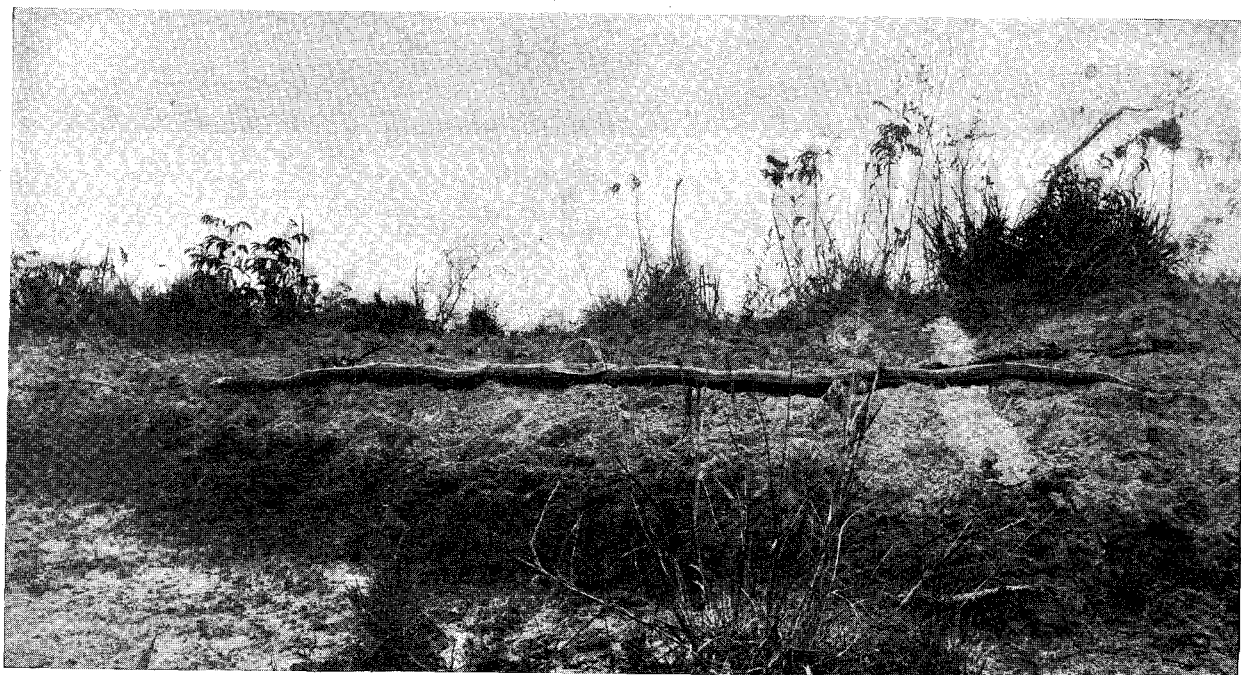
shell-shock. The greater part of the book is taken up with Stephen's relations with Squire Campbell, twenty years his senior, between whom and the boy there existed a curious and not very credible sympathy. Ultimately Stephen found a way of escape in successful authorship. One defect in the story is that Stephen's idiosyncrasies are so heavily stressed as to alienate the reader's sympathy and to give a somewhat morbid atmosphere to the book. The other defect is that the author, in her concern for her characters, has allowed

her style and her punctuation to look after themselves.

FROM PICCADILLY TO DEVIL'S ISLAND.

By Arthur Mills. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Mills is already known to a large number of readers as a novelist; this is a travel book, written with a novelist's skill. Travel, that is, extending over a lifetime; for it is in a way a biography, although Mr. Mills disclaims any intention of writing his life. The clue to it is given in the sentences: "Most of the countries in the world have left their stamp in my passport. . . . It talks, that passport—of the glitter and heartbreak of Hollywood, of the queer, narrow streets of Canton, of the pampas of the Argentine, of the silver sands of the South Sea Islands."



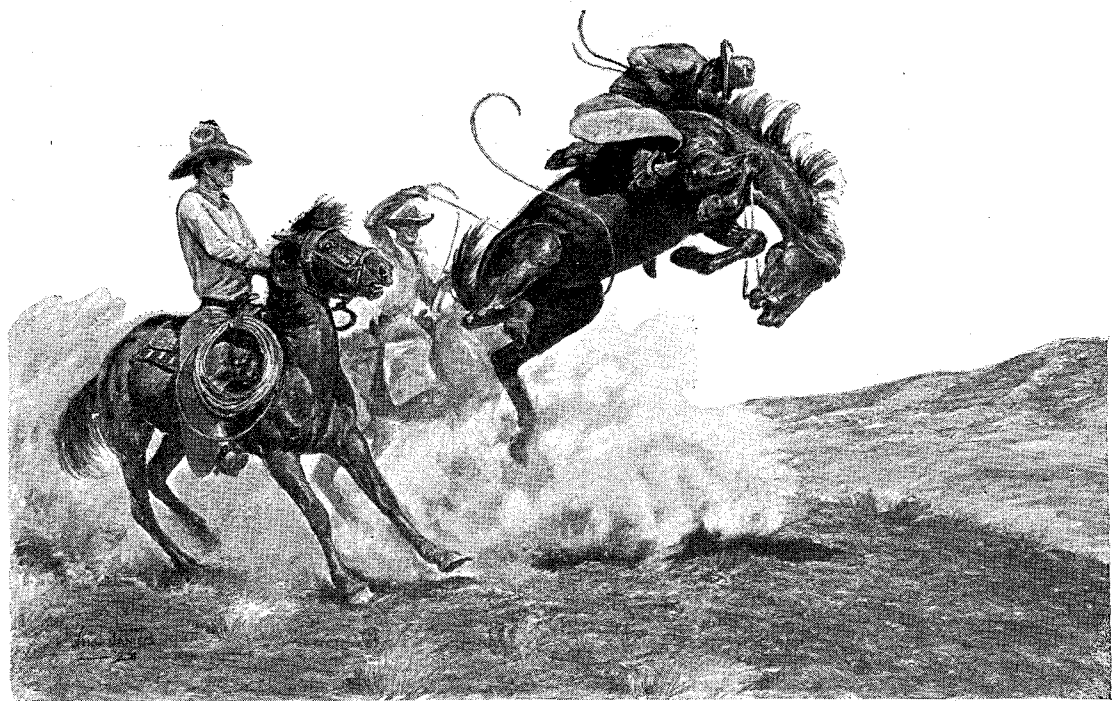
From From Piccadilly to Devil's Island
By Arthur Mills
(Hutchinson).

AN ENORMOUS ANACONDA, BRAZIL.
Length to be judged by the hat on the body.

ZAMBESI INTERLUDE.

By Vivian Meik.
10s. 6d.
(Philip Allan.)

Mr. Meik, who went to Nyasaland to manage the traffic department of a railway, writes entertainingly and well of Central Africa in all its varying moods. He has the gift of vivid description and interests his readers in stories of witch-doctors and tribal customs, in big-game hunting and the habits of elephants, in strange happenings and the character of the natives. Those who remember the author's earlier book, "The People of the Leaves," will need no other inducement to read this one—and they will not be disappointed.



From Sand
By Will James
(Scribners).

See page 82

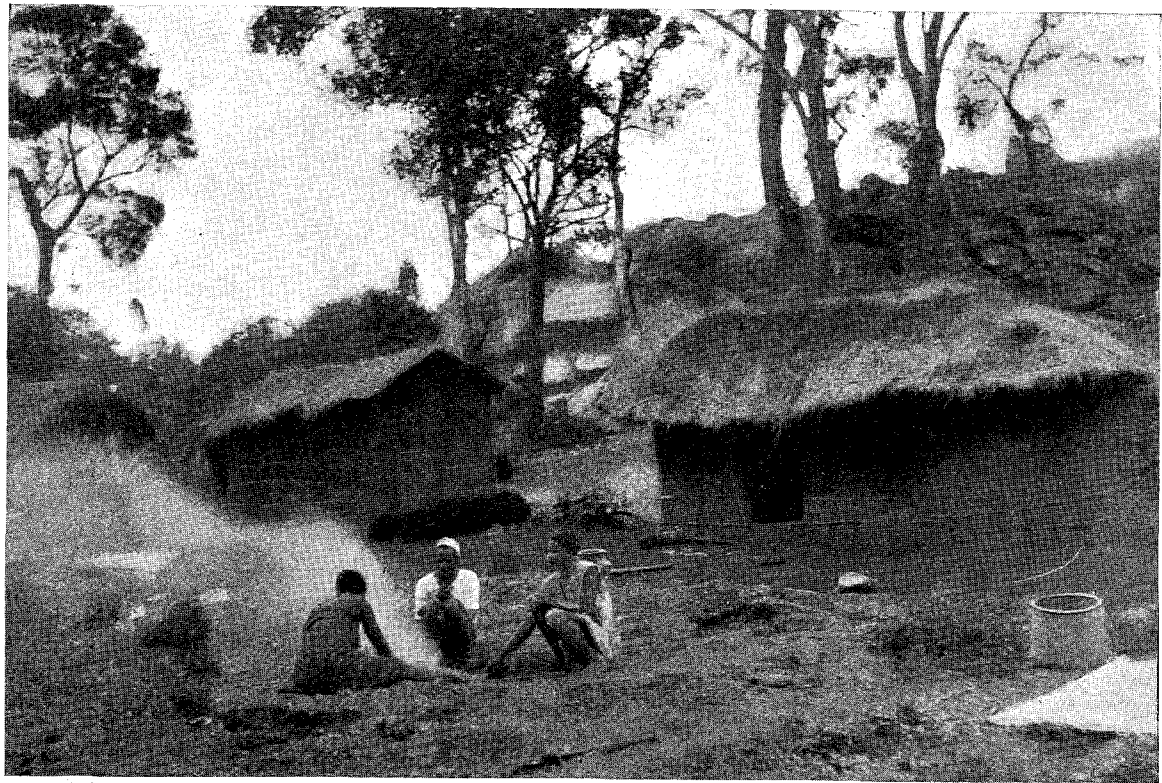
A GOOD JOKE, IN WORDS OR ACTION,
IS THE COWBOY'S STAFF OF LIFE.

PEKING PICNIC.

By Ann Bridge. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Small wonder that the *Atlantic Monthly* awarded their prize for 1932 to this clever and amusing book, which would add lustre to any writer, and as a "first novel" is outstanding. Within the narrow frame of the adventures of some foreigners, picnicking in a hill temple outside Peking and getting held up by soldier bandits, "Ann Bridge" (a pseudonym, one may be fairly sure) has drawn the most vivid picture of Legation Quarter society, Chinese servants, priests, peasants and bandits, Peking under threat of another warlord invasion, and all that unequalled compound of indescribable filth and overwhelming grandeur which makes China at once so repellent and so fascinating. All these the writer has handled with a sure, easy touch, her dialogue

spontaneous and appropriate, her characters alive at every point. Best of all perhaps is the deft sketching of the relationships of Chinese and foreigners, so apparently poles asunder, yet in daily touch so friendly and pleasant. The bandit scenes are so graphic, the description of how a Chinese mob can be turned in a moment by the right management from savagery to laughter, so true, that the writer must surely have had such an adventure herself. Then comes the wild paradox (yet in China perfectly natural) of foreigners, only just escaped with their lives from bandits' hands, sitting down in their temple



From Zambesi Interlude
By Vivian Meik
(Philip Allan).

A VILLAGE OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.



From *Down Africa's Skyways* (Left to Right) O. CATHCART-JONES, GLEN KIDSTON, AND T. A. VALLETTE.
By Benjamin Bennett
(Hutchinson).

to a dinner as well appointed as if they were at home. Only those who know China know how good all this is, but no one can read without delight. Of the many admirable characters the best are the inimitable Frenchman, the American lady novelist and the British Minister. Although personally unlike any Minister in China that one can recall, the description of Sir James Boggit as like "a parson's cob out hunting; I shouldn't think he ever got over any obstacle without at least three people urging him from behind," is the very quintessence of British officialdom in China in recent years.

O. M. GREEN.

QUEER STREET.

By Edward Shanks.
10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

It is the merry-go-round in the midst of the shaking post-War world that Mr. Shanks sets out to depict. His book is six hundred and eighty-five pages long, crowded with characters and loosely knit; but unity is provided by the Bran Pie night club, where the characters meet together and react upon one another.

The characters, from Mona Fenwick, a convincing example of the modern woman in revolt against economic and moral restrictions, to Sir Maurice Blabey, the great financier, are significant post-War types. They live in the real world to the extent of having to earn their livings; but they refuse to live up to the reality. Their behaviour has the same air of inconsequence and futility as the behaviour of the characters in Shaw's "Heartbreak House"; and they are

overshadowed by the same menacing storm-clouds from without.

Gigantic financial and industrial operations take place in the background. The crash, when it comes, is proportionately gigantic. The warning rumbles are unheeded and the tempest breaks over unsuspecting heads. Some of the characters are led to prison, some who escape this fate are nevertheless ruined, and all in the end are chastened.

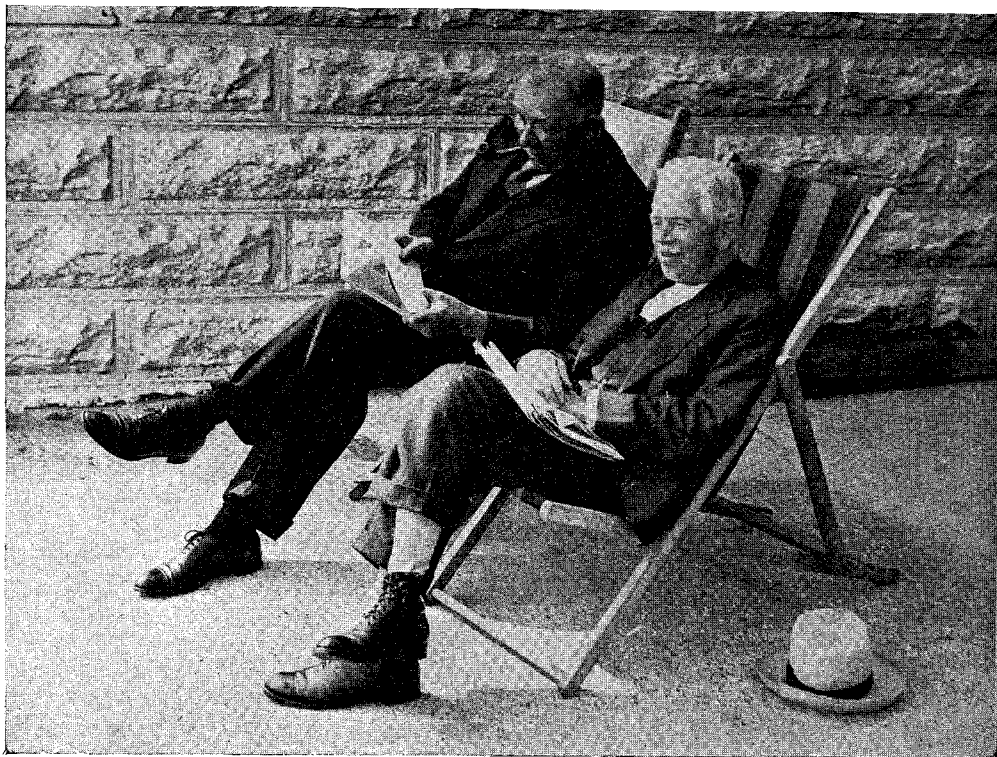
The chief faults of the book are two. The social background is delineated with insufficient vividness and detail; and the final crash has too much the air of being the purely personal disaster of one financier and his friends rather than the shaking of society itself. Mr. Shanks consequently fails to achieve the tremendous effect produced by "Heartbreak House"; and a good book is prevented from becoming a great one.

TO THE STREETS AND BACK.

By Scott Pearson. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This is a transcription of the experiences of an out-of-work on the road mainly in North America, with a hundred and one temporary jobs in town and village. The

author was pavement-artist, boxer, fireman, plumber, lecturer, in a "Why Worry" bureau, whence his partner decamped with several thousand dollars and left him with fivepence, what not? There is so little pretentiousness that Mr. Pearson time and time again shares his last money (for the time being) with other unfortunates, and always departs "with the blessing which follows a good deed"; and takes constant pride in knocking men down for love of country. His aphorisms—"business is slow, if Scots aren't in it"—season the sentiment. One is glad to know that he has "won success," and in his own country.



From *The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas*
By H. R. S. Phillpot
(Sampson Low).

MR. J. H. THOMAS AND MR. J. R. CLYNES
DURING A VISIT TO HOVE.
(Fox Photo.)

THE INVISIBLE ARMY.

By Desmond Ryan. 8s. 6d. (Barker.)

It has often been said that Irishmen are united in nothing but hatred of England. The past centuries of bloodshed and bitterness would seem to prove it, and Ireland's unhappy trick of always looking backwards instead of forwards has inevitably led to the continuance of her miseries. Many men have aspired to the title of "Saviour of Erin," but none have as yet fully succeeded. Of those who approached nearest the honour, no one is more widely known than Michael Collins.

In "The Invisible Army" Mr. Desmond Ryan has attempted to sketch the life of Ireland's greatest patriot. Using the novel form for his book, he has drawn in vivid outline both the exciting and meteoric career of Collins from the time of his small commission in the Easter Week rebellion to his death at the hands of a Republican bullet), and the horrors and bloodshed of the years prior to the treaty of 1925.

Was Michael Collins a great man? It is difficult to say. Perhaps he was a better soldier than statesman, but undoubtedly he was a great patriot. Many detractors level at him the charge of being a crafty political intriguer, whose sole aim was to be the dictator of Ireland. That this could be true of a man who fought so hard and suffered so much for his country is absurd on the face of it. In the end he may perhaps (and only perhaps) have suffered from a swollen idea of his own importance, but his death was one of the greatest tragedies Ireland has ever known.

In this book the author has written of an Ireland that the whole world hopes is dead, but he has resurrected the ghastly scenes of civil war and merciless brutalities that are difficult to forget.

L. MACNAMARA.

I MAY BE WRONG.

A Collection of Essays and Impressions in which are incorporated the point of view of the post-War generation as represented by Godfrey Winn. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Perhaps Mr. Winn is more sinned against than sinning; after all, he is very young for his years. The real sinners are the editors and publishers who encourage him to put his



From *Modes and Manners*, Vol. I
By Max von Boche
(Harrap).

By the Master of the Hausbuch.

LOVERS.

thoughts into print. Mr. Winn, who expresses his gratitude to those editors and publishers now, will probably curse them all roundly in ten or fifteen years time—that is if he ever abandons his present *Penelope's Paper* outlook and his mind becomes adult instead of addled. If that day comes, he will surely groan aloud with anguish that such immature, half-baked opinions as he expresses in "I May Be Wrong" were sent out into the world under his name.

But the thing that makes me sigh sadly is the sub-title of his book. Mr. Winn sets out to be a spokesman for the "post-War" generation. I am of that generation, and it is impossible that two people could hold more divergent outlooks than Mr. Winn and myself. In his essay on "The Tragedy of My Generation" Mr. Winn says:

"... what our tragedy is exactly, I do not think the majority of people realise—for the simple reason that my generation are not very good for the most part in giving expression to our feelings. We wear masks to the world, and in regard to our emotions, our deep and sensitive emotions, we either maintain a cold, secretive silence or else we cover them up with layer upon layer of insincere, unreal talk."

I hope Mr. Winn includes himself in this remarkable statement.

Finally, Mr. Winn ought to be warned against the folly of permitting his "written to order" journalism to be issued in the permanent form of a book.

T. S. F.



From *Sir Kenelm Digby and His Venetia*
(Sampson Low).

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1932

LITTLE KNOWN MEXICO.

By Marian Storm. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The sub-title is "The Story of a Search for a Place," and it is as a personal narrative, well written (as so few travel books are), of an unknown country which casts over men and women of diverse temperament so potent a spell that it is notable. Miss Storm does manage to convey something of the magic of that Mexico "which kindles intense emotions; hate or love; it leaves no one indifferent." She shows the variety of it; the antiquity; the splendour, and the well-chosen illustrations reinforce her word pictures.

BIRD HAUNTS IN WILD BRITAIN.

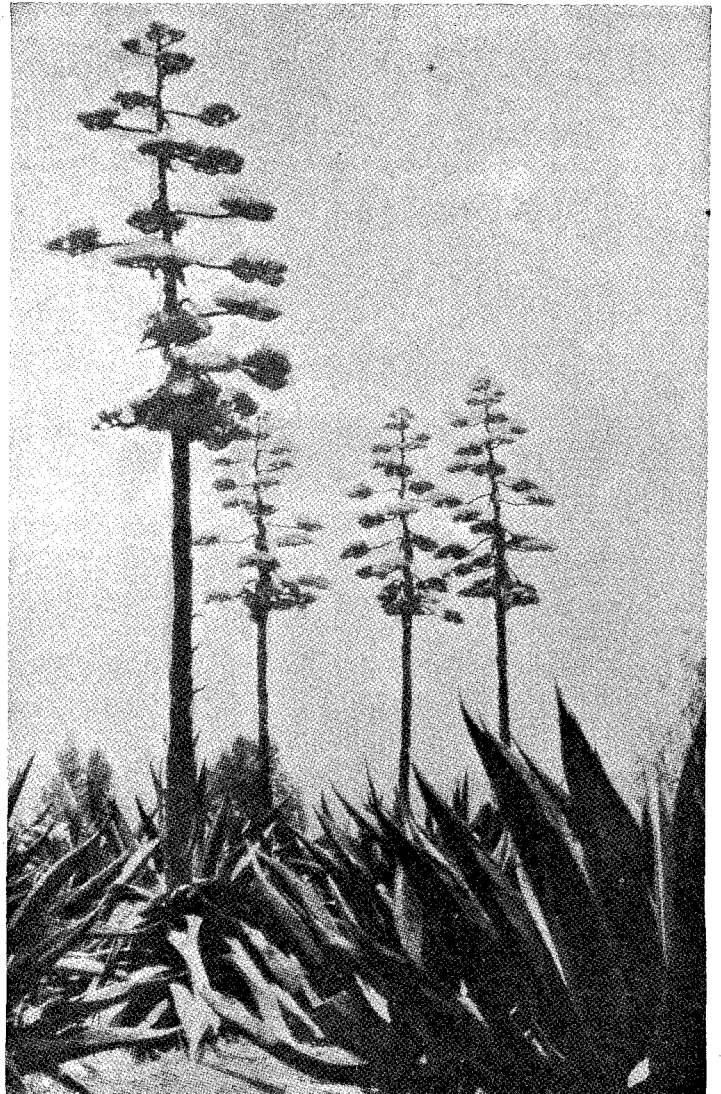
By R. N. Winnall and G. K. Yeates. 10s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

A very fine nature book, illustrated with photographs, written by authors who have made bird-watching and bird-photography their hobby. It is invaluable for the bird enthusiast because it contains much material on the nesting habits which is new. The authors are such expert authorities that to some they may sound even a little blasé, as for instance: "As for the difficulties and patience required to get photographs of birds, they exist more in imagination than in reality. To people who have never climbed to rookeries the task of building a small house of sacking in the tree-tops appears an appalling one; but had they climbed trees all their life they would be quite at home in them." Such authors inspire confidence.

"TO WHOM THE GODDESS . . ."

By Lady Diana Sedden and Lady Apsley. 15s. (Hutchinson.)

The title is taken from Xenophon's "On Hunting": "For all men who have loved hunting have been good; and not men only, but those women also to whom the goddess has given this blessing." In the preface the authoresses say that they feel that some apology is necessary in adding to books



From *Little Known Mexico*
By Marian Storm
(Hutchinson).

**SELDOM IS THE Maguey
PERMITTED TO ACHIEVE
ITS MIGHTY PURPOSE OF
PRODUCING FLOWERS.**



From *Bird Haunts in Wild Britain*
By R. N. Winnall and G. K. Yeates
(Philip Allan).

HERON STALKING ON TO ITS EGGS.

on riding, but the text dispels any fears on this account. The subject is treated entirely from the woman rider's point of view, and though intended for the beginner, it will interest everyone interested in riding or hunting, whether as spectator or participator. The Earl of Lonsdale contributes a foreword, and the book is illustrated by photographs and by drawings by Lady Diana Sedden.

AUGUST.

By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Now and again it is good to attempt to look at a man's work without any preconceived notions or in relation to what has gone before. This is especially the case when an author has received high honour, though it is difficult. We cannot help relating "Too True to be Good" to the "Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet." The task is somewhat easier when an author comes to us in translation, for he is at all events once-removed from our particular knowledge. It is to be said that the translator of this novel—first published in its original in 1930 in two volumes—has done his work brilliantly. There is a genius in translation, no matter how rare it may flower, and it is here manifest.

We attempt then to assess this book of another man, who has gained the Nobel Prize for literature, as if it were a new star. And that is one's first impression. It is a new world. One feels that, although as it were, one could take up the village of Polden in one's palm, with such intimacy of detail is it described, there is a wide, epic air about the tale. If not of universal quality, there is the saga quality. The Nordic quintessence is held in this crystal of a village. One can more readily appreciate the music of Sibelius as one learns to understand Hamsun.

There are moreover enough convolutions of plot to satisfy even the most hardened novel-reader of the old school. August, after many years' wandering on the face of the globe (and more in imagination), comes back to Polden. He finds the Poldenians just as he had left them.

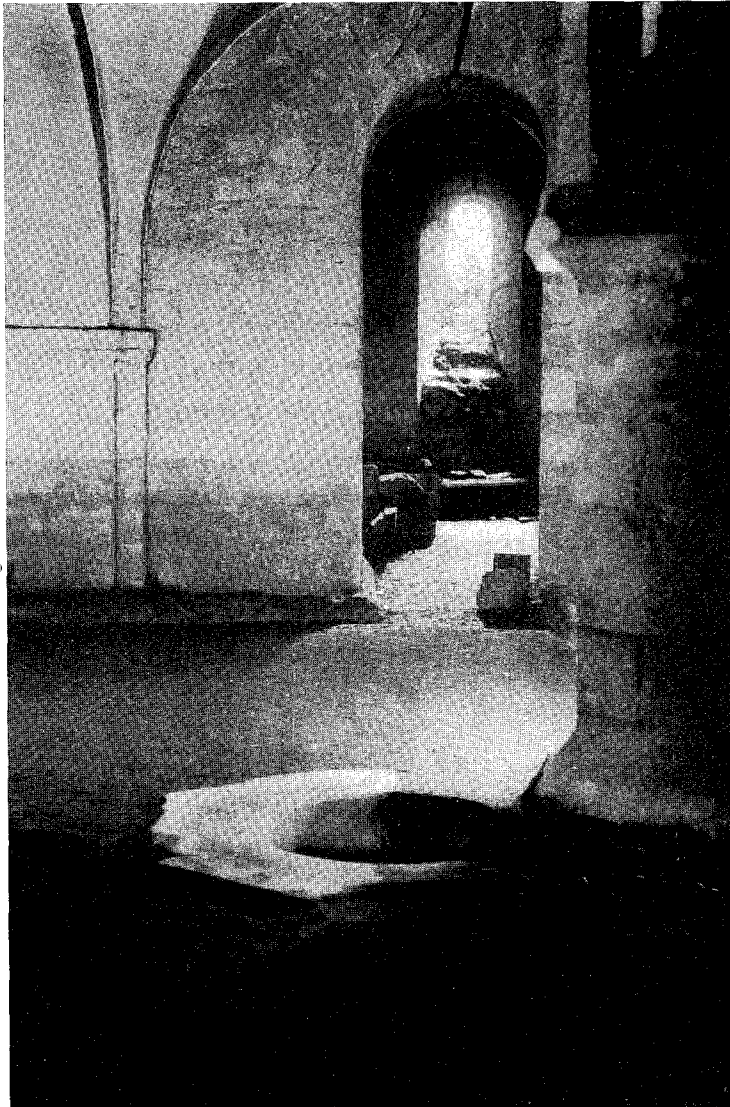
Electricity, the telephone, are mere names to them. With the sea full of herring, they do nothing except cultivate their little plots of ground. Why do they not catch the herring, why not build a herring-meal factory? Why have they no bank? He immediately sets about organising a petition for a post office. What matter if he gets the signatures of minors, even "forges" those of the dead. The village elder may protest, he is silenced, August goes on. *Ex nihilo nihil fit* runs the axiom. It is axiomatic of the Augusts of this world that they do get something out of nothing. August starts a little real-estate boom, persuades the peasant to sell his land—and then all he had to do was to walk around and smoke cut tobacco, with a wad of notes in his pocket—and so starts the bank. . . . And the end of tricks, knavish and otherwise, the reader will be constrained to fathom for himself.

August is no mere braggart. As the Poldenians held, they did not know when he was telling the truth and when he was telling lies, and maybe he did not always know

himself. But he was, as well as this living newspaper, the inspiration for the fulfilment of their dream-life, a symbol of the new era of "progress" that had the rest of the world in thrall. It is an age, as the Poldenians found, which gives with one hand and takes with the other, where nothing is sure, and the living soil is cluttered with towns.

Hamsun was at one period a tram conductor in Chicago. Here, recollected in tranquillity, is a taut, racy idiom exactly suited to his needs in the portrayal of the "hustler," jester, "terrible" liar, and dreamer.

"August" is a modern "Peer Gynt" in prose, even a modern "Don Quixote." As is the manner of the age, Don Quixote is merged—but not submerged—in Sancho Panza.



From *Churches with a Story*
By George Long
(Werner Laurie).

REPUTED DRUID WELL IN
THE CRYPT, WINCHESTER
CATHEDRAL

CHURCHES WITH A STORY.

By George Long.

10s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

This book is full of "human interest" about a subject which interests most people, whether they are genuinely fond of architecture or merely thinking that they ought to be. The most amusing chapter and the one that will be very generally appreciated is that on "Medieval Satire and Caricature" in churches. There is also humour that can be retailed in the account of Churchyard Epitaphs.

THE NIGHT'S CANDLES.

By René Roy.

6s. net. (Gollancz.)

It is a rare thing to come across a piece of contemporary literature for which, had it not been written, the world would have been the poorer. René Roy's "The Night's Candles" is such a book—it is more than a book; it is an emotional experience.

M. Roy was totally blinded during the attack of the Chemin des Dames in 1917. He was twenty-three years of age then. This book is an account of his desolation, of how hope returned to him, and finally of how he set out to turn the defeat of all his ambitions into a splendid victory. Blind though he was, M. Roy made up his mind to re-enter the Ecole Polytechnique, to which he had just been admitted at the outbreak of war. In 1920 he graduated with first-class honours, and to-day he holds a position as State Engineer of Bridges and Waterways. M. Roy writes with restraint, but his struggle against his disability must have been enormous, and his patience and resolution which carried him through to ultimate success must have been superb.

"I certainly did not underestimate the value of what I had lost. Never a day went by that I did not feel a sick longing for the past, a past that I knew had gone for ever. The sense of irrevocability so completely dominated my life that of its own unconscious force it led me to think of death."

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1932

And yet, when he had roused himself out of the spiritual lethargy into which his misfortune had plunged him, when once his mental activity had returned he went triumphantly forward.

"Because I have sounded the depths of the most profound despair that it is given man to know, I have slowly learned that one may take benefit from the most unfavourable events and may, by the persistence of his will, force them to serve him in the conduct of a worth-while life, one not barren of satisfactions."

As M. Eugène Brioux says in his foreword to "The Night's Candles": "For a psychologist this book is a most rare and precious document. Here, with the accent of perfect sincerity, the clarity of a scientific mind and the analytical subtlety of an artist, René Roy describes without affectation or vanity the various states of his consciousness and the stages of his return to a life that is almost normal."

The translation from the French has been admirably done by Homer White.

T. S. F.

THE OFFENCE.

By Pierre Bost.
7s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

It would be interesting to know if there was ever a book so badly translated as this one.

M. Pierre Bost's long and shapeless novel reads like autobiography; if it is, M. Bost's youth and disillusionment are both so dreadfully commonplace that he would have been well advised to draw the longbow occasionally. Realism may be all very interesting, provided the realist is capable of dramatic exaggeration of the important points of his work. Time upon time, such opportunities for dramatic exaggeration are missed in "The Offence," and the result is that the book only succeeds in being an extremely dreary novel.

A young man leaves his provincial home and goes to Paris to study medicine. Here is the opening paragraph of the book:

"At the age of eighteen Simon Joyeuse, with his brand new bachelor's diploma in a provincial town, had made up his mind to study medicine. He was not specially drawn towards it; but he realised that, if he did not leave home for this respectable reason, he would probably soon be driven to break away more violently."

and so Simon leaves home. His adventures in Paris are minutely described. Of course he goes "off the rails" and, surprisingly, becomes a sub-editor!

What the "offence" is, is slightly obscure, but one does not really care very much. The book is so dull—yet in France "Le Scandale" was awarded the *Prix Interallie*.
T. S. F.

THROUGH THE KARA SEA.

By Leonard Matters. 18s. (Skeffington.)

Mr. Matters tells in this narrative of a voyage in a tramp steamer through arctic waters to the Yenisei River, a story which has not previously been told. The interest of it centres not so much in the voyage itself (though that is

entertaining enough), nor in the illustrations (though many of them are unique), as in the detached and impartial picture it gives of the attempts of the Soviet to reclaim Siberia. The impression of the timber trade which Mr. Matters leaves is a valuable corrective to inaccurate propaganda on this subject. The book is another sidelight on the absorbing subject of Russia.



From *The Elegant Woman*
By Gertrude Aretz
(Harvap).

GOSSIP AT THE TOILET TABLE.

A BACCHIC PILGRIMAGE.

By Ernest Peixotto. 8s. 6d.
(Scribners.)

This is a book, illustrated by the author, which is not only about wines, but about stories about wines and about the country-side and the workers where the grapes are grown. For those, not yet connoisseurs, who are frightened per-

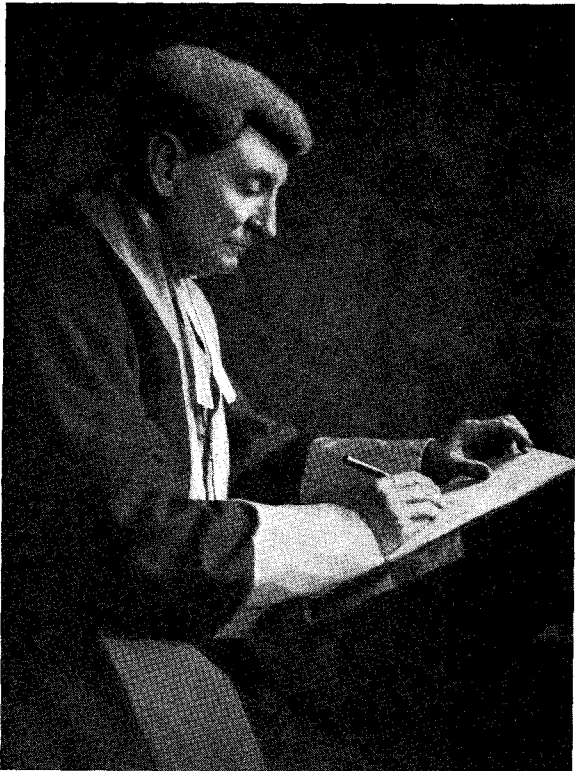
haps by the erudition displayed by the instructed wine-drinker, by his memory for dates and his marshalling of apparently irrelevant facts, this book is the ideal introduction. For it gives to each wine a background and a personality, so that it is easy to remember them as amusing acquaintances and not merely as numbers on a list.

THE SONG OF GOD: A TRANSLATION OF THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ.

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

The translation of the greatest of the holy books of the East has been made by a Hindu scholar whose aim is clarity rather than the "merely verbal exactitudes." For instance such words as *Māyā*, *Nirvana* and *Dharma* are translated according to their contexts and not always by the same English equivalent.

(American spelling is used throughout.)



SIR EDWARD PARRY.

See page 50.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST

By Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Into this small volume Sir Frederick Whyte has compressed a most illuminating survey of what is probably the greatest of all "world problems of to-day." Every country in Asia is in turmoil, challenging the West, whose physical superiority it has so long had to admit. Even the "stupid people" are stirred, and answers must be found to the questions their intellectuals are asking. On the other hand, the very nature of the problem enjoins the utmost caution in seeking panaceas. The past twelve years (not by any means only in Asia) teach nothing more clearly than the unwisdom of botching up a new reform to meet each day's iconoclasm. In India the true conflict, as Sir Frederick Whyte well shows, is religious, and India is too "other-worldly" to find a speedy cure for her soul's confusion in ballot-boxes. China's revolutionists, for the first time in history, are trying to overturn the standards which have kept society stable for two thousand four hundred years through perpetual dynastic upheavals. Japan seems frankly to be turning away from the West, as the source of all her troubles. Sir Frederick Whyte is very fair to her about Manchuria, though he rightly shows that the influence of her military men is against all Japan's best interests. He looks to the rise of a new generation to turn the scale, in which connection he might have noticed the very interesting Youth Movement in Japan. All through Asia the real struggle is cultural. Here and there Europe can help—she has an unrivalled chance to do so just now in China. But in the long run the patient must cure herself. The East will not find salvation by slavish imitation of the West. The movement for purification of Hinduism, the turning (as so often before) towards Confucianism, the revival of the old national spirit in Japan—in these lies the best hope of lasting solution.

O. M. GREEN.

MY SWANS.

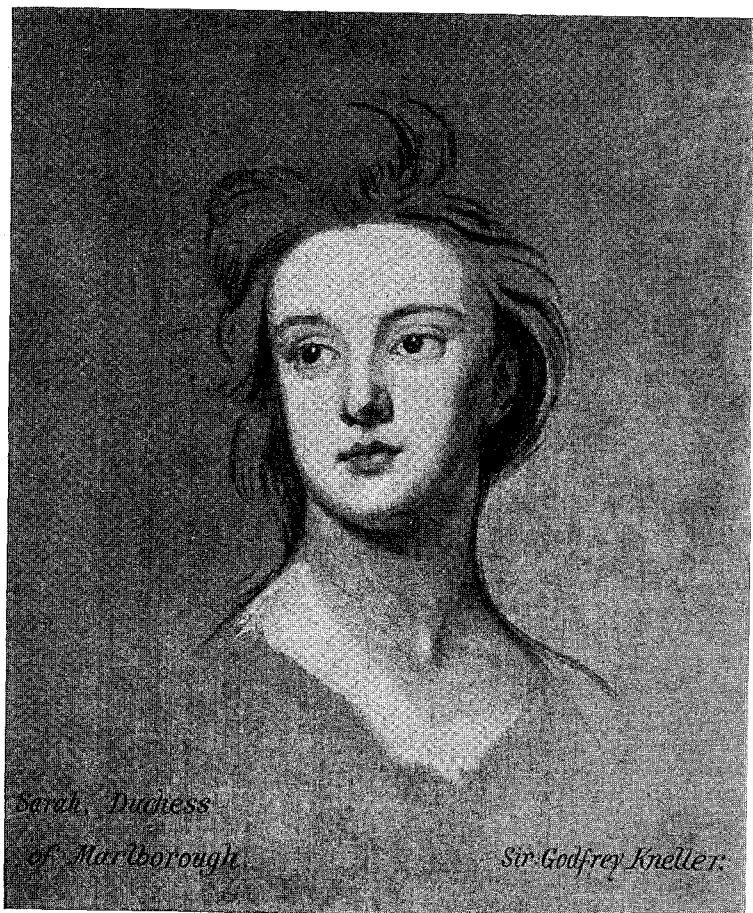
By E. L. Turner. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

The latest addition to Messrs. Arrowsmith's popular "Animal Friends" series. The author describes his relations with the swans on Hickling Broad with the greatest charm, and with much insight into both human nature and swan nature. On the whole he resists the temptation to sentimentalise or humanise the birds; they remain recognisably swans, living their own remote lives, even when he is forced to describe their behaviour in terms of human motives and feelings. He relies chiefly on his own first-hand observations; but, in addition, he has unearthed many interesting facts about the swan's place in myth and history. A book which will appeal equally to children and grown-ups.

DAYBREAK.

By Vance Palmer. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

The scene of this story is a little Australian township, and the chief characters are men who had done their bit in the Great War and had returned to find all the old pre-War labour troubles confronting them with the old intensity. Bob Rossiter, the soul of simple honour, still regards the mill manager, Sievright, with the hero-worship which he had paid him when he was his colonel in France. But Sievright, although Bob was loath to recognise it, was a broken man, on the verge of madness, and the victim of jealousies that bring the story near to tragedy. The most sinister figure in the little community is Tim Lysaght, the subtle and venomous old communist agitator, whose tactics however are to a large extent foiled by Bob Rossiter's blundering but downright honesty. The story is slight, but the characters are firmly etched and the writing is refreshingly deft.



From Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough
By Kathleen Campbell
(Thornton Butterworth).

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

From a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller at Althorp. By permission of Earl Spencer.



From *Reading, Writing and Remembering*
By E. V. Lucas
(Methuen).

IF BERNARD SHAW GAVE UP HIS BEARD.
From "If," (1908), by George Morrow.

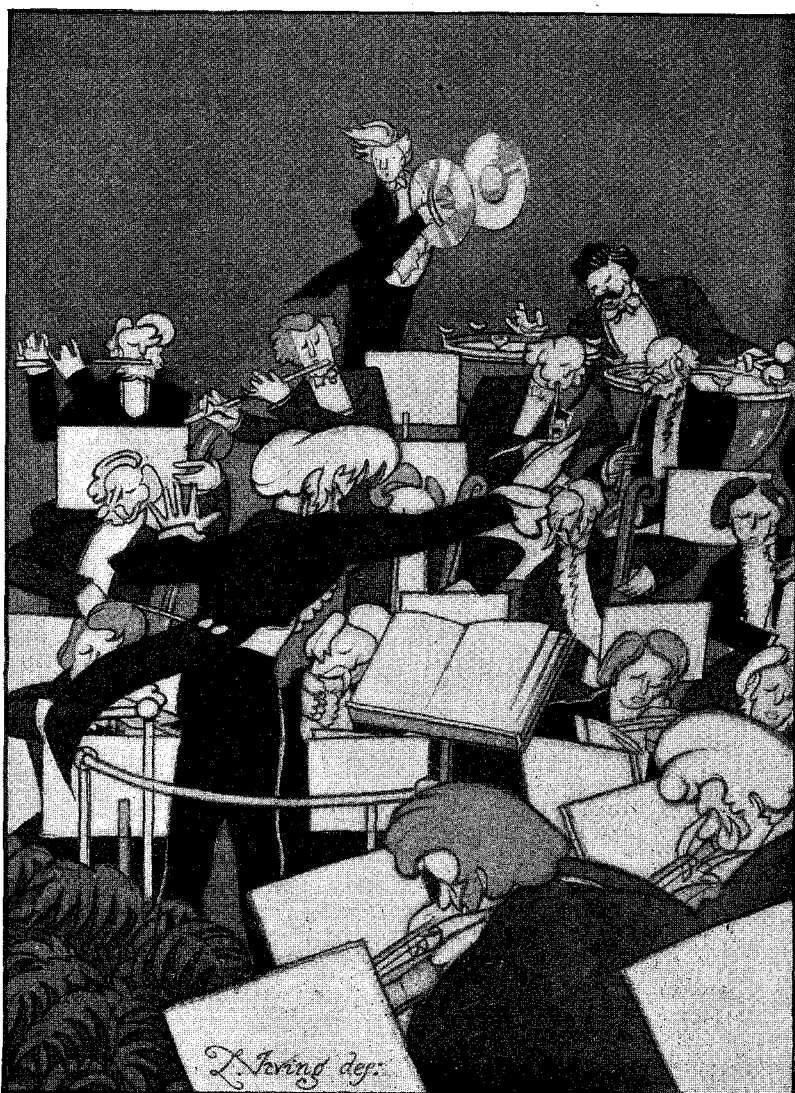
PROMENADE.

By Wilfrid Rooke Ley. 6s. (Methuen.)

Readers of the *Radio Times* will be familiar with Mr. Rooke Ley's nostalgic essays on musical history. In "Promenade" some thirty of those essays have been collected into book form—and a very readable book they make. Mr. Rooke Ley is an out-and-out romantic. For him the symphonies of Haydn, for instance, are valuable not so much for the music they contain as for the vivid pictures they summon to his brain of life among the picturesque family of Esterhazy. And it must be confessed at once that his brain is exceedingly fertile in the recreation of such pictures. He is well-read, both in the main channels and smaller tributaries of musical history; and his genius lies in his power of evoking that life in the printed word. If his evocations are somewhat too delicate, too scented, too blue-blooded for the full enjoyment of some of us, that after all is surely the privilege of the romantic. It would be a more serious matter if Mr. Rooke Ley were to attempt the combination of musical history and musical criticism; but fortunately he is content to summon up his idea of the men behind the music and leave the music to look after itself. All sorts of musical ghosts crowd into his coloured pages: Arne; Haydn in London, making music for the beribboned ladies of St. James's; Weber in Stuttgart, watching his load of dreams scattered and broken; the beaux and belles of Vauxhall and Ranelagh; Jullien the Magnificent, with the jewels flashing from his baton and his hands encased in gloves whiter than driven snow; Grove; "the Habby Liszt"; and Schubert, whose executors catalogued the litter of his posthumous music—his immortality—as "a quantity of old music, value ten florins." And if Mr. Rooke Ley does not trouble to show us these musical giants in their more realist moments at least he knows how to dress their romantic moments to advantage and to give an air of verisimilitude to the legends that have survived them. Moreover, he is a stylist of some distinction: one could almost read him for his delectable prose alone.

HOME BREWED. By Oswald
H. Davis. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

This is a curious book. The reader might expect to find that the title was a metaphor, but it is in reality a plain and straightforward label for a novel of public-house life and a eulogy of home-brewed ale. Hilary Measures was brought up in a Black Country household dominated by the influence of the chapel, and it was a strange fate that led him in the years to come to be the successor of his adored Uncle Clem in the control of a group of old-established public-houses. In this capacity he had two constant enemies—the temperance fanatics at the chapel and the grasping directors of a Trust. Hilary had many and varied amorous adventures, and the story rambles here and there in a somewhat disconcerting but not displeasing manner. The public-house and its patrons are vivaciously pictured, and the reader will be sorry, if not entirely surprised, to find at the end that Hilary's indiscretions bring him within the arm of the law and that the days of "The Bugle" are numbered.



From *Promenade*
By Wilfrid Rooke Ley
(Methuen).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

A HIGHLAND GATHERING.

By H. Frank Wallace. 15s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

These "leaves from a Stalker's diary" are a collection of notes, descriptions, appreciations and stories connected with deer-stalking and the Highlands. They have something of the magic of the regions with which they deal, of the mists and the mountains, and will create for those who do not know them at first hand a vivid picture. The book is admirably illustrated.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND : A Book of Poetry for Children.

Chosen by Walter de la Mare. 5s. (Collins.)

Anthologies destroy or make impossible the habit of verse-reading. They seldom "introduce" as anthologists pretend; and their most useful and respectable function is to bring a shilling or two to the supplying poets. "Tom Tiddler's Ground" is exempt from this stricture. It is not a collection of snippets from this poet and that, so much as an effort, in the main successful, to bring together a body of verse likely to appeal in the right way to children. Most anthologists for the young forget nursery rhymes in



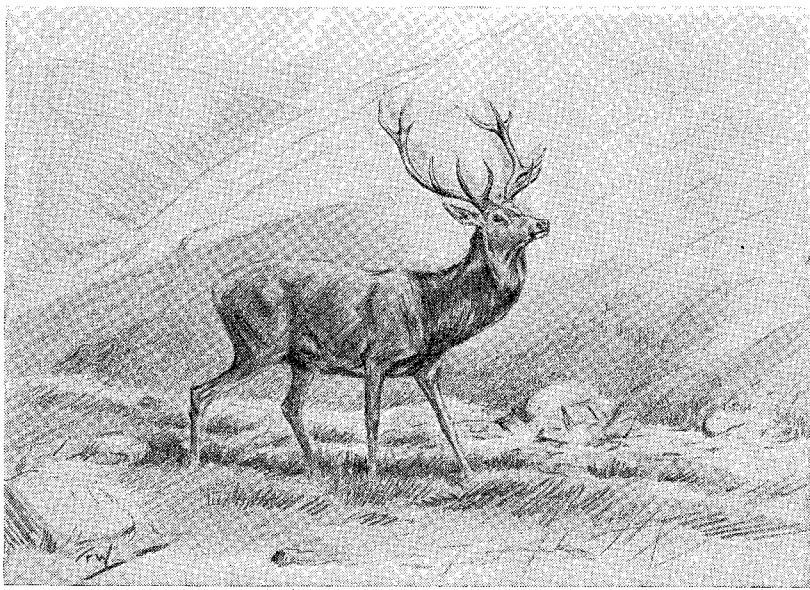
From Tom Tiddler's Ground
By Walter de la Mare
(Collins).

UP IN THE MORNING
EARLY.

Jonson, by Coleridge, Scott, Cowper, Wordsworth, Christina Rossetti, selections from "Struwpeter," from Adelaide O'Keefe and Jane Taylor.

Mr. de la Mare has chosen very little (one or two of the contemporary selections are most suspect) which could make a child distrust verse or have wrong ideas about its nature or purpose. Though perhaps wisely a number of bare story-poems are included, a child must make his approach to verse romantically (and in a proper sense all great verse is romantic, whether by Dryden or Shakespeare). Anon. is the purest poet by whom he can make that approach; and I would trust Mr. de la Mare before most men to select the best of anon. and the best (for the purpose) of poets from Elizabethan times to our own.

G. E. G.



From A Highland Gathering
By H. Frank Wallace
(Eyre & Spottiswoode).

WALKING SLOWLY UP THE BURN
CAME A STAG.

a passion for rant or sentimentality. Mr. de la Mare, as one might expect from a poet, minor perhaps, but of extreme sensitivity to word music, turns first to nursery rhyme and fills with it the greater part of his book. Not with familiar nursery rhymes or nonsense rhymes.

"Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned down before."

This, or 'To Bed':

"'Come, let's to bed,' says Sleepy-Head;
'Tarry awhile,' says Slow.
'Put on the pan,' says Greedy Nan,
'We'll sup before we go.'"

or Oranges":

"Dingty, diddledy, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid;
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe."

are not the common possession of all families and all nurseries. There is in fact in "Tom Tiddler's Ground" a fine quantity of surprise in unfamiliarity of poems as well as in the poems themselves. Its virtuous variety includes Devonshire charms, counting-out rhymes, ballads, Chidiock Tichborne's verses written in the Tower the night before his execution, poems by Lyly, Blake, Fletcher, Shakespeare,



From Tom Tiddler's Ground
By Walter de la Mare
(Collins).

LONE DOG.

THE HISTORY OF
ST. THOMAS'S
HOSPITAL : Vol. I.

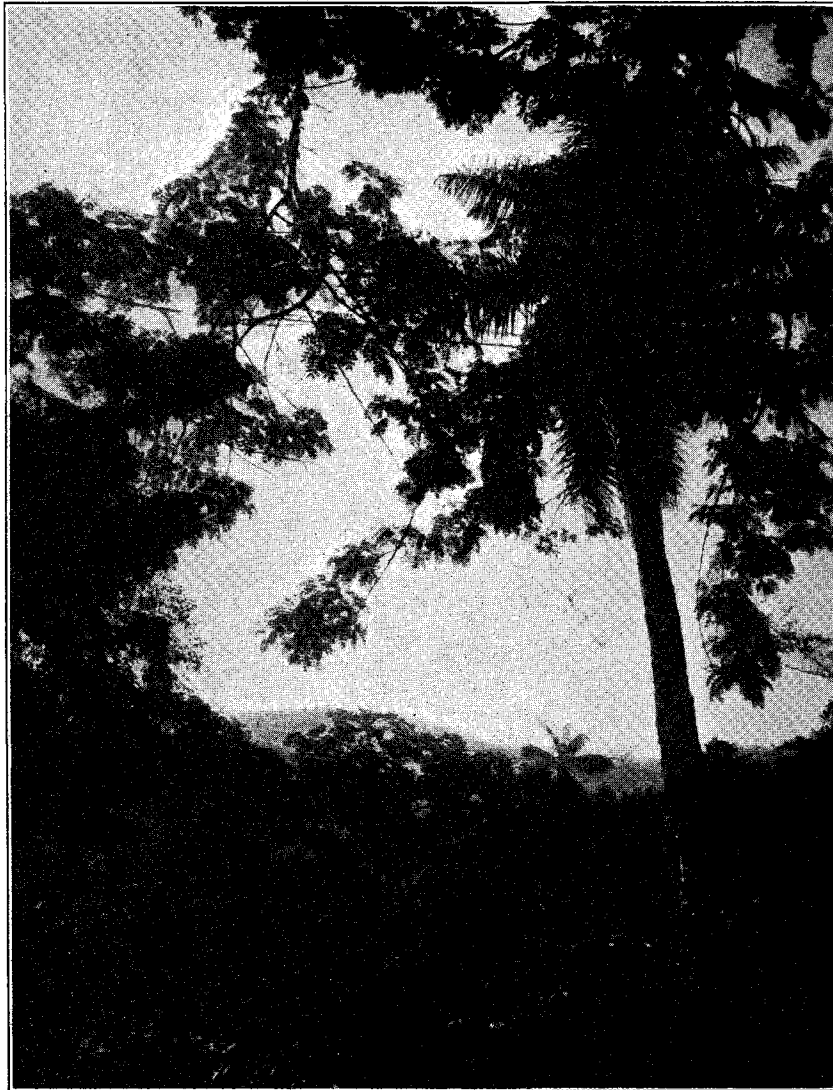
By F. G. Parsons.
10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This history will appeal not only to the reader interested in the hospital itself, but all those who care for the by-ways of history. In this story, which covers the period from the thirteenth century till the end of Elizabeth's reign, there are many stories and curious facts to entertain the general reader, as well as much sound historical scholarship.

SNOW IN SUMMER.

By E. Maria
Albanesi. 7s. 6d.
net. (Ward, Lock.)

Madame Albanesi may always be trusted to give us an interesting, clean, clear love-story, and in "Snow In Summer" we find just what we hope for. Diana Medley, the heroine, is when we first meet her young, beautiful, admired and rich. But before long the last-named attraction has greatly diminished; an affectionate but frivolous, extravagant and sponging stepmother greatly curtails the bank account, and Diana's expectations vanish with the unexpected marriage of her grandfather and the birth of his son and heir. One does not quite see why the new baby should be the heir, considering the old squire had a grown-up married son already, but we take it that there was no entail. At any rate our generous, kind-hearted Diana has a very harassing time; her stepmother is irresponsible enough to drive any girl distracted; but Diana loves her, and so indeed does Mr. Rupert Derrick, who becomes her third husband. For Diana herself we do not see



From South America
By Kasimir Edschmid
(Thornton Butterworth).

VIRGIN FOREST IN BRAZIL.

at first any worthy husband, and Diana is not awake to the meaning of love. In the end however there is no doubt about her happiness; it is unconventional and it is thorough. The book holds comic situations as well as worries for its heroine.

WHITE PAGAN.

By Clive Dalton.
7s. 6d. net.
(Grayson.)

Richard Todd was the neglected child of an English settler in Malaya, and on the death of his drunken father the boy disappeared and went native. Ten years later Dick, or Kitchie as he was then called, was a sampan-wallah, and fell in love with a pretty English girl who thought it romantic to go sailing with the handsome young native. When the first glamour was over, the problem of race confronted them, and great was Vivienne's joy when she found that her sampan-wallah was an Englishman.

It was less pleasant for her to discover that his heart was in the land of his adoption. The crux of this very interesting novel is the conflict in Kitchie's soul between his passionate love and his no less ardent attachment to the country and its people. Dick's identity having been established, he was adopted by an English doctor and his Anglicisation proceeded apace. The time came when Vivienne had to go home, and Dick's problem became increasingly urgent. He proceeded to sail in the next liner, but at the last minute he took an unexpected way of solving his difficulties. The story is full of fine pictorial quality and is clearly based on first-hand knowledge.



From The History of St. Thomas's Hospital
By F. G. Parsons
(Methuen).

OSBORNE SAVING ANNE HEWETT.
From the relief by R. Beverley, in the Hall
of the Clothworkers' Company.